Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# Victrola

## *Three new styles*

### *The latest Victor achievement*

**Victrola XVIII, $300**
Matched mahogany cabinet with paneled moulding, swell front and sides.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Victrola XVIII** | **$300** |
| **Victrola XVIII electric** | **$350** |
| **Victrola XVI electric** | **$250** |

See and hear these new Victrolas. Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear. Other styles of the Victor and Victrola $10 to $250.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

**New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month**

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's
MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXIII NO. III. SEPTEMBER, 1915

# THE WINGS OF THE EAGLE

## I

## AMERICA MUST PREPARE

BY WILLIAM HARD

THIS country—this bit of dirt from Atlantic to Pacific—"which we hold in trust from those who came before us to pass on to those who shall come after us"—what is it? A bit of dirt—and memories. Some of them we always have in mind. Memories of great hazards faced and of great triumphs won. But there are others even more sacred. Memories, they are, of certain ideals reached and of certain determinations made, national ideals and determinations, which, as long as our



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

national breath is in us, we can not surrender.

It is fitting that at this time we should examine them. The world has changed about us. Not only has it grown smaller, because of steam and wireless, but, because of new trade routes, its center has shifted. It has shifted from a point at a great distance from us to a point very close to us.

By the testimony of the best students of international affairs, the world's geographical and political center is no longer in the North Sea or in the Mediterranean, but in the Caribbean. It is between Porto Rico and Panama. It is within our own area of historic protection.

We were always a "world power." But we lived on the world's edge. We now live at its heart.

And what is this changed world's immediate future? We are assured by numerous Pacifists that it is one of treaties and of neutrality-guarantees and of international courts doing justice in a world-community of satisfied and submissive nations. The Pacifists, however, have no large command of the world's armies and navies.

For more precise information as to the world's immediate future we must turn to men who are endowed not only with hope but with power.

Such men, statesmen, rulers, if we read their writings and if we listen to their conversations, at once reveal to us their belief, their sure belief, that the world's immediate future is largely one of intense military rivalry for racial and territorial and commercial advantage.

This belief is not accepted by all statesmen and rulers. But it is completely accepted by most of them. And it is completely accepted by certain whole governments. And it is completely accepted by certain whole nations. It exists, as a policy and as a fact, as an ideal and as a determination, in the minds and counsels of rulers and peoples amply equipped with armies and navies to carry it forward into action.

In such a world then—in a world which has come to center itself in the midst of our own possessions—in a world in which the idea of "governing and governed nations" is powerful and active—in such a world it is fitting that we should search our hearts to discover—to re-discover—the ideals and determinations of the people of the United States.

The very first of our ideals—in spite of all the efforts of certain Pacifists to wrench our history and to disprove it—is that *resistance* by *force* (if *necessary*) to *wrong* is a *duty*.

Through this principle we acquired most of the territory of which to-day we stand possessed. We have no other title to it. Certain other stretches of territory we acquired through purchase or through arbitration. But even in such cases our adoption of peaceful methods was usually preceded by open and emphatic threats of war. Our existence and most of our expansion is based on the righteousness of righteous force.

Are we then a nation believing in military rivalry? We do not think so. For to our first ideal we have added a second, which we may illustrate by saying that in the tale of our conquests there is no such event as the Partition of Poland.

Poland differed from the nations which destroyed it only, really, in being weaker. Its partition by Austria and Russia and Prussia was pure plunder—plunder of one part of civilization by three other parts of civilization, excused only by superior power.

The United States, on the contrary, possesses no territory taken by force from any people who were giving to that territory the elementary gifts and rights of justice and security demanded by the spirit of the times. Not an inch. We have taken land only from the red hand of savagery or the dead hand of decay and demoralization.

Finally, if we are not a militaristic nation, neither are we, in the true sense of the word, a "governing" one. In every stretch of conquered territory we have at once set out to produce not a *governed* people, but a people *self*-governed. This ideal of ours is displayed conspicuously in the Philippines themselves. Where is the tropical country that has gone so fast or so far as the Philippines toward free parliamentary institutions?

These three ideals then appear clearly in American history: *to resist wrong; to acquire territory only in the course of such resistance only from hands utterly unable to control it; and then to set that territory at once on its way toward self-control.*

So much for our three ideals that look toward foreign affairs.

It is because of them that we came to our greatest national determination—the Monroe Doctrine. In order to prevent the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HENRY A. WISE WOOD

S. STANWOOD MENKEN

Photo by Hollinger, N. Y.

MR. WISE WOOD IS AT THE CENTER OF THE WHOLE WEB OF ORGANIZATIONS FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE. HE IS CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS, WHICH IS A UNION OF ALL THE IMPORTANT DEFENSE SOCIETIES. INCIDENTALLY, HE IS A VERY BUSY AND VERY DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR OF NEWSPAPER-MAKING MACHINERY.

HENRY WOODHOUSE

MR. HENRY WOODHOUSE IS THE MAINSPRING OF THE DEFENSE ACTIVITIES OF THE AERO CLUB—AND HIS INFLUENCE IS FELT THROUGH THE WHOLE SECURITY MOVEMENT.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

WE MUST HAND MR. MENKEN THE CREDIT FOR STARTING THE NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE, WHILE MOST OF US WERE ASLEEP. HE CALLED HIS FRIENDS TOGETHER AND ORGANIZED IT IN HIS OFFICE. NOW IT HAS ABOUT TEN THOUSAND MEMBERS, AND MR. MENKEN IS ITS PRESIDENT. ALSO HE IS A BANKRUPTCY LAWYER IN NEW YORK CITY.

military-rivalry idea and the governing-and-governed idea from overwhelming our weaker neighbors and from in that way endangering our own peace, we set bounds to the extension of European power in Latin America.

It is a fact, a world-fact, proved by every scrap of American history, past and present, that the American people, far from abandoning the Monroe Doctrine, will never even relax it. But this world-fact is to-day confronted by a certain other world-fact of equal magnitude. And that is that Africa and Asia have been "arranged," divided, finished, and that therefore the weaker parts of South America have now become the one last great ungrabbed prize for the nations which believe in the military-rivalry idea and which believe in the governing-and-governed idea, and which are amply equipped to carry those ideas forward into action. These two world-facts are in collision.

There is a collision equally violent resulting from another determination made by the American people. We speak of it especially because of Labor.

For many months now we have heard it loudly claimed that Labor is the Chief Champion of Peace—that "the masters of the world" make the world's wars—that



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Labor believes in the Brotherhood of Man. Nevertheless, Labor has given us one national determination which is our greatest violation of the principle of the Brotherhood of Man and which is more heavily burdened with possibilities of war than the Monroe Doctrine itself.

This determination began with the Chinese. In 1868 we signed a solemn treaty with China in which we recognized "the inherent right of man to change his home." But by 1877 there were 100,000 Chinese in this country. And, in that year, there being a strike at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, Chinese were brought from California to break it.

The Chinese were seen then to be incurable enemies to the American standard of living, in the East as in the West. The anti-Chinese agitation, backed by Labor, became irresistible. The Chinese working man was excluded.

China is now being subdued, but also *revived*, by Japan. And how has American Labor treated the Japanese people, who soon will have the leadership and the power of all eastern Asia?

In 1894, in a solemn treaty with Japan, we engaged to give the Japanese full rights of residence in this country. But the Japanese turned out also to be incurable enemies to the American standard of living. The agitation against them, inspired by Labor, became irresistible. The Japanese working man was excluded. And California restricted the land-rights of such Japanese as were already residing here.

The resulting collision is described plainly by Sidney L. Gulick, one of our closest students of Japan, when he says: "Indefinite continuance of Japanese patience under treatment regarded as humiliating can not be assumed."

Do we then blame Labor? We say most earnestly that we do not. We can not have unchecked Oriental immigration in this country. And why not? Because simply of a fact—an instinct, an instinct which we can not explain and which we can not justify, but which we can not at this time remove. The Japanese working man may be our superior. We do not know. We only know that this country is not for him at present. And this determination of the American people, and especially of the American *working* people, will not in our day be abandoned or relaxed.

Again we have world-facts. The Land-Hunger of the Japanese, their justifiable and relentless Land-Hunger, is a world-fact. But the Race-Repulsion, the inevitable Race-Repulsion between us and them on the same land, is also a World-Fact. They are right *for them*. We are right *for us*. The two rights, the two facts, collide.

Do we therefore expect war? We do, if—. But only if—. We expect war if, through our treaty-trusting Pacifists and through our pork-barrel-rolling Politicians, we fail to build up a National Defense which will make it clear to all governments concerned that our determinations with regard to Latin America and with regard to Asiatic Immigration, however much they may imperil the Panama Canal Zone and the Philippines, are unchangeable.

There are other determinations of ours of which we might speak. But we pass them by in order to say a few words about certain ideals, current in America, which do not seem at first sight to have anything to do with foreign affairs at all.

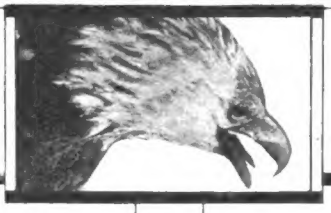
What are the personal ideals of the American people? They lie plain about us everywhere. They lie plain in our social customs, in the easy directness with which a man of any social group addresses a man of any other group. They lie plain in our commerce, in the matter-of-fact casualness with which men from the bottom give the orders of the day to national industrial armies. They lie plain in our schools, in the eyes of boys and girls, in that *fearlessness* which foreign visitors have so constantly noted.

And what does it all come to? It comes to this: that our national life is exceptionally and supremely organized to cultivate independence and self-respect, to cultivate a hatred and a scorn of the invasion of one's personal life by others, to cultivate *a personal consciousness of an uncoerced individuality*.

So these ideals do, after all, look toward foreign affairs. For they are inconsistent with non-resistance. They are inconsistent with submission. They could not thrive in a country which submitted to wrong without all the resistance in its power. And they are ideals therefore which could be readily lost. They are ideals which we have embraced at our peril and which we can maintain only at cost of danger and daring. For once break the just will of this

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK



MRS. RUSSELL HASTINGS MILLWARD

*Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.*

THE NAVY LEAGUE HAS A FLOURISHING WOMAN'S SECTION. THOUSANDS OF WOMEN HAVE ENLISTED TO TALK "BETTER NAVY" IN THE INTERESTS OF PEACE. MRS. McCORMICK, WHOSE HUSBAND ROSE TO NATIONAL FAME IN THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY, IS AMONG THE WELL-KNOWN WOMEN WHO ARE "FOUNDERS."

THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE NAVY LEAGUE RECENTLY HAD A COMPETITION FOR NEW MEMBERS. MRS. MILLWARD, HAVING ENLISTED NINETY-ONE NEW NAVY LEAGUERS, WON THE FIRST PRIZE. INCLUDING THE WOMAN'S SECTION THERE ARE ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MEMBERS NOW.

nation, once persuade it to submit without resistance to what it knows to be wrong—and you have let out from its veins the stream which nourishes the personal character which is America itself—the character which does not know coercion.

A just and necessary war fought by us and lost would leave us our personal ideals, unsatisfied but unconquered. A just and necessary war *un*fought would leave us empty.

Accordingly, in the world as it is, and with America as it is, we go forward to the arming of ourselves unafraid.

And shall we become believers in military rivalry for racial and territorial and commercial advantage? We do not fear it. To use the words of daily life, a law-abiding man does not become a ruffian because he takes exercise. His use of his strength does not depend upon his dumb-bells but upon his ideals. And our ideals, national and personal, proved by all our history, prevent us from believing for a moment in militaristic empire. We shall fight no wars to that end.

We remember the eloquent speech of George Haven Putnam, on a recent occasion, lifting the hearts of his hearers to the heights of the past and to the heights of the future. The ideals of America and the soil that nourished them! We of this generation are not their makers or owners. We stand forth only as transitory trustees, receiving what has been won for us by others and pledged solemnly to transmit it to our children and to our children's children, without a gap, without a blot, if may be, forever.

In that spirit, at this high moment in our history, we grasp our arms, certain that we shall not use them wrongfully. We do not fear our enemies. But more. *We do not fear ourselves.*



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# WHY "EVERYBODY'S" IS FOR PREPAREDNESS

BY ERMAN J. RIDGWAY

AMERICA sadly, but grimly, begins the task of equipping herself for adequate defense. She had hoped and believed that the world was growing past the barbarisms of war. So strongly had she believed it that, in a nation of a hundred million, she had a mobile army of just thirty-one thousand scattered over her three and one-half million square miles.

The soul of America has been obsessed with her vision of the universal good and good-will. It has not been a hobby. It is her birthright. The breath of her life. Her heritage, straight from the Fathers who lived for her and died for her.

While America believed that she would not be attacked, this insignificant army, which military nations sneer at, is, in the light of her vision, her greatest glory.

The President is right. "We must depend in every time of national peril, not upon a standing army, but upon a citizenry trained to arms." But our "citizenry" is not "trained to arms."

If America were invaded to-morrow, a million men—yes, ten million—would rush to the colors, but without training and without arms.

They would walk into the mouth of the modern war monster until he was glutted.

Willingly? Yes! But not cheerfully.

Hard things would be thought and said of the leaders responsible for unnecessary slaughter. The men in places of power whose business it is to know what the rest of the world is thinking and doing. Whose business it is to warn America and prepare her against needless sacrifice.

In justice to her war chiefs, America will recall how they have warned her of dangers, unknown and sinister. How they have begged her to look to her defenses. Some of the Cabinet officers have been made to understand and have added their urgent pleas for better preparation. But America could not be made to understand. It seemed to her a step backward. Away from her vision. Surely men were growing better. Less brutal. More divine.

America understands now. She knows that the nations are not less worthy than they were. Only less worthy than she hoped they were. She will adjust herself to conditions as they are. Only so can she hope to preserve for humanity her vision which will one day light the world.

The great mass of Americans have real and vigorous convictions as to what America ought now to do. How she ought to prepare. Not in detail, but in general.

There are a few Americans who are indifferent. They do not know and they do not care. They take no interest in public affairs. They do not know what America stands for. They do not know what the Fathers lived and died for. They want to be let alone. They want to live their own mean, narrow, little lives. They do not want to fight anybody for anything. They are utterly selfish.

But the great mass of Americans know what America stands for, and care. Care deep down. Care through and through. Care to the last drop of their blood. To the end that America shall march through to her destiny. To the end that the shining principles for which so many millions have given their blood and their lives shall be made the splendid heritage of all mankind.

And the great majority of Americans are agreed in a vigorous conviction that America must prepare. That America's destiny can be safeguarded only in that way. That the present incomplete preparedness may at any moment place American ideals in serious jeopardy. That non-resistance as a national policy is national suicide.

The great majority believe this. Believe it honestly. Believe it vigorously. And they will have their way.

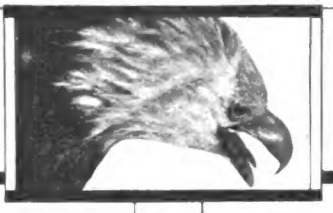
America will prepare.

When America has organized her strength and trained it, and all the world sees that



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

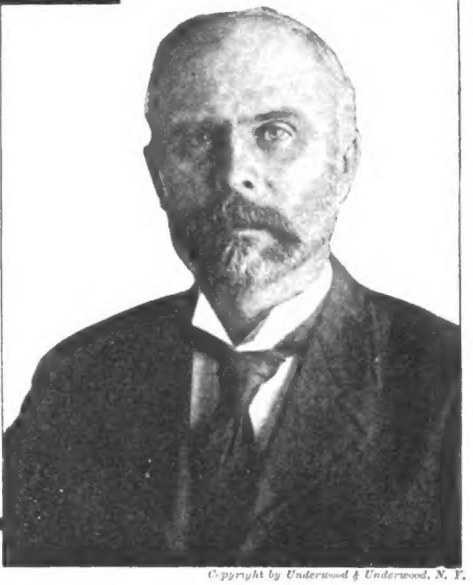
CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ



WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

Copyright by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

AS CONSULTING ENGINEER OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MR. STEINMETZ KNOWS ALL ABOUT ELECTRICITY AND THE WIRELESS. HIS KNOWLEDGE IS AT THE SERVICE OF NATIONAL DEFENSE. HE IS AN ACTIVE SOCIALIST, TOO—NOTE THAT! WORKING FOR PREPAREDNESS IN THE INTEREST OF PEACE.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MR. PARSONS BUILT THE NEW YORK SUBWAY, AND HELPED BUILD THE PANAMA CANAL. HE AND A NUMBER OF OTHER EMINENT ENGINEERS HAVE BEEN APPOINTED BY SECRETARY GARRISON TO FORM A BOARD THAT SHALL STAND READY TO HELP PLAN THE MECHANICAL SIDE OF OUR DEFENSES.

she is potent, as well as potential, she will not only be guaranteed against attack, she will not only have provided for the preservation of her principles, but the ringing words which she speaks in the parliament of nations in the support of liberty and justice and in the defense of weaker nations will carry the weight Americans fondly believed they carried before this war showed how feeble and flabby other nations believed America to be, except in financial resources.

Not America's money, but her ideals, her soul, her hopes for humanity, give her the right to live on; and her life, its breadth, its depth, its influence, must inevitably be measured by the steadfastness and vigor with which she works out her destiny, maintains and defends the principles and traditions for which she stands before the world.

Every American should be profoundly grateful for the opportunity to live his life under the Stars and Stripes. Every American should be supremely grateful that America was not attacked before she awakened to her defenseless condition.

Every American should take the time and the trouble—though he ought to regard it as a privilege—to inform himself in detail as to the conditions in other countries, and, especially, in his own country.

America has been so busy with her vision of good-will to all mankind that her thought and spirit have overleaped her own boundaries. She has taken to her great heart the oppressed and unhappy of earth. Concerned with the future and the needs of other nations, her sons and daughters have become somewhat forgetful of America's past, somewhat negligent of America's needs.

Americans should take this occasion to refresh themselves in the history of their own country, for when all the extravagance



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ALAN R. HAWLEY

WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

*Photo by Marceau*

MR. HAWLEY IS PRESIDENT OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA, WHICH HAS STARTED THE NATIONAL AEROPLANE FUND: A POPULAR SUBSCRIPTION TO BUY AEROPLANES AND TRAIN AVIATORS FOR THE MILITIA. ALREADY $12,000 HAVE BEEN CONTRIBUTED, MUCH OF IT BY PEACE ADVOCATES.

*Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.*

MR. DIX, SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HASN'T ANY AX TO GRIND IN SERVING ON A COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE. LIKE MR. DIX, ALL THE OTHER NATIONAL DEFENSERS ARE MEN OF AFFAIRS PATRIOTICALLY DEVOTED TO PEACE THROUGH PREPAREDNESS.

is stripped from the record of her deeds there remains sufficient to justify all the honest pride of a proud race.

And if victories have grown a bit in the telling, the courage and endurance of the millions who have fought America's battles could not possibly be overstated.

If your love of your own country has become a bit pale, if your loyalty has become a bit less vivid, go back over her history, read again the story of those who gave their lives that you and yours might have the benefits you are enjoying to-day.

These traditions are a sacred trust in your hands. You should know them by heart. You should feel them, you should live them, and, if need be, you should die for them.

Go back in thought to Bunker Hill, to Valley Forge. Read again the life of George Washington, and, as you recall anew the story of his heroic devotion, as your heart is gripped by the tale of his splendid sacrifices, as you sense again his greatness, which the whole world recognizes and which grows as the years recede, ponder these words of his, addressed to Congress in 1793. Remember how much he had been through before he uttered these words. Remember how he loved his country. Remember what her vision must have meant to him because he fathered it.

> "I cannot recommend to your notice measures for the fulfilment of our duties to the rest of the world without again pressing upon you the necessity of placing ourselves in a condition of complete defense * * * there is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

RALPH B. STRASSBURGER

A. B. LAMBERT

*Photo by Paris MacDonald, N. Y.*

HE IS A DIRECTOR OF THE NAVY LEAGUE. AS CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW YORK MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE, HE IS OUT FOR LOVERS OF THE NAVY. HE SAYS THERE ARE LOTS OF THEM. WHEN THE FLEET VISITED NEW YORK HE OBTAINED ELEVEN HUNDRED NEW MEMBERS.

A WORKER IN THE NAVY LEAGUE. HE BELONGS TO THE LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY OF ST. LOUIS, AND ON THE SIDE HE IS AN ARDENT AVIATOR. HE ONCE BUILT A SHIP, THEN WENT UP IN HIS AEROPLANE AND DESTROYED IT WITH BOMBS—EXPERIMENTING.

to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

Can there be the slightest doubt in any one's mind what Washington's advice would be if he were alive? Can there be the slightest doubt what Adams's advice would be? And Jefferson's? And Hamilton's? And Franklin's?

Can there be the slightest doubt what the advice would be of America's great men who fought through her later sacrifices? Grant and Lee and Sherman and Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson?

In the light of America's history, how can any one conceive of her as the apostle of non-resistance?

Her whole record bristles with resistance —resistance to oppression, resistance to wrong. Her whole record bristles with aggressiveness. Aggressiveness for the right.

How can any one conceive of America as the apostle of non-resistance when, to know the real America, all he needs do is read how she went out of her way to resist Spain's oppressions in Cuba?

Read your histories. Read again the lives of the men who have made America great. It is the sure tonic for anemic patriotism. It turns pale water into red blood.

Finally, when your heart is washed clean for sacrifice, when your soul has again caught the vision which inspired the Fathers, when the passion for service grips you and the divine hunger to dedicate yourself, then go with the immortal Lincoln to Gettysburg and listen to his solemn words, as from the depths of his great and shriven soul he pours out in matchless phrasing the sacred aspirations of his people, like some sacred high priest, rededicating them to "the unfinished work," to their vision,



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"that it shall not perish from the earth."

Can any one who reads what Lincoln said at Gettysburg, remembering all that he had been through, remain in the slightest doubt as to what Lincoln would advise? Read his inspired words:

> "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> "Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
>
> "But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth"

If your spirit catches fire from Abraham Lincoln's flaming spirit, if you burn with his consecration, rededicate yourself "to the unfinished work."

To that unfinished work your duty calls.

# HOW YOU CAN HELP PREPARE

## BY VIRGIL JORDAN

"I AM of Quaker stock. I hate war. But the coma into which this people has sunk got under my skin, and I could stay out of this no longer."

It was the leader among all the National Defensers who said that. And it is wholly expressive of the spirit that inspires them all. They "hate war"—even as you and I. In fact, the only real difference between them and us is that they woke up some time ago, while we are just beginning to yawn ourselves awake.

While we have been drowsily talking peace talk in our sleep, they have been working peace works—wide awake. And the main object of their efforts is to poke us up. To that end, and to utilize us as we rouse ourselves, they have organized into various leagues and societies for the promotion of National Preparedness. There are enough of these, with purposes and programs sufficiently varied, to accommodate every case of Waked-up Citizen.

If you *want* to help, it's easy enough to find a way to do it.

The patriarch and pioneer among these Educational Institutions is the NAVY LEAGUE.

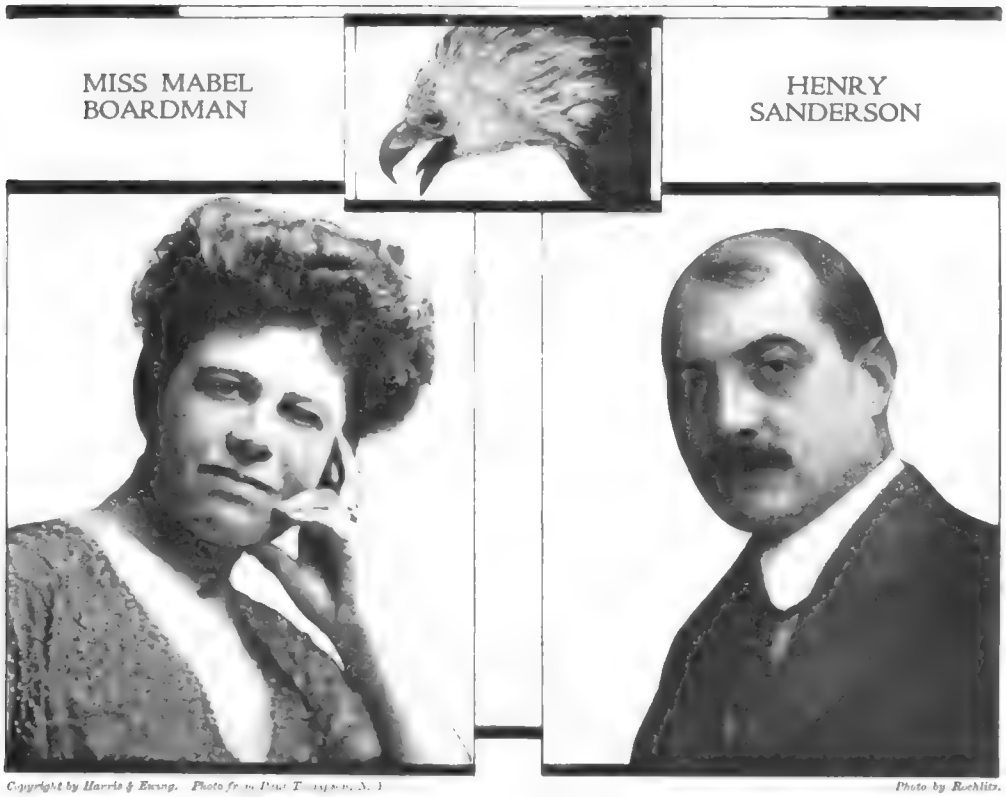
It began away back in 1901, and was informally known as "The Society to Insure the United States Against the Possibility of Being Invaded." A *real* peace society.

Now it happens that there is a General Board of the Navy, which makes recommendations to Congress about guns and battle-ships. And then it makes them again—and again—and again. Very much as if it were battering on a stone wall. And there is the General Staff of the Army, which dittoes.

Well, all that the Navy League and the Army League and the other security

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MISS MABEL BOARDMAN



HENRY SANDERSON

Copyright by Harris & Ewing. Photo from Paul Thompson, N. Y.

AS THE ACTIVE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, MISS BOARDMAN IS AN OFFICIAL CHAMPION OF PREPAREDNESS. PREPAREDNESS MAKES FOR FEWER WOUNDED. THEREFORE, WHILE THE RED CROSS ORGANIZES FOR THE MOST EFFICIENT SERVICE IN WAR, IT ALSO LINES UP FOR SECURITY AGAINST WAR.

Photo by Rochlitz.

MR. SANDERSON REPRESENTS THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA IN THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS. HE HELPED ORGANIZE THE FIRST ELECTRIC-LIGHT COMPANIES OF NEW YORK CITY. HE IS MAKING PLANS TO MOBILIZE CARS AND TO IMPROVE ROADS FOR MILITARY USE.

societies really want is to make Congress pay attention to these recommendations of the patriotic men who *know* our military and naval *necessities*. I don't really know them. You don't really know them. The General Board and the General Staff are employed to know them, and they do know them. And the defense organizations exist to persuade the public to persuade Congress to listen to the nation's own experts.

This Navy League, for instance. What it wants is: "A navy second to none"—in equipment, *just* the kind of a navy recommended by the Board of the Navy—no more. But one of the best ways it sees of getting it is to explain battle-ships to persons who live on prairies. It's not so easy, either. If you are a farmer in Iowa, and if you never saw a battle-ship, you aren't likely to feel a keen need for a billion-dollar boat to repel an attack on your cornfields. It's a long way from Iowa to the coast.

Don't imagine it is Navy men alone who are interested in this work. Most of the members of the Navy League are civilians. Naval officers are a very small minority in its membership. It is composed almost entirely of men who have stepped forward out of a very private private-life to do their little part in forwarding the better-Navy idea. A. B. Lambert of the Lambert Pharmacal Company in St. Louis, R. A. Long of the Long Lumber Company of Kansas City—and so on—and so on—thousands of them.

There is a Woman's Section of the Navy League, besides—organized last July, and numbering 8,000 in its first month. The next Congress will be confronted with the signatures of at least 100,000 women pledged to "patriotism, Americanism, and national defense."

Think of it! A hundred thousand women all pledged to talk on one national subject!

Illustrated talk, too. There is to be—all



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

through the country—a series of patriotic National Defense pageants, under the women Navy Leaguers' supervision.

To people who are in mortal terror that adequate defense really means militarism, these women ought to be *some* reassurance.

Even without them, the League numbers more than 17,000. If you want to help, and if the Navy is your special interest, you can apply for membership in the Navy League at the Southern Building, Washington, D. C., or at the branches in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Membership dues are two dollars.

But perhaps, if you are concerned at all, you are more concerned about the Army. You may prefer to join the ARMY LEAGUE, whose headquarters are at the Metropolitan Bank Building in Washington. It will cost you a dollar dues for a plain membership, though you may pay more.

The Army League, too, was working while most of us slumbered. It began in April, 1912, trying to make voters see the necessity for an adequate Regular Army, Organized Militia, and Reserves as the best guarantee of peace.

One thing both it and the Navy League specially crave is the passage of that Council of National Defense Bill.

Remember? It was a plank in the last Democratic platform, and it has been before Congress for *six years*.

A Council for National Defense would mean all the persons who are officially concerned with National Defense—the President, the Secretaries of State, War, and the Navy, with corresponding chairmen and technical experts—acting *all together* as a unit. It would "treble the efficiency of the Army and cut the expense in half."

Prominent among the members of the Army League are such non-militaristic men as Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution;* Thomas Nelson Page, the author; and George Hewitt Myers, well-known for his work in forestry and conservation.

If you can't decide between the Army and the Navy, you might join the NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE and help both.

This organization—the latest Educational Institution for National Defense—began last December with S. Stanwood Menken, a distinguished bankruptcy lawyer in New York. He was a very busy man—just as busy as anybody—but he got wrought up on the subject of Preparedness; so he told some business friends how he felt, and they had a meeting in his office. Together they started the National Security League, which now numbers about 10,000 members, with more than 200 branches.

The National Security League is an emergency organization to do a great emergency job. It exists to show the public the terrific dangers of unpreparedness and the economy of *security*. When it gets that job done, it will pass out. In the meantime it attacks the public with a running fire of crisp facts taken from the able reports of its committees on all phases of National Defense.

Mr. Menken finds time, out of his busy life, to be its active president, and such men of affairs as William Frederick Dix of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Lucius Teter of the Chicago Savings Bank & Trust Company, and R. H. Page of the Trust Concrete Steel Company of Detroit—such men, by the hundreds and the thousands, are now "selling" the idea of "security" to their fellow-citizens. They are salesmen now for Uncle Sam.

The Honorary President of the National Security League is one of the most distinguished of American peace advocates—Joseph H. Choate. Mr. Choate is a peace man who has delivered the goods. As one of the American delegates to the Hague Conference of 1907, he was chiefly responsible for the international-arbitration plan which that Conference adopted.

Nothing very militaristic about that record! Just patriotic.

If you want to be patriotic, too—the address is 31 Pine Street, New York City, and the annual dues are one dollar.

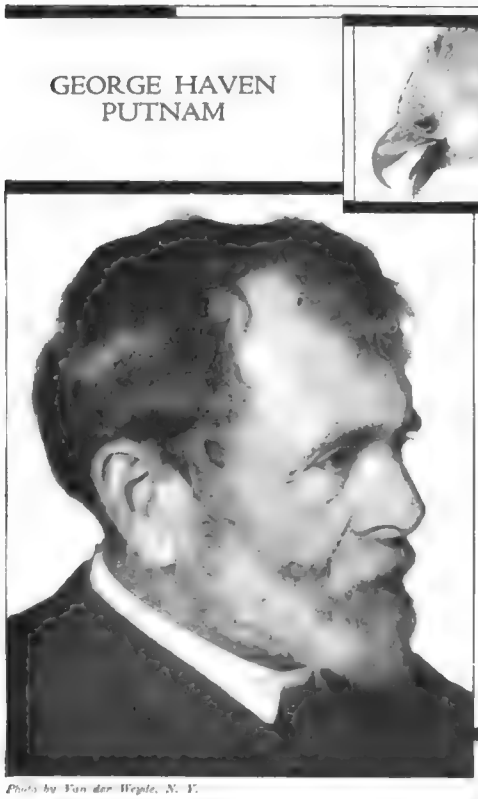
Another kind of opportunity for service is offered by the AMERICAN LEGION, which was organized in March of this year. It wants your name if you have any training valuable in modern warfare and if you are willing to use it in case of need.

And "modern warfare," remember, includes about every possible human activity. If you can run an automobile or an aeroplane, build a bridge or plan a trench, follow trails or fire a gun; if you can cook, nurse, fill teeth, shoe a horse, use a wireless, or do anything about a railroad—you may be eligible for membership in the Legion.

You will then be part of our unofficial

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM



MR. PUTNAM, HEAD OF THE FAMOUS PUTNAM PUBLISHING HOUSE, IS A LEADING OFFICER OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE. HE IS ALSO ONE OF THE LEADING OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK PEACE SOCIETY. HE HAS DONE EARNEST WORK TO PREVENT WAR AND ALSO TO MEET WAR IF IT COMES.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

MR. CHOATE, TOO, WORKS FOR PREPAREDNESS AS WELL AS PEACE. HE WAS OUR FIRST DELEGATE AT THE HAGUE CONFERENCE OF 1907, AND WAS CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION PLAN. ALSO, HE IS HONORARY PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE.

trained army, properly listed, measured for shoes and uniform, card-catalogued, and reachable at a moment's notice.

This means women, too, for the kinds of service they can render.

The Legion sprang from a suggestion published in *Adventure*. Its editor, Arthur S. Hoffman, had been trying to keep track of a multitude of wandering adventurers, men of all manner of talents useful in war. The idea of a definite organization took root in his mind, and the Legion was formed and built up in his magazine.

Its Council is composed of two former Presidents of the United States and seven former Cabinet members. Among its advisers it counts solid citizens like William J. Dean, iron and steel man of Minneapolis; Duane Doty, General Manager of the Buena Vista Plantation, Macclenny, Florida; Howard Elliott, president of the New Haven Railroad.

To become a member of the American Legion write to its secretary at 10 Bridge Street, New York.

Now comes a society, not organized specifically for National Defense, which is devoting itself wholeheartedly to that purpose.

Here this country is, says the Aero Club of America—the country that gave the world the first aeroplane, hydro-aeroplane, flying-boat—actually behind all the first- and second-class powers and their colonies in aeronautics—"very much behind Japan, China, Switzerland, Australia, and *Morocco!*"

That is the condition which the Aero Club (which really means twenty-three Aero Clubs in various cities) is determined we shall realize—and correct. One of its practical means of working to that end is the National Aeroplane Fund, which is similar to the public subscriptions through



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which France and Germany bought their air fleets and trained their aviators.

That's where you come in. By sending subscriptions to the National Aeroplane Fund at the Aero Club, 297 Madison Avenue, New York, you can help buy aeroplanes and train aviators for the National Guard and the naval militia.

The mainspring of the Aero Club is Mr. Henry Woodhouse. Small, broad-browed, with eyes set so far apart that they seem to be looking into next year, or beyond the stars, he is the most effective dreamer in the whole security movement.

There are a good many practical patriots connected with this Aero Club. For instance, Mr. Frederick Eggena, a sportsman.

Mr. Eggena learned to fly in Dayton—learned in five days, which is a record. Then he came back to New York, went to the Aero Club, and asked about the aeronautical needs of the militia of New York—where he lives; of New Jersey—his native state; and of Ohio—where he learned to fly.

Finding that aeroplanes were needed by the militia of all three states, he offered to place first his Wright biplane and later his flying-boat at their disposal.

As a further step in making their activity effective, all the leagues we have mentioned (and some others we are going to mention) formed a sort of union. In the rooms of the Aero Club, last June, their representatives organized the CONFERENCE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS.

The purpose of this Committee is to prevent duplication of effort, and to use the combined influence of all the leagues in any representations made to the Government.

Its chairman is the Quaker who "hates war"—Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood.

Mr. Wise Wood is a manufacturer of newspaper machinery, whose inventions are regarded as among the greatest advances made in modern printing. His "autoplate" made it possible to manufacture the "plates" from which newspapers are printed in one-sixth of the time previously necessary; and he has since completed other inventions of great importance to modern journalism.

Included in the Conference Committee, in addition to the organizations already mentioned, are the Automobile Club of America, the American Institute of Consulting Engineers, the American Societies of Civil, Mining, Electrical Mechanical, Aeronautic, and Radio Engineers, and the American Red Cross. And the American Defense Society, organized expressly to take charge of the publicity work of the Conference Committee.

The Automobile Club is hard at work on plans for mobilizing all available machines of every kind for war use and is bringing influence to bear to have roads built which will carry a hundred-ton ammunition truck as well as a runabout. And the Engineering Societies are mobilizing men who may be needed in war-time to build bridges, plan trenches and fortifications, set up wireless outfits, even build railroads.

Last of all, we have to notice that the AMERICAN RED CROSS is to be definitely listed as an organization devoted to Preparedness. Just how does the Red Cross connect with the subject?

First: *Enough* nurses and physicians and attendants, well trained, can save many American lives in case of war. That's why the American Red Cross is getting ready to do its share, by organizing an efficient registry service.

Second: In case of war, Preparedness means fewer wounded. The Red Cross would rather try to care for 30,000 wounded Americans than for 300,000. That's why it has come out officially for Preparedness.

Its address is merely Washington, D. C.

Somewhere among these societies *you* have a place. Pick out the one where your deepest interests and your best qualifications lie—and

*Do something!*

---

**Next month—the second article in this series:**

## LEADERS TOWARD WORLD PEACE
### TRUE ONES AND FALSE ONES

**A Picture of the Peace Movement and of its Possible Menace to the United States**

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HER ONE NEW EVENING DRESS FOR THAT SEASON.

# THE RAINBOW LIE

By JULIAN STREET

AUTHOR OF "THE NEED OF CHANGE," "ABROAD AT HOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. H. TAFFS

MRS. BUCKINGHAM SMITH was no less kind to Sylvia Cleveland than the average rich cousin is to the average poor one. She had the occasional generous impulses of the opulent. In the large, elegant, mildly patronizing manner of a lady who is almost a professional "patroness"—of one who serves on so many committees that she remembers them hardly better than she understands them—she liked her little relative, and hoped in a vague, benevolent way that she was "getting along nicely." Now and then, when she chanced to encounter Mr. Livingstone, of whose vast private library Sylvia had charge, she tried to do the girl a good turn by reminding the old gentleman that Sylvia was a family connection of her own—a fact which, she felt, must inevitably impress him.

It did; but not as Mrs. Buckingham Smith intended, for Mr. Livingstone classified that lady as an old idiot, and it seemed to him impossible that she should be a blood relation of the capable, comprehending, charming girl who, as he watched her flying about among his books, he likened to a canary.

The matter puzzled him until, one day, after a meeting of the board of a charitable organization, he spoke of it to Mrs. Smith.

"Sylvia's mother and my mother were own cousins," the lady explained. "Her mother was quite spoiled. When very young she eloped with an Irishman. He was a gentleman and handsome, but improvident. Everything he had he squandered on books. Perhaps that's why Sylvia—" There, remembering Mr. Livingstone's hobby, she broke off, feeling somewhat embarrassed.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Fortunately he did not seem to notice. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in a tone almost of relief. "I might have known it. With her imagination and that wild-rose beauty, what could she be but Irish?"

"On one side only," put in Mrs. Smith, defensively.

"Yes, yes. But of course she resembles her father. She's a treasure, Mrs. Smith, a treasure!" He bowed and moved away.

"Eccentric old creature!" thought the lady. "How absurd of him to conclude that Sylvia is like her father when he never so much as saw a picture of him. However, I'm glad he's pleased with her. I must remember to tell Buckingham what he said."

She did remember—at tea-time that afternoon.

"Good!" approved Buckingham Smith. "Thank God there's one poor relation we don't have to support. I've always liked that girl. We must do something for her."

"We do," she replied. "We have her here every Thanksgiving with the rest. And we had her to tea quite recently. Edith, when was it we had Sylvia Cleveland to tea?"

Edith, the daughter of the house, was tall, very thin, hectically fashionable, and fashionably fatigued.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, indifferently. "Some time last winter."

"You should ask her here oftener," declared the paterfamilias.

At that juncture Miss Hillhouse, Mrs. Buckingham Smith's social secretary, came to inform her that a lady who had been expected for dinner had been taken ill—ptomaine poisoning was the unnecessary detail.

"There's your chance," suggested her husband. "What about Sylvia?"

"For the opera?" disapproved Edith.

"And why not?" demanded her father, almost sharply.

"Well," returned Edith, "after all, father, she isn't just smart, is she?"

"I think Sylvia always looks very well, considering," said Mrs. Buckingham Smith. "Let's see. Who is to be here?"

"Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Berkeley," Miss Hillhouse informed her.

"Oh, all right," said Edith, magnanimously, "ask her for Mr. Berkeley if you want to. I don't like his long teeth and his silly little mustache."

So Sylvia was invited.

There is one great thing the Irish know: they know that fairy happenings occur. And because the fairies are philosophers enough to know that you can prove things only to people who believe them already, they take particular delight in reinforcing Irish conviction by means of manifestations which dull folk attribute to what they call "coincidence."

Sylvia had just come home and was in the very act of opening a large pasteboard box, in which, amid crackly white tissue-paper, reposed her one new evening gown for the season, when the extension telephone in her room rang and she received her cousin's eleventh-hour invitation.

Though it was not a ball that she was going to, she felt like Cinderella, and though she did not leave her boarding-house in a golden coach drawn by white ponies, she did leave it in splendor, for the Buckingham Smiths, who never did anything by halves, sent their limousine—a vehicle which, like every other thing belonging to them, had about it a superlative yet restrained magnificence. That was true even of their footman, so far as such a thing can be true of a footman. He was wonderfully turned out in every particular, and it was a superb spectacle (and one that was not wasted on three of the other boarders watching from behind the parlor curtains)to see him assist Sylvia into the car as though she had been made of iridescent glass, spread the robe over her as though she were some royal baby, shut the door, and leap to the seat beside the chauffeur as they wafted off in swift, silent splendor.

From the magnificence of the limousine Sylvia progressed to that of a heavy, grilled door which a man-servant swung silently before her, over extensive rugs of great thickness to an elevator operated by electric buttons, which carried her to an upper floor where, in a large rose-colored bedroom—a room too theatrically perfect to be slept in, it seemed to her—a marvelous maid, like a black-and-white drawing in her slinky dress and starchy cap and apron, relieved her of her wrap.

The drawing-room, below, was very large and very wainscoted. It would have been too large, indeed, for comfort, had not a brilliant architect arranged its fireplaces, its lighting, and more particularly its gigantic furnishings, in such a way as to divide it into what amounted, practically, to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a series of smaller rooms without walls. Sylvia had seen this room before only by daylight, when it had rather overpowered her; but now, with its great lamps glowing here and there, its crackling logs, and the shadows overhead, it seemed to her the most splendid room that she had ever seen.

As she entered she noticed, not without a faint amusement, the swift appraising glances with which Edith and her mother covered her. Mrs. Buckingham Smith's expression changed immediately from doubt to approval. Though it was not her habit to kiss her poorer cousins, she did kiss Sylvia, and her kiss seemed to say: "You look very well, my dear. I hereby make you a member of the family."

Edith took the cue from her mother. She kissed Sylvia with a pecking, perfunctory air, upon the cheek. Then, after Sylvia had shaken hands with Cousin Buckingham, who was a perfect type of the portly, middle-aged, pink-lacquered, and too prosperous New Yorker, the two young men were presented to her. Mr. Berkeley was tall, lean, and blond, fashionably caved in in front at the waistline, and possessed of prominent teeth and manners.

The other man had been standing beside Edith. She did not catch his name. On being presented he remained at her side, talking, until dinner was announced by a butler of the sort one sees in English comedies. Presently, at table, finding herself seated beside the man whose name she did not know, she tried stealthily to read his dinner-card. He detected her and handed her the card, and that started them off gaily. His name was Sawyer. He looked solid and nice, and his face was young, though his hair was gray at the sides. At first she had thought his appearance a trifle austere, but now she perceived that his determined mouth could break into a smile made all the more engaging by his seeming reluctance to allow it, and that the lids of his dark eyes drooped, curiously, at the outer corners, as in shadowy suggestion of a perpetual, quizzical wink.

Yes, he was a "nice man." Sylvia was glad that he, instead of Mr. Berkeley, was her neighbor at table—though of course she did not know (and does not know to this day) that it was fairy work again; that the fairies who watched over her that night had touched Miss Hillhouse on the head, as she laid the dinner-cards, addling her intellect for the moment, causing her to place Sawyer, whom she knew to be a "catch," beside Sylvia, and Berkeley, who was only fit for dancing, beside Edith, when of course it should have been exactly the other way about.

It was the only mistake Miss Hillhouse ever made in all of her years as social secretary, and neither she nor Edith has ever quite recovered from it.

The women were seated by the time Edith and her mother detected the blunder. They exchanged glances. Edith's glance said: "This is a fine mess!" Her mother's said: "Shall we have them change places?" Edith shook her head as though to say: "No; it's too late. It would look pointed."

The fact that Sylvia and Sawyer were clearly enjoying each other did not add to Edith's pleasure in the least. She was annoyed—annoyed with every one—and by way of concealing her annoyance she said cutting things to Berkeley and laughed a great deal over them.

When Sylvia tried, afterward, to remember what she and Sawyer had talked about, it amazed her to discover how little of their first conversation she could recall. It seemed to her that their talk was like a stream on which they floated through the dinner, through the brief motor ride that followed, and into that swirling sea of opulence, the Fortieth Street lobby of the Metropolitan Opera House.

All her previous experience at the opera was of the Broadway entrance and the first balcony. The carriage entrance was new to her, and it seemed to her that, with its cackle of libretto boys, its chatter and laughter, its slamming of successive automobile doors without; its air of expectancy and promise, its slim, silk-hatted young exquisites, its distinguished, white-mustached old gentlemen (those imposing old gentlemen who seem never to congregate in large numbers save at the opera), above all, with its shimmering, silk-swishing women, their heads lifted like jeweled blossoms from a sybaritic foliage of fur—it seemed to Sylvia that the lobby presented one of the most gorgeous spectacles contained in the whole vast pageant of New York.

Being Buckingham Smiths and the friends of Buckingham Smiths, they arrived, of course, fashionably late. Music swelled faintly through the inner doors. Though



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mrs. Buckingham Smith had not hurried dinner in the least, she exhibited, upon her arrival at the Metropolitan, a certain majestic haste, sweeping through the lobby, up the stairs, and around the circuit of red-carpeted corridor like a Winged Victory, mature and obese, her robes a-flutter behind her, while an usher cantered ahead to open, with his key, the parterre box made inalienably theirs by a brass name-plate on the door.

Through this progress Sawyer followed close beside Sylvia; in the anteroom he managed to relieve her of her cloak and divest himself of his overcoat in time to move into the open portion of the box immediately after her and, without waiting for suggestions from his hostess, to drop into the chair behind Sylvia's. Again glances were exchanged between Edith and her mother. Throughout the remainder of the evening Edith sulked.

During what was left of the first act, Sylvia gave herself up to the wonder of the place: the great auditorium, shrouded in half-darkness, so still yet so vibrant in its suggestion of humanity massed and intent; the shaded red lamps of the parterre, like a ruby necklace; the gleam of women's backs and arms near by; the silhouettes of the musicians below, black against the white, illuminated pages of their music; the fiery elasticity of the conductor; the rhythmic movement of grouped violin-bows controlled by white hands which seemed, in turn, to be controlled and made to move in unison by some invisible machinery; last of all, the stage, hanging like a huge gold-framed painting, magically alive, a bewitched canvas of mysterious distances, gloomy spaces pierced by far-off lights, creviced backgrounds whence emerged brilliant, illusory figures, waving their arms and voicing heavenly sound. Then the swift fall of red velvet curtains, the appearance from behind them of a man and woman—curiously caparisoned, fat and funny, now, in the hot glare of the foot-lights—bowing, smiling, bowing low again, with extended arms, in response to the clapping of thousands of hands. Then the glow of the auditorium lights on a sea of faces and costumes, and Sawyer's voice, over her shoulder:

"Did you ever notice that from here the applause sounds like rain on a tin roof?"

Wafting home after the performance, in the limousine, she recalled his having said that. Why, she wondered, did she particularly remember it? Was it because the comparison caught her fancy or because the remark had somehow led them to the discussion of opera, which had, in turn, led to the fib?

The fib was already beginning to trouble her a little—not on moral grounds, but because it was the sort of fib which could never be cleared up, and which, if found out, would make her appear silly beyond words.

It had been evident to her when she met him, that she had not been explained to Sawyer in advance as a poor relation. She was grateful to her cousins for neglecting that, for it had helped her to act out her whimsical part in what was, to her, the evening's very real fairy-tale. Because she appeared as well as the other women, because she did not wear a peculiar gown or the facial expression which she thought of as "the librarian look," most of all, no doubt, because she was a cousin of the Buckingham Smiths, Sawyer had palpably assumed that she was "one of them," and that she led their kind of life.

To have explained to him would have been unnecessary and awkward. She could not very well have burst out, in the midst of dinner or the opera, with a cry like that of a girl in a melodrama: "No, I am not a rich girl; I am but an humble peasant—little Nell, the miller's daughter." And as for dropping into the conversation a hint of the fact that she was a librarian, she had discovered long since that, with men, it was not a wise thing to do. Mr. Livingstone's library was famous, and it seemed to astonish people to discover that his librarian was a woman, and, moreover, a young woman who looked the way Sylvia looked.

Young men of her own age had frequently changed their manner toward her completely, on finding it out. If they did not actually start to talk about Beowulf and Shakespeare and the Kelmscott Press, they at least became stilted, and escaped at the first opportunity. And older young men, if they did not show so plainly the shock the revelation gave them, seldom, at all events, entirely concealed it. She could feel them looking at her with new eyes, reforming their opinions of her, saying to themselves, "Heaven deliver me from girls with brains!" and shying away from her as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE WOULD DROP IN OF AN AFTERNOON AT THE GRANITE LIBRARY BUILDING, AND SYLVIA WOULD SHOW HIM BOOKS AND BINDINGS.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

though in fear of some sudden outburst, from beneath her normal exterior, of intellectuality and erudition, anomalous, weird, repellant.

That was one reason why she did not elect to enlighten Sawyer; but there was another. It amused her to think how different she was, how different her life and experience were, from what he supposed. It amused her to let him think of her as a society girl, to lead him on in that belief, yes, and to pretend, even to herself, for the time being, that it was all quite true.

So she had dramatized herself to her surroundings and, giving rein to her Irish fancy, played her part in the fairy-tale. And when—in a way which showed that he assumed her life involved a yearly trip to Europe—he compared opera in New York with opera in Paris, she did not let him know that she had never been abroad, but talked back knowingly, in order not to spoil her little play.

At first she felt as guiltless of untruth as is an actress of her part upon the stage. But Paris came up again and still again in Sawyer's talk, and each time it came up she felt herself the more committed, the more involved in something that was changing, curiously, unpleasantly, from make-believe to flat falsehood.

Morally, the thing did not as yet disturb her much. In her heart she knew herself to be a truthful person. But this thing—this foolishness of hers—it had somehow run away with her; and she began to think how very unpleasant it would be, how very false her own position, should she, by some unlucky accident, be found out.

To be fully found out, to have them know that she had carried on a fairy play—that would not be so bad. But there was the trouble. People like the Buckingham Smiths and their friends were quite incapable of comprehending fairy-tales and play-acting. Rich people never do such things. Having everything else, they don't require imagination. No, if she told them what she had imagined, they would think she had gone mad; and if they found out how she had pretended things to Sawyer, they would think her a liar—a liar of the silliest sort. And he would think so, too. It was sickening!

Still, why should they find out? The chances of their doing so were comfortingly remote. She seldom saw her cousins, and as for Sawyer, she had never met him before and never would again. That was another reason why it had been fun to act a part for him. He had been very nice, but by to-morrow he would have forgotten all about her. True, he had said, as he helped her into her wrap after the opera, that he hoped they might meet again soon. But that was only politeness. And even if it wasn't, even if he did wish to see her again, it was quite out of the question. There was no place in her life for society men; neither was there any for them in the boarding-house parlor.

So, as she was transported home, the radiance of her evening's adventure diminished as Cinderella's did on the way home from the ball. Yet it was not altogether gone when the limousine drew up before her house and the little footman leaped down, flung open the door, removed the robe from her lap, and, after assisting her to the walk, sped up the steps ahead of her.

"Don't ring!" she called. "I have a key."

"Yes, miss," he replied, jerking his hand to his hat-brim.

As she passed the vestibule door, which he held open, she ventured a "Good night."

"Good night, miss." He touched his hat again. There was something absurd, something unhuman in the gesture. It was the last vestige of the evening's unreality.

She unlocked the inner door, entered, and closed it behind her much as one might close a book—a book by Hans Christian Andersen. Within, a night-light, economical but adequate, was burning. Magnificence had fallen away from her like some magic robe. Moving up-stairs she was audibly informed that Mrs. Phipps, who occupied the first floor front, was slumbering in peace if not in silence.

Entering her room, she switched on the light, slipped out of her wrap, threw it over the bed, and began to unhook her dress—her one new evening dress for that season. She was Sylvia Cleveland again, now. Life had suddenly become altogether practical. She had been here hardly ten minutes, yet she was already out of her finery, and the limousine, symbol of fleeting magnificence, was already miles away.

Musing, she moved to the basin and began to wash some gloves and handkerchiefs; and there, with her hands in soapsuds, she thought of the Buckingham

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Smiths, and the opera box, and Sawyer, with his white gloves, and his white shirt-bosom fastened with a pearl—and laughed aloud. What an absurd, swift change! How completely the dramatic quality of the transition from splendor compensated for the loss of it!

For some time she continued to run over the circumstances of the evening in her mind!

"I'm *not* untruthful!" she declared vehemently, after she had crept into bed and put out the light. "I'm just Irish."

And still later, when she was becoming drowsy, she thought how like her fairy-tale had been to that of Cinderella at the ball. Mrs. Buckingham Smith had waved the wand, the coach had come for her, Sawyer had played the Prince, and at twelve o'clock she had come home, if not to rags, at least to a boarding-house and light laundry work. But there was this difference: the story of Cinderella continued; the Prince came with the slipper and fitted it to her. Nothing like that was going to happen here. No indeed! Her fairy-tale was ended. She would never see Sawyer again. He would not try to continue the acquaintance, and even if he should try——

Sylvia was becoming drowsy. Into her mind there came a funny, dreamy picture of Sawyer arriving at the boarding-house with the slipper in his overcoat pocket. She saw herself seated on a red plush chair in the parlor, with her feet tucked under her. Sawyer knelt before her and begged to be allowed to try the slipper on her foot, while the boarders stood about in attitudes dramatic and amazed. As she drifted on toward slumber he kept pleading, and she kept saying: "You'd better not! I'll kick you if you try!"

## II

Next evening, when Sylvia found a book-shaped package with her letters on the hall table, she was not surprised; and when, after ascending to her room, she opened it and found Sawyer's card, still she was not surprised; indeed, she was not surprised until she realized, all at once, that she was not surprised—and that surprised her very much indeed. Could she have expected the book without knowing she expected it?

True, Sawyer had mentioned it to her at the opera, but people do not send one books merely because they happen to be mentioned. And how had he got her address? That was another item. Probably he had asked the Buckingham Smiths. It was rather annoying; she didn't want him talking to her cousins about her. On the other hand, it is sometimes pleasant to be remembered—even by a man you wish would not remember you. You can feel that way about it if you're Irish. Then, again, the subject of a book makes a difference. A book of poems or even a novel wouldn't have done at all. But the subject of this book—orchestral analysis—was technical. There was no sentiment about it. It was a purely intellectual offering. She would acknowledge it and that would terminate the incident.

She wrote an appreciative note. And, in the next few days, whenever she thought of him—which occurred rather frequently—it was with the sad resignation of a woman recalling an attractive man who has been lost at sea.

When, however, she received a note from him, inviting her to a concert, her feeling changed; she began to think of him with the perturbation of an attractive woman whose drowned man won't stay drowned. And when, in spite of her refusal, he wrote again, inviting her to still another concert, she began to think of him with the irritation of a woman whose drowned man is becoming so insistent that she'd almost like to push him back into the sea.

It was not that she disliked him. Quite the contrary. She wished that circumstances had been different; that she hadn't made a fool of herself that night; that they might be friends. When she "regretted" for the second time, the thought came to her with a pang, "Now he'll never ask me any more!" Then, disapproving of the pang, she amended the thought to, "Now I'm rid of him at last," which seemed more suitable. To that thought she clung for several days with a strange lack of satisfaction. Then, one evening, just after dinner, he telephoned and asked her to the opera for the following night. His voice brought the pleasant picture of him back. She said no, but she found it harder to say it than it had been to write it.

There was a pause. Then:

"Aren't you ever going with me anywhere?" he asked, pointblank.

She felt like a marauder suddenly picked from darkness by a searchlight.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You've been very kind," she said, trying to steel herself to say that she would never go with him. "But I—I don't go out much."

"Oh," said Sawyer. "I think I understand, now. I've been stupid. I'm sorry. I won't annoy you again."

"You haven't been stupid!" she cried, stabbed by a sudden grief at having wounded him. "You haven't annoyed me! It's not your fault at all. It's something you don't know about."

"Is there a dragon on your doorstep?"

"No."

"An ogre?"

"No."

"Perhaps you're engaged to be married?"

"No, no."

"I might kill a dragon or an ogre, or perhaps even a fiancé," he said, "but in the dark, like this—Don't you think you ought to tell me what's the matter?"

THE GLOW OF THE AUDITORIUM LIGHTS ON A SEA OF FACES "DID YOU EVER NOTICE THAT FROM HERE THE

Sylvia's heart beat fast. It was unfair to let him go on with the idea that she disliked him. An explanation would be merely just.

"Mr. Sawyer," she began heroically, "I want to explain, because you've been nice. I want to very much. But you'll think it's queer. You won't understand because—because you aren't Irish."

Sawyer laughed. "I've a dash of Irish blood," he said. "Try me."

"All right!" said Sylvia, with swift determination. "If you don't understand, I sha'n't be surprised, but I can't help it. Listen: I'm not the girl you met at the opera. I'm another girl entirely. Do you know about the butterflies that live only one day? She was like that. That was her day, and now she's gone. There! Do you see?"

"Not altogether, perhaps," he said. "But if that other girl is gone let's forget about her. What about you?"

"I'm a humdrum librarian," Sylvia told him. "I work for my living. I'm a second cousin of Mrs. Buckingham Smith—a poor relation. Also, I wear hideous horn-rimmed spectacles."

It was over with! She was relieved.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AND COSTUMES, AND SAWYER'S VOICE, OVER HER SHOULDER: APPLAUSE SOUNDS LIKE RAIN ON A TIN ROOF?''

More, she was surprised, for she had a vague sense of his having partly understood her fantasy. Still more was she surprised when he burst out laughing.

"Look here!" he said. "I'm coming up to see you right away."

"No you're not!"

"Why not?"

"You haven't been invited."

"If I waited for that I'd never come. I've tried everything else. I sent you a book in sheep's clothing. I've invited you out. I've hung around your cousin's house, hoping to meet you there. I even asked Edith to invite you in for tea, but you would never come."

''When was that?"

"Several times. Day before yesterday, for example."

''No,'' smiled Sylvia, "I could not come." Then, with a sudden flash of intuition, she added: "It's not convenient for me to go out in the afternoons, because I work. I hope Edith understood?"

''Oh, yes,'' Sawyer assured her. ''She explained that."

''Then you knew about me?"

"I've found out as much about you as I can. You're my favorite subject. That's why I'm coming up to see you now. I want to see your horn-rimmed specs."

"They're not here. They're at the library."

''Then I'm coming to see the nose on which you wear them and the eyes with which you look through them and see such curious things."

"I shall not see you if you come."

"Then I'll riot in the hall!"

"But I tell you it's a boarding-house!" cried Sylvia. "I've no place to receive you."

"Boarding-houses have their parlors just as librarians have their spectacles," said Sawyer, quite unmoved, "and just as the admirers of librarians have their troubles—troubles which are about to be overcome by summary means."

"They play cards in the parlor!" she protested vehemently.

"Then," declared Sawyer, "I shall have



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to turn the tables over and drive them all out—that is, unless you think *we* might go out somewhere? We can go anywhere. The whole world lies before us. But understand this, Miss Cleveland: you've aroused my latent Irish. You are dealing with a masterful man such as is seldom encountered outside the pages of the most improbable stories! Do not try to escape. If you do I shall massacre the boarders, sack the house, fling you into my car, and carry you off bodily to—to Sherry's or the Ritz, or some place, for dinner."

"I have already dined!" she flamed.

"What's that to a masterful man?" he flung back. "No use struggling. I shall be there in fifteen minutes. Good-by."

Slowly Sylvia removed the receiver from her ear and hung it up. Then, for some seconds, she sat immovable before her desk, frowning, nay, glaring at the instrument. Effrontery? Effrontery was no name for it! Was that the way young millionaires behaved? She felt that, were Sawyer to appear before her then, she could throw the inkwell at him. No; perhaps not exactly the inkwell; but something—a book—the book which he had sent her. Not since the days of childhood had she known this furious impulse to fight back, to throw things, to slap somebody's face.

It seemed as though his half-playful caveman nonsense had stirred the primitive in her. It was a curious sensation. She almost hated him, and yet she liked him. She had liked him all the time. Even now, intensely irritated as she was by his boldness and his make-believe at bullying, she liked him none the less. Indeed, she was not sure that, in her heart of hearts, she did not like him more. Strange contradiction!

She had heard it said, though, that some women were that way; that some of them liked to be beaten by the men they loved. She had never believed it. Could it be true? Was the principle the same? Was she that kind of woman?

"Heavens!" she cried, with a little gasping laugh. "Am I reverting to type? Am I half savage?"

She crossed to the dresser, regarded her image in the glass, and, apparently reassured by the inspection, laughed outright. Then she put on her hat.

Presently the maid came with a box of roses and the news that "the gentleman is waiting." Sylvia put the flowers in the basin, donned her coat, composed herself, and descended, trying to look suitably severe.

"We'll walk," she announced stiffly to Sawyer, who was standing in the hall.

"My car is here if you prefer to drive," he suggested, as he opened the door.

"No," she said, firmly; "just a short walk."

He sent the car away, and they set out, walking for a time in silence.

"You shouldn't have brought flowers," she told him sternly, when they had proceeded half a block.

"They're a memorial from a mourner for the other girl."

Again a silence. Then:

"Of course you know that you've been absolutely brazen," she said.

"I tried everything else first."

"Aren't you sorry for the way you've behaved?"

"Do you want me to be?" Something in his voice made her think that he was smiling, but she would not look to see.

"You ought to be!" she affirmed sharply.

"I'll try to be," he returned, with vast insincerity. Then he added: "There; you've scolded me, and I've repented, and you've forgiven me. So now it's all over and we can talk of other things."

But she had not forgiven him—not by two blocks. But presently she did, and then they began to talk of other things—in great variety. They talked of where to walk, and of rubber heels, and of the cold brilliance of the stars, and of whether there were people on them, and of what time the moon would rise to-night, and of a little newsboy who ought to be at home in bed instead of being in the streets acquiring quarters from beneficent young men out walking with librarians; then they talked of turning back, and of going on a little farther because it was not late; of city life, and country life, and furniture and flowers, and Boston terriers and Airedales, and lights upon the Jersey shore beyond the icy waters of the Hudson, and just a bite to eat, perhaps? and Thank you, no! and turning back, and going on a little farther. Then they talked about the opera and whether she would go with him next evening, just to show she had forgiven him for being masterful; and of how he would call for her before dinner, and of how she'd dine at home, thank you, because it would save

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AT LAST, WHEN SPRING WAS IN THE AIR, THERE CAME A NIGHT IN THE FINAL WEEK OF THE OPERA SEASON WHEN THEY WENT AGAIN TO HEAR CARUSO SING.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

time; and of how he thought time didn't matter; and of how she thought it did, because she didn't want to miss a note of the first act; and of how she really *must* go home now, and of how short the walk had seemed to him; and of the fact that it had, upon the contrary, been much longer than she had intended it to be; and of quantities and quantities of other things, equally important or unimportant, according to the point of view.

Had a court stenographer, wearing the cap of invisibility, tiptoed after them and made notes of all they said, and were their conversation printed, fully, you'd leave off reading very quickly, for it was a scattering, helter-skelter lot of talk, voluminous and inconsequential, starting nowhere and ending nowhere, yet very satisfying to the two whom it concerned, if only for the reason that it was just the kind of conversation that advances friendships.

When they reached Sylvia's doorstep that evening, they were infinitely better friends than they had been when they set out; and when they reached it again, next night, after the opera, they were infinitely better better friends.

Matters progressed swiftly for them after that. There were great boxes of flowers from him, protests from her, overruling of protests by him, telephonings, appointments, and, occasionally, disappointments. Sawyer, to whom books had hitherto been only things to read, developed rapidly toward bibliolatry. He would drop in of an afternoon at the granite library building, which stood in the side street, back of Mr. Livingstone's residence, and Sylvia would show him books and bindings; nor did the Book of Hours, bound by Baskerville, or the Kilmarnock Burns, in the richly inlaid covers of Cobden-Sanderson, lose loveliness by being shown in Sylvia's hands.

Then the hands which had shown him books would make him tea beside the library fire, and (though before he met her he had cared no more for tea than for first editions) he now discovered in that beverage a peculiar charm.

Sometimes, after tea, he would walk home with her through the gathering dusk; and sometimes, when it rained, he would call with his limousine and drive her home; and often he would urge her to go out and dine with him, and sometimes she would consent. Presently he began begging her to let him send his car to take her to the library in the morning and home again at night. But she would never let him.

Then, at last, when spring was in the air, there came a night in the final week of the opera season when they went again to the Metropolitan, and heard Caruso sing in "La Bohême." And when, in that voice which is like pure gold distilled into sound, he sang "*Che gelida manina*," which is pure love distilled into song, the poignant sweetness of it set Sylvia's heart to singing back, as an Eolian harp sings back to a summer wind that bears the scent of flowers and the song of nightingales.

Sylvia sat motionless when the song was done. She was hardly conscious of the crash of the applause, so startled, so moved she was by the echoing song in her own heart. Slowly she turned to Sawyer, whose eyes were already upon her. And as their gaze met she knew that his heart, like hers, was singing, and that, whatever might happen, whatever might not happen, her life would be enriched forever by what had come to her upon the wings of music.

As Sawyer helped her into her cloak after the final fall of the curtain, she experienced a curious mixture of feeling. She wanted him to know that never in her life had she been quite so happy as upon that night; yet she could not bear to contract her happiness and make it rigid in the form of words. As they moved up the aisle with the outgoing throng she felt as much alone with him as though they had been strolling behind high walls in some secret garden.

Startled from her roseate reverie by hearing him speak her name, she turned, and found that he was introducing people to her.

So the world was populated, after all! She collected herself as best she could and greeted two of its inhabitants whom she had never seen before—a man and his wife, terribly alert and talkative. And as she spoke to them it was with a feeling as of making friendly but abstracted signals across great vacant spaces to a pair of tiny figures very far away.

"You must have heard Edith speak of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison?" said Sawyer. "She visits them in Paris. You should have met them over there yourself."

"Paris!"

Sylvia made some reply, hoping, vaguely,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that it sounded suitable. Whether it did or not she was powerless to judge. There was room in her mind, now, for but one thought. All the richness, all the new-found beauty which had just come into her life was as swiftly gone. The lyric which had filled her heart had, at a word, become a dirge of bitterness and pain.

Paris! She had told the lie in this place, and in this place it had come back to kill her happiness.

Why had it come back? In the last few weeks she had put the recollection of it almost completely from her mind. She had wanted to do that. She had tried to hide from it. Had she not confessed to everything else? Oh, why, when she had nerved herself to tell him of her fairy nonsense, had she failed of courage to go on and own up to the specific lie? Why, why, when he had been so comprehending, so sympathetic, had she been cowardly and weak? She had hoped he would have forgotten it. That was it. And as time passed, and nothing came to jar that hope, the hope became belief, and she began to feel a specious safety. Yet all the time the lie was crouching like some savage, cunning animal, waiting to spring and tear her heart at the very moment when her heart had found its greatest happiness.

At the head of the aisle she managed to articulate a parting word to the Harrisons; then she and Sawyer made their way to the Fortieth Street lobby. It came to her dully that once she had looked upon that lobby and thought the scene magnificent. How could she have thought that? It was an inferno—a cavern of drafts, elbowing people, noise-madness.

When, leaving her in a sheltered corner where she would not be jostled by the mob, Sawyer went to turn in his carriage check, she wanted to clutch his sleeve and follow, like a child. The crowd intimidated her; she had a frightened fancy that he was never coming back.

Dazed and cold, she leaned against the wall and waited. She must tell him. She must tell him at once. The very instant that they got into the car she would begin. There would be no preamble, no mincing of words. She would say: "I lied to you—I told you——"

"Why, Sylvia!" exclaimed a placid voice, with a what-can-you-be-doing-here? inflection.

Sylvia started, stared, and found herself looking into the face of Mrs. Buckingham Smith. Edith was at her mother's side. Again Sylvia marshaled her wits and murmured greetings. Then she saw Sawyer coming back. Edith caught sight of him simultaneously, and realized that Sylvia was with him.

"Come along, mother," she said, tugging at the portly matron's arm. "I see James outside. The car must be coming up!"

"Why, here's Mr. Sawyer!" exclaimed Mrs. Buckingham Smith, offering him her hand. Then, suddenly comprehending: "And Sylvia! You're together?" She looked inquiringly at Sylvia, who nodded in reply. "Well, well!" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes," beamed Sawyer, speaking as much to Edith as to her mother, "you see I managed to unearth her after Edith failed."

"Edith failed?" repeated Mrs. Buckingham Smith. "I don't understand. Didn't you meet her at our house?"

"Yes," he returned, "but not as often as I wished to. Edith tried a number of times to get Miss Cleveland to come for tea, afterward, but she would never come."

Edith, who had been consistently pulling at her mother's arm, looked away and flushed. "Mother," she said sharply, "are you coming or not?" Then, without waiting for an answer, or saying good night to Sylvia and Sawyer, she broke away from the group and hastened to the door, followed in a more leisurely fashion by the elderly lady and the members of their party.

A moment later Sawyer's number came up on the rack where approaching cars are indicated, and he whirled Sylvia out to the dock-like carriage-landing and into the machine which had just drawn up.

The time to speak had come. Sylvia drew a preparatory breath and was about to begin when Sawyer burst out with:

"Good Heavens! I wouldn't have believed it!"

"What?"

"Edith never invited you to tea at all, did she?"

Then, as Sylvia didn't answer, he went on: "You needn't tell me. I know it. It dawned on me, in there, just now. Her face, her manner, everything gave her away! Think of it! How can women do such things? Of course she thought we'd never meet again. But why did she do it? Why did she tell me such a silly, fatuous lie?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He looked at Sylvia inquiringly, seeking an explanation. Then, as she leaned back white and silent, looking at him strangely, he concluded that his outburst had offended her.

"Forgive me!" he said, in a gentler voice. "I forgot for the moment that she is your cousin. After all, I owe meeting you to her. I shouldn't have spoken as I did, even if—" There he broke off and, leaning toward her, said: "You see why it meant so much to me, don't you? It wasn't just a casual desire to meet you again. It was——"

Then, without warning, and to his unspeakable amazement, Sylvia folded her arms swiftly on the window-sill, bowed her head into their sheltering recess, and gave way to weeping.

"Sylvia!" he cried. "What's the matter? Please don't cry! What have I done? You're driving me mad!"

In answer to his appeal she removed one arm momentarily from the window-sill and waved it in brief supplication to be let alone. Then, since there was nothing else for him to do, he waited, baffled, alarmed, hungry to seize her in his arms, yet fearing to, lest that precipitate a further storm of tears.

"I don't want to trouble you," he declared in tender desperation, when the paroxysm seemed to have abated, "but we are almost there. Can't I tell him to drive on a little while?"

She shook her head.

Sawyer groaned.

As the car turned into the street in which she lived, she sat up and, averting her face, fumbled blindly at the little bag which hung from her arm.

"Here!" said Sawyer, snatching a handkerchief from his pocket and pressing it into her hand. "How am I going to leave you like this?" he demanded in an anguished voice. "Can't you just tell me what I've done?"

"It's not your fault," she said brokenly. "I meant to tell you t-to-night. But now I c-can't! I'll write to you, or something."

The car stopped. Sawyer stepped out and assisted her to alight.

"Let me have your key," he said, as he walked up the steps beside her.

She drew it from the bag and gave it to him. They passed into the vestibule. Sawyer bent over, unlocked the inner door and, as he returned her key, made a final, desperate supplication for enlightenment.

"To-morrow," she quavered. "I c-couldn't now. I'm awfully ashamed and sorry. Good night."

With that she turned, entered the hall, and closed the door. That is, she closed it part way. It stopped against a foot which Sawyer by a sudden impulse thrust forward barely in time. Then, pushing the door open, he entered.

"What are you doing?" she whispered. "You must go!"

"I can't!" he whispered back. "What I've got to say won't wait!"

"It must!" she answered, stepping backward.

"It won't!" he declared, advancing, and catching her wrist. "What's the use, Sylvia? You know I love you. You must know it." He drew her toward him.

"Please! Please! Oh, I must tell you something first!"

"Tell me now, then!"

"I can't. Oh, we're waking everybody!"

"I love you, I worship you!" he declared in a firm voice. "I don't care who knows that!"

"Stop!" she whispered.

He drew her to the darkness of the parlor; then, turning, caught her in his arms. "Now, what is it?" he demanded. "I'm sure you can tell it from here. Do you love me, Sylvia dearest? Tell me that, first."

"Yes," she said in a small voice from his shoulder. "But I lied. I've never been abroad!"

Sawyer began to laugh. "Thank Heaven you haven't!" he cried. "What happiness to take you for the first time!"

Bending over and turning up her face, he found her lips.

"But I lied!" she insisted presently. "It started to be a white lie—a part of my play-acting the night I met you. But when I began to care for you, it seemed to turn black, like a great thunder-cloud always hanging over me. And then, to-night, when you found out about Edith, and told me what you thought of people who tell lies——"

"Then," he interrupted, with sudden understanding, "the storm came—a storm of tears. And now there is a rainbow. Sylvia, dearest, don't you see it everywhere?"

And as he gently kissed her two closed eyes, she saw the rainbow.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# TO STOP THAT TOOTH-ACHE, SQUEEZE YOUR TOE!

By EDWIN F BOWERS M D

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

The Marvels of Dr. William H. Fitzgerald's Recently Discovered Method of Relieving Pain by Pressure. Simply Pressure. At the Right Spots. He does it as an Anesthetic in Surgical and Dental Operations. And he does it even as a Remedy in cases of Hay Fever and of Goitre. His claims have thrown the medical world into a violent discussion of "Zonetherapy." That's his name for it. Note the zones on the patient in the picture. This is the first complete account of "Zonetherapy" for the general public.

WE GRIND and grit our teeth during paroxysms of pain. When we bump our shins against a rocking-chair that has taken point of vantage directly in our path, immediately we clasp the offended shin.

In the days before the blessed era of nitrous-oxid and local anesthetics, when the muscular dentist leaned toward the door with our pet tooth in the firm embrace of shiny forceps, we helped him to the utmost by gripping the arms of the chair with

Digitized by Google



Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

vise-like clutch. This maneuver seemingly had no more connection with tooth extraction than have the effulgent rays of the moon with the pumpkin crop. But we felt our duty and we did it.

When fury and anger sweep us in their red flame, and gentle, familiar aspects of nature take on the hue of blood, we clench our fists until the nails are driven deep into the flesh. In the first shock of the agony of bereavement, or during those cruel dragging hours when we are adjusting ourselves to living with our hearts torn asunder, we clasp our hands in frenzy.

For ages we have been doing these things because they are natural and apparently inevitable. We did them automatically, without knowing why.

### A NEW PAIN-DEADENER

Now Dr. William H. Fitzgerald, of Hartford, Connecticut, maintains that these actions are not only instinctive but scientific. He contends they produce a form of pain-deadening—the doctors call it *analgesia*—somewhat similar to that which follows the injection of water or some anesthetic solution into a nerve.

Although Dr. Fitzgerald reported some of his revolutionary findings in a paper more than two years ago, the medical and dental profession have not as a whole accepted his discoveries. Yet Dr. Fitzgerald's position is one that commands respect. He is a graduate of the University of Vermont, and spent two and a half years in the Boston City Hospital. He served two years in the Central London Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital. For a like period he was in Vienna, where he was assistant to Professor Politzer and Professor Otto Chiari, who are known wherever medical text-books are read.

For several years Dr. Fitzgerald has been the head of the nose and throat department of St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. He is an active member of most of the American medical societies, and is recognized as one of the great throat and nose surgeons in this country.

Maybe Dr. Fitzgerald's scientific standing was higher before he advanced his nerve-pressure discoveries. It is a good deal to ask even a layman to believe that pressing the first joint of his toe will make his eye-tooth stop aching, and this is one of the most familiar of the doctor's feats of medical legerdemain. The Fitzgerald method goes much farther. He has proved that simply by pressing a definite focal point in the particular zone affected, pain can be relieved in any part of the body where there is not present an active inflammatory condition.

Dr. Fitzgerald doesn't advance any theories explaining his discoveries. He says he didn't start out with any hypothesis. He deals only with facts. Accident disclosed that pressure on a certain spot in the nostril gave practically the same result as the use of cocain. That was six years ago. He began experimenting, and he found there were many spots in the nose, mouth, throat, and on the tongue which, when pressed firmly, deadened certain areas to all sensation.

He began using nerve-pressure instead of local anesthetics in his operations, and now he rarely has any use for cocain. He has charted upward of three hundred foci in the cavities of the nose and throat, including the mouth and tongue.

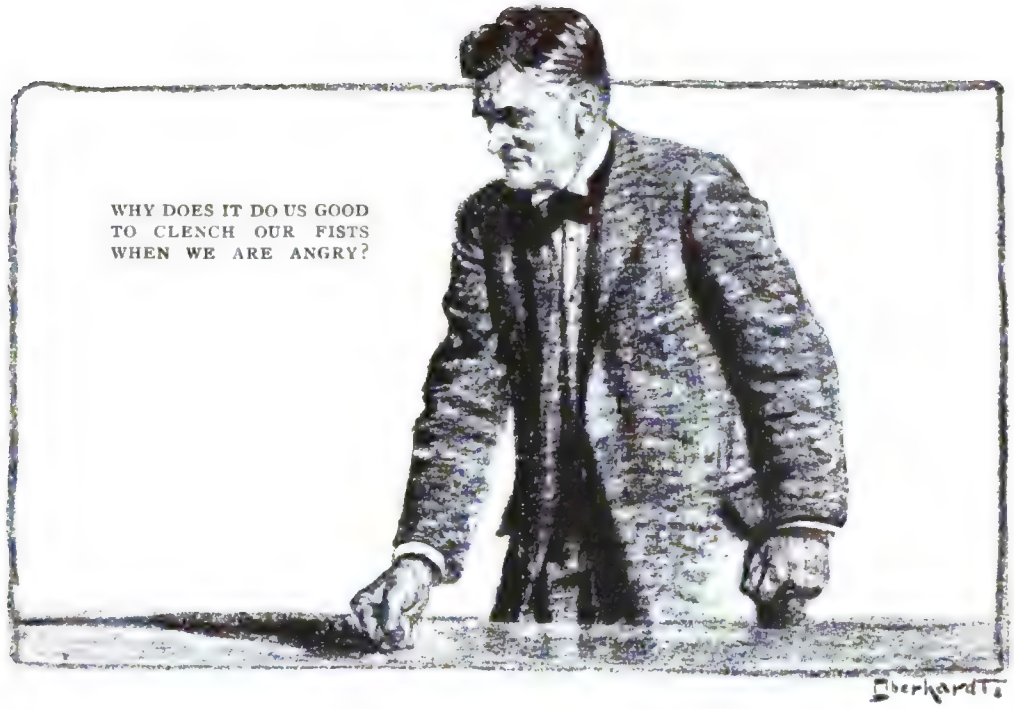
Now this nerve pressure isn't infallible. It doesn't work in every case; but neither does morphin. Dr. Fitzgerald has found that nerve-pressure will completely obliterate pain in about sixty-five per cent. of the cases, while it will deaden pain in about eighty per cent.

In the hands of others who have tried nerve-pressure the percentage often is much lower, because they haven't learned how to apply it. The foci are no larger than the head of a match. If the operator doesn't hit them he misses them completely, and also misses results. They are like electric buttons. Pushing in the vicinity is utterly useless. The button has to be pressed.

Having accomplished analgesia by nerve-pressure, Dr. Fitzgerald went on to make a tremendous advance which has called much criticism upon his head. He found that anything which tended to relieve pain also tended to remove its cause, no matter what the origin. The assertion that pressure on the great toe could cure toothache became pale and commonplace compared with the statement that this same pressure would relieve bronchitis. Of course the medical profession balked at such heresy.

But Dr. Fitzgerald produced patients who had been relieved—doctors of standing fight shy of the word "cured"—and some

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN




of his cases were sensational. It is agreed by most physicians—and by all members of the Hay-Fever Society—that hay-fever is incurable. But every victim keeps on trying to be cured. And no victim cares whether the treatment which will alleviate his tortures is accepted as scientific or not, so long as it will do the work.

The discoverer of the health push-buttons can't remember how many cases of hay-fever he has treated. But he has treated large numbers of them. And it is not of record that the treatment, either in his hands or in those of any other who knows how to use it, has failed—which many doctors and many hay-feverites will say is plumb ridiculous. The treatment is simple enough—merely the forcible stretching with a finger of the soft palate in the back of the roof of the mouth and those contracted parts of the nasal passage where the throat begins and the nose ends; together with pressure with a probe upon different areas of the tongue and on the wall of the pharynx.

While it requires a physician familiar with the foci to determine the proper ones to press, a tongue-depressor which covers the center of the tongue will give temporary relief, if pressed down firmly for three minutes.

It should be explained that Dr. Fitzgerald says that among all the hundreds and hundreds of hay-fever victims that have come under his care, not one had an absolutely normal nose. Invariably there have been bony spurs or protruding bones, or deviated or twisted cartilages, or else an inflamed mucous membrane lining.

Nerve-pressure has accomplished remarkable results with goitre. This swelling in the neck results from some abnormality of the thyroid gland, which either gives off too much secretion or not enough. One way to determine is to give the patient thyroid extract from the dry, powdered glands of a sheep. If the goitre disappears, the treatment is correct. If it increases, it is plain he has already too much thyroid secretion, and the patient must, by the old method, part with most of his thyroid gland.

To relieve a patient from the feeling of suffocation, the rapid heart-action, and the distressing nervous symptoms of goitre, Dr. Fitzgerald experimented with nerve-pressure. He applied a probe to the back wall of the pharynx, passing it through the nostril. To his surprise he found that not only was discomfort lessened, but the nervous symptoms and the swelling began to decrease.

In the past fifteen months Dr. Fitzgerald has treated twenty-one cases of goitre, many of them of the exophthalmic variety—which means protruding eyeballs, heart symptoms,


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and most unsightly swelling. Twelve of these have been discharged as cured, while eight others are on the high road to recovery. The tape-measure showed that in some of these cases the swelling decreased three inches in as many weeks. The only treatment these patients received was pressure on a particular push-button for a few minutes every day.

Of these twenty-one cases one proved intractable. She was sent to a gynecologist, who found she was suffering from a large tumor in the same zone as the goitre.

This case and many experiments seem to support Dr. Fitzgerald's contention that the human body has independent nerve zones, and that pressure upon the centers controlling these areas affects abnormal conditions in every part of the particular zone.

### PUSH-BUTTONS IN FINGERS AND TOES

The Hartford physician divides the body into ten perpendicular zones, including the line running up the middle of the body, and these zones correspond to the fingers of the hand, or the toes. One using his method must know what hand or foot to press, and how, in order to get a definite desired result.

If the first joint of the thumb is pressed firmly and steadily for three minutes, it will relieve and favorably influence pain in the stomach, the chest, the front teeth, the nose, the great toe, as well as everything else in this zone. But it will have not the slightest influence upon the tonsils, the liver, or the spleen, for they are in the fourth zone, and to affect them it is necessary to make pressure upon the fourth finger. Furthermore, pressure on the right hand will not have any effect on the left half of the body.

It makes a difference, too, whether the upper and lower or the side surfaces of the joint are pressed. A physician experimenting with the method was ready to condemn it because he was unable to relieve a patient who complained of rheumatic pains which seemed to center on the outer side of the ankle-bone. The doctor grasped the second joint of the patient's right little finger and pressed firmly for a minute on the top and bottom of the joint. The pain persisted, and the doctor jeered at the method.

A disciple of Dr. Fitzgerald smiled. He said there was an error in technique, and suggested that the doctor press the sides of the finger, instead of the top and bottom. This was done, and the pain disappeared in two minutes.

In the pursuit of his own specialty Dr. Fitzgerald found that the teeth played a highly important part, as decay in them evilly affected the throat, particularly the tonsils, and had an especially vicious effect upon goitre. He declares he never has seen a case of goitre in which there was not something wrong with the teeth. So he insisted that his patients seek a dentist. This led to experimenting with nerve-pressure in connection with dentistry.

Now it may be a joke to ease pain in the great toe by pressing one's thumb; but a toothache is never a joke, and no remedy that will ease it is funny. Any human being suffering from a tooth aching in an earnest, conscientious manner would be willing to stand on his head on the mere chance of escaping the torture. And as for the suffering of having a cavity excavated in a very much alive tooth, anything that helps is embraced rapturously.

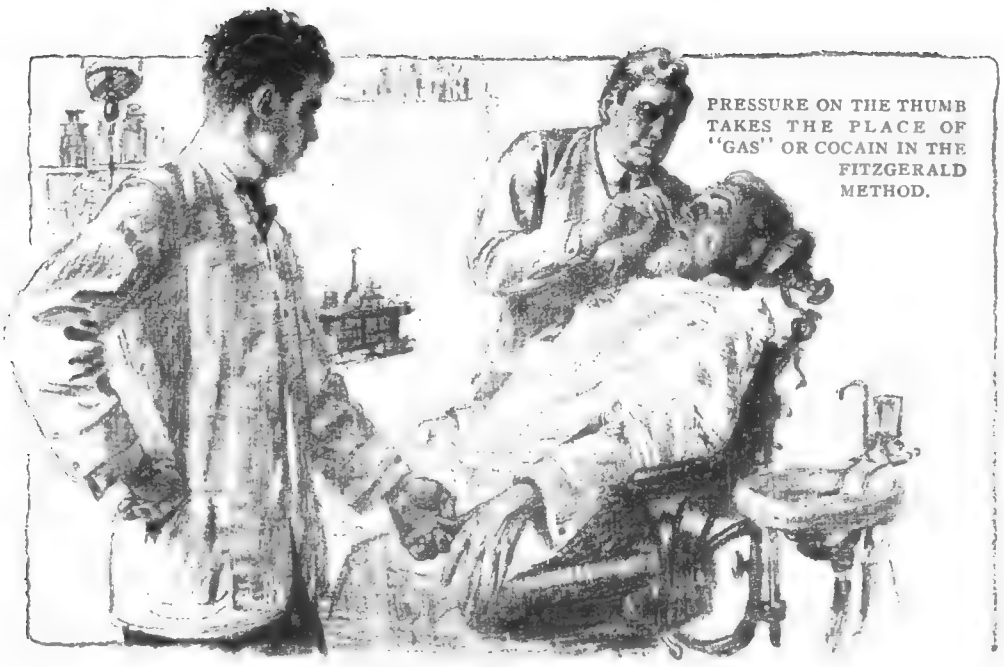
There are about twenty dentists in Hartford who use the Fitzgerald method in their daily practise in preference to any other anesthetic. Its particular value is as an analgesic—a pain-deadener—in the process of removing tartar deposits and in preparing cavities to be filled.

Dr. B. A. Sears of Hartford, one of the extraction experts of New England, and president of the local dental society, has used nerve-pressure anesthesia in more than three hundred cases of pulling teeth, with wholly satisfactory results. He has employed this in operations so serious as those of removing impacted molars and cutting out parts of the jaw—thirty-five minutes of sanguinary work.

The best results are obtained through the use of a probe directly upon the nerve where it exits from the jaw-bone. On each side there are two foci—the heel of the jaw, known to the profession as the "tuberosity of the superior maxillary," and the inferior, or lower, dental nerve, where it emerges from the ramus or groove of the lower jaw. The blunt end of an excavator makes a capital probe.

Many operators prefer to make pressure with thumb and finger over the root of the tooth operated upon. If this seems ridiculous to you, try it sometime when you have

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



PRESSURE ON THE THUMB TAKES THE PLACE OF "GAS" OR COCAIN IN THE FITZGERALD METHOD.

an aching tooth. Start gently, increasing the pressure, and holding steadily for three minutes. Maybe your thumb and finger will ache more than the tooth. If the nerve is not exposed and there is no abscess at the root of the tooth, this pressure will stop the aching every time.

The dentists who use the nerve-pressure method find the application of the pressure to the fingers efficacious for excavating, filling, and scaling deposits. Pressure on either thumb will keep the front teeth and the canines quiet; the first finger controls the bicuspids; while the middle finger will make the molars behave despite the dentist's direst efforts, although the third finger may be called in to help. The little finger doesn't do much work, for it bears only upon the wisdom teeth.

The patient may apply the pressure himself, but the dentist or his assistant can do it better. It may be applied to both top and bottom and sides of the first joint of the thumb and finger. Pressure should be just short of pain. Usually the patient says that his fingers feel numb, and this numbness gradually extends through the arm and over the body in that particular zone.

As a toothache cure, especially for children, the nerve-pressure method is effective to a remarkable degree. But it has its drawbacks, because it gives excuse to postpone treatment. At best it is only a temporary relief so far as teeth are concerned, except when the trouble is neuralgic.

Long before the outside world heard anything about the nerve-pressure method, Dr. Fitzgerald had to withstand much ridicule in his home town. For four years he had not one single supporter. But he went along, advancing no theories, no explanations. He merely demonstrated clinical facts.

When he read his first paper before a dental convention, bringing patients as evidence, he made converts. But when he appeared before a medical convention the storm broke. The one thing that saved him was his standing and reputation, won before he announced his discovery.

Dental conventions were more tolerant than medical organizations. Possibly Dr. Fitzgerald's declaration that the care and preservation of the teeth are far more important in maintaining health than had hitherto been recognized, may have had something to do with the dental attitude.

The Hartford doctor believes we should strive to keep all our original teeth to preserve the continuity, if it may be so termed, of our various nerve zones. Sound, healthy teeth and roots, in their proper occlusion, seem to assist in the normal functioning of the entire zone chain, of which they are important links.

Some of the foremost dentists, widely recognized for their scientific attainments,


Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

opposed Dr. Fitzgerald as actively as the conservative physicians. In the Northeast Dental Convention, held in Boston, Dr. Richard H. Reithmueller, instructor of anesthesia in the Philadelphia Dental College and also editor of *Dental Cosmos*, one of the ablest and most scholarly investigators in this country, voiced the sentiments of the opposition.

He declared that the claims of Dr. Fitzgerald were absurd, and that the results must necessarily be from mental suggestion. He said that every doctor worthy to be a member of his profession knows the anatomy of the nervous system is as definite as is the anatomy of the muscles or the bones. The division of the nervous system into longitudinal zones is ridiculous. And if it were accepted it would discredit the labors of all the anatomists from the Greek Fathers of Medicine down to Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, whose work is the last and most complete word in nervous anatomy.

### NOTHING FINAL—EVEN IN ANATOMY

What Dr. Reithmueller said about Dr. Weaver is true enough. He is Professor of Anatomy in Hahnemann College of Philadelphia. This marvelous and steady-handed anatomist, after eight months of delicate labor, part of the time working eighteen hours a day, succeeded in mounting a complete human nervous system upon a cardboard, crystallizing the anatomy of the nervous system for all time, as we medical men thought.

But from Dr. Fitzgerald's clinic it seems we knew only one nervous system. If his findings are true, we shall learn yet another branch of anatomy.

To return to Dr. Reithmueller, his position was that of a scientific man who did not consider the evidence presented to him sufficient to overturn the accepted facts of thousands of years. He did not question the honesty of Dr. Fitzgerald and his followers, but he was sure they were self-deceived.

Last June the New Hampshire Dental Society held a convention at Weirs, on Lake Winnepesaukee. One of the residents of the summer colony was brought before the convention on the evening of June 23rd. Her serious condition baffled the local physicians. It was hoped that among the two hundred scientific men, gathered there from all parts of the East, some might be found who could help her.

She was a woman about thirty-five years old, well nourished and apparently healthy, apart from a large swelling in the front of the neck. Manifestly the thyroid and other glands had become enlarged through some unknown inflammatory cause. She was suffering great pain. The slightest touch caused excruciating agony. Swallowing was impossible. Not even a drop of water had passed down her throat since the preceding Friday night. This was Wednesday night.

A healthy human being can exist from seven to ten days without water. This woman had been without water for five days, suffering mental and physical torture. Her physician insisted that an operation be performed at once as the only means of saving her life. The half dozen or more physicians who had been called in consultation concurred in this. There was nothing left but to perform an intubation—the insertion of a tube in the gullet, through which water and food might be passed, pending some possible measure of relief.

Dr. Reithmueller was among those whose sympathies had been aroused by the patient's condition. He personally sought out a New York physician and asked him to make a diagnosis. The heart was racing along at one hundred and fifty beats a minute, and there were all the peculiar symptoms usually associated with thyroid disturbances. Inasmuch as the whole trouble had developed in a week, it was most unlikely that the condition was goitrous.

As it was probable that the trouble was associated with the thyroid, the physician decided to try the Fitzgerald treatment, because it could be applied instantly and promised immediate results if successful.

Calling Dr. Leo Stern, of New York, to make strong pressure over the first joint of one thumb, the doctor grasped the other thumb. This simple, apparently foolish, treatment was maintained for three minutes. The patient began to show signs of relief. The drawn lines on her face softened. She could bear the touch on her neck without shrinking.

The doctor sent for a glass of water and held it to the patient's lips. She shook her head. The doctor nodded encouragingly. She took a sip of water. She swallowed it

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IT CERTAINLY COSTS LESS THAN HEADACHE POWDERS.

with much difficulty and pain—the first drop in five days.

"It is the most delicious beverage I ever tasted," she whispered.

She was able to swallow about a third of a glass upon her first attempt. The pressures were resumed intermittently for about an hour, and within that time she was able to drink four glasses of water and a glass of malted milk. A light rubber band was placed over her thumb joints and she enjoyed her first night's sleep since the inflammation had developed.

The next morning she reported that she was almost entirely relieved. The swelling was hardly perceptible, and she could bear reasonable pressure over the glands without discomfort. She had no difficulty in swallowing. In fact she practically was fully recovered.

My attitude toward this case is exactly like that of Dr. Reithmueller, who said: "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

No wonder the medical world can not accept Dr. Fitzgerald. I wouldn't accept him myself on hearsay or through reading. No one could have been more skeptical than I when I first heard about his work. But when I had seen more than two hundred cases; when I found that I or any competent medical man can do just what Dr. Fitzgerald does if he takes pains to learn the methods, it was a question of whether or not I should accept incontrovertible evidence of my own senses.

The theory that the Fitzgerald method owes its success to suggestion will not hold water. In the first place, it doesn't matter whether or not the patient believes in it—and belief is an essential in suggestion—nor whether he knows what the doctor is doing. Then, too, the treatment works with the certainty of a problem in mathematics. If the pressure is not made in the proper zone and in the proper way, and for a sufficient length of time, inevitably the results will be negative.

There doesn't seem to be any reasonable hypothesis developed thus far to explain the Fitzgerald method, but the plain facts are interesting scientific men even if they are not ready to accept the treatment. Dr. Fitzgerald has been asked to make addresses all across the continent on his way to the Panama Exposition, where he has been invited to read a paper on "Pressure Anesthesia" before the World's Dental Congress.

There are three things that speedily commend the Fitzgerald treatment. It is absolutely harmless; it is readily learned by any physician who will take the trouble to master it; and it is free.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I LAUGHED. I WAS SURE SHE WAS A VANITY THIEF, YOU SEE.

# POP'S RIBBON-THIEF

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL

THE moment the detective came into the manager's office, I saw that there was something between him and the young woman who was there. Her back straightened, her pretty face hardened, her tone became business-like. She snipped off her report to "Pop" Pease and walked out with successful, offensive dignity. And the detective's face, too hard to harden, weakened. He likewise hurried through his whispered business and strode off with an attempt at dignity that failed.

Pease laughed. He had pretended not to notice anything, but he's a liar in his way. Everybody is, I take it. And Pease's way is the way of a store manager who stands tottering always between detective-devils and the deep seas of womanhood. His is the woman's way.

"What is it, Pop?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much," he said, "only that detective will never forgive that girl for not turning out a thief."

A story!

Pease went on to complain of certain traits which we all recognize as useful in detectives; "especially in men detectives," he said.

"They're all on the side of law and crime," he grumbled, "quick to detect, glad to catch, eager to convict. If a girl isn't quite a thief, they want to send her up and have her made one."

"Why employ them?" I asked, and he gave me for answer a look to kill.

"In a department store full of women, women buyers and women sellers!" he exclaimed.

This honest answer was hardly out of this honest man when the partisan feminist in him reached, like a woman at cards, for his misplay. "It's almost as impossible to do without detectives in a department store," he added, "as it would be in a railroad or any other big, male business."

And he glanced at me to see if I would dare to take advantage of his break. I didn't. I am somewhat of a liar myself, in a

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fine, open male way, so I didn't let on. I let him have his petty, womanish satisfaction, pretending myself not to have observed my chance to reduce his feminism to its absurdity.

"Why not have women detectives?" I suggested sweetly.

"Oh, gee," he cried, "they're worse! We do have some, but their honesty is——"

I had him again, you see; as he did; and if I had cared to be spiteful I could have held him right there. I could have finished his unfinished sentence. "Hopeless" was the word he left unspoken, or "merciless." But there was another, even more masculine reason for not being logical and cattish: I wanted the story I knew he was ready to tell about that detective and the girl who didn't develop according to law.

"Was she a thief?" I asked sympathetically.

"No, she wasn't," he said, very unsympathetically. "She stole, but what of that? Didn't you steal when you were a boy? Well, it's the same with girls. They steal when they're young, too; just like us human beings. And if you catch 'em at it and raise a row about it, discharge 'em or convict and disgrace them, why, of course, you fix 'em for life as thieves. The world won't let 'em be anything else. But——"

Another lecture! I interrupted him. I wanted that story.

"So she stole, eh?" I said sadly, judicially. "A pretty girl like that."

"Yes," he snapped, "she stole five or six times that we knew of, and five or six times I saved her." And, angry at me or something, he launched forth upon a tirade against judges and judging. It would be contempt of court to print what he said; and a long and irrelevant digression.

"So," I interrupted, "you saved her, and" —to pitch him back on the track—"the detective?"

"The detective!" he snorted. "The detective was—he's a detective all right. He was mad. I remember the day he brought her in here; two—three years ago; triumph on his ugly face. 'Here she is,' he called out, and he licked his thin lips. 'I've been on to her for weeks, laid for her, and at last I got her dead to rights.' "

Pease looked at me, as I am sure he looked at the detective that day: very unpleasantly. He must be a discouraging chief of detectives. But while he looked, his expression changed. He could show a tender side of his hard, hard nature.

"The little girl," he said, "she was broken all to pieces, crushed and shaking with those sobs that seem to come like earthquakes out of women. She was young, you know, and pretty, and hopeless."

Again his face changed. It was fierce.

"That detective's face was fierce," he said. "I didn't know the human countenance could be so like a beast's. It gloated; it was hungry, till—he must have seen how I felt. But I didn't say a word. I waited till I was sure I wouldn't fire him for—for doing his dirty duty. Then I asked him what she had stolen. And he said 'Ribbons.'

"Ribbons," cried Pease to me, and, his face lighting up, he laughed the word, joyously, victoriously. "Ribbons! The girl had swiped some ribbons. She was pretty, and she wanted ribbons; she wanted ribbons as I wanted automobiles or a million dollars. And she—she ought to have ribbons. Not for her looks. No, but for her vanity, see? Didn't she have vanity? Sure. Well, ribbons are for vanity. And what is vanity for? It's for youth and foolishness, for a husband and a baby and a home. That's what vanity is for. And vanity might die but for ribbons and—things. So we sell ribbons, we men. No, we get this pretty, little, silly thing that ribbons are for to sell 'em for us. We stand her in there among the ribbons and things that belong to her age and her weakness and we tell her not to take them; no, not one; not even one little, pretty, silly remnant; no, she's to sell 'em all to homely old——"

He stopped; he had collided with some thought. "Wrong," he bumped, "all wrong. Ribbons are good for all women," he ended, and he was lost again, off the track of his narrative, deep in the ditch of his uninteresting wisdom. He talked of the superiority of women's vices and weaknesses.

"Did you tell the detective all that?" I asked.

"Umph!" he grunted. "No. I told him to get out and leave the case to me. That's all it was to him: a case. And when he was gone I talked to the case."

Pease thinks he is scientific, and he is, in his method of telling a story. He stopped his narrative to explain that he began upon this case with a thorough diagnosis. Then he suspended his diagnosis to state the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SHE WAITED TILL SHE CAUGHT HIM CATCHING HER, AND THEN CAME RUNNING.

philosophy of his diagnosis. Then he laid aside his diagnosis to proceed to his hypothesis. And then—then he described his treatment. The literary method saves some of this waste: some, I say.

"My theory was that the little girl stole out of vanity," he said, "but I had to be sure. For, you see, there's only two kinds of stealing I fire a girl for. There's the deliberate kind that plans and plans and puts real intelligence into the job. This kind steals for profit. It's commercialized stealing, and it's like commercialized art or commercialized politics; you can't do anything with it. I can't save that kind of girl. I fire 'em. And the other hopeless sort is the kleptomaniac. That's a disease, and I don't know how to cure it. I fire them, too. But we don't have much of that among our salesladies; that's more common among our women customers. Among our own girls here, when they steal because they need the money—we can handle that; and when they swipe things because they want to look pretty—that's all right, too. My theory in this case was that she was the vanity kind; but you've got to be careful and make sure which sort it is. And I—I kind o' like the vanity kind best."

Having confessed thus his taste in thieves, he was led back to his narrative by the subtle question:

"And how did you proceed to make your diagnosis?"

He said that he began by accusing her of the virtue he hoped she had: vanity; and he did it roughly to cause her to cry and be comforted.

"So!" he said brutally. "So you've been stealing, eh? Stealing ribbons!"

She burst into tears. "It was fine," he declared to me. "No sobs now, just a beautiful flow of tears. Did her good. She confessed. I opened all the sluices.

"Stole pretty ribbons, I'll bet," he sneered. "Just to put on yourself. Wanted to look pretty—outside. Didn't care how you looked inside. Swiped this one for the hair, that one to go around the waist."

She sank under the load of shame, confessing all over, wetly.

"Never took 'em for any other girl," he suspected, meanly. "Too mean to help anybody else. Never even stole a few bolts to sell to get money for mother and sister?"

"No," she confessed, crushed.

"No," he jeered, "just plain, low-down selfish; all for yourself," he probed.

And it was true. She didn't deny it. "Hadn't a word to say for herself." He poured on the scorn and she poured out the tears, confessing that she had picked out only the prettiest things—the most becoming to her, and, sneaking them off secretly, had put them all on herself, every one of them!

"I thought she'd drown," said Pease. "It's wonderful how they can cry, these women; it's great. I wish we—but——"

He was off again on the inferiority of the male, till I reminded him that he had left a girl going down the third time in tears. He laughed heartily.

"Did you laugh heartlessly like that at that girl?" I said, irritated, for he was spoiling his story.

"Yes," he said. "That's just what I did. I laughed. I was sure she was a vanity thief, you see, so I was glad. So I laughed; I guess I whooped. And, besides, that was my treatment. Having got the truth, I had to comfort and quiet her, by changing the emotion. And it worked."

The ribbon-thief looked up astonished at him. The tears kept coming, but only those that were on the way. The source of them—that is to say, the source of those particular tears—dried, and the new female



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

weakness he tapped—curiosity—that isn't so wet, Pease explained scientifically.

"You're no thief," he was saying to her. "That detective is a dub. He doesn't even know his own business. He said you were a thief. You heard him yourself, didn't you?" And Pease laughed, and laughed, to give her time to dry her eyes so as to look out of them and see if she could see what in the world—! When he saw that she could see, he turned upon her suddenly.

"Do you know what you are?" he demanded.

She shook her head. She didn't, and she most awfully wanted to know what she was.

"Well," he said contemptuously, but painlessly, "you are just a mere little weak little idiotic silly fool that thinks that she needs ribbons to be pretty. This is what you are," he charged, and he said it as if it were worse in some ways than being a thief. He asked her if she had ever looked into a mirror. It developed that she had; and that she had noticed that she was pretty—even without a single ribbon on. To remove all doubt of it, however, Pop went over and pulled off every pretty gew-gaw she had on, and showed her—well, anyhow, he told her that she was prettier without than with them.

"I almost convinced her," he said to me. "Almost, I say," he said. "I believe I could have convinced her, for I had an awful hold on her by now. But I didn't want to take away all her love for pretty things. They ought to like pretty things, and they ought to have 'em. And they ought to get enough pay to buy them, too. So I——"

This last he said with a look of defiance; it is the look which, his partners say, he gives them when he reports to them of doing what he did to the ribbon-thief. It was the desperate look of the man who does something he can't justify.

"I raised her wages," he said, and he waited as if by habit for a protest; but I didn't object. Yet he apologized. "Not much," he said. "Just the least bit, only enough for ribbons and things; and only on condition that it all go for ribbons and things; not a cent for home and mother. Not a cent. And," he floundered, "I only did it after she was caught the second time."

"The second time!" I exclaimed. "Did she steal again?"

It was an unfortunate remark and, as he impressed upon me, unnecessary. Hadn't he told me, at the start, how many times she had stolen? He rebuked me as brutally as if I were a woman, and when, to divert his flood of vituperation, I apologized and asked him if he didn't make her promise not to steal again, he became worse. He sneered. He jeered. He was very offensive. I'll leave out the abuse.

"What?" he cried. "And make a liar of her, too! No, I did not. I knew she would steal again. They always do. When they once have got to nipping things like that, they repeat and it becomes a habit. It takes time to break a habit, and I was willing to give her the time. But she had to give me the truth. So I wouldn't let her make a promise I knew she'd break. She wanted to, and she couldn't understand why I wouldn't let her; any more than you can; and others. And when she stole again, I didn't mind; not that. But I did make her promise not to let that detective catch her the next time, and she did. And that's what made me so mad."

"Why?" I asked. "Did he gloat again?"

"No," Pop snapped. "No, he didn't gloat. Wished he had. But he just came in with her, patient with me and bored with her, and didn't say a word. Not a word. If he had, I could have answered him. As it was, I knew what he was thinking and I couldn't say a word; not to him. But when he was gone, I—well, I said some things to her."

He was silent, and the procession of expressions that marched across his face indicated that he was listening to himself saying things to the ribbon-thief. I wanted to hear, too. But, "Never you mind," he said. "It was a plenty. And when it was over, and I felt better and she felt bad, I made that bargain with her, adding ribbon-money to her wages, and," he added, with feeling, "I begged her, if she did steal, not to let that damn detective catch her again."

"Don't," he besought her, "don't let him get the laugh on me that way. Beat him to it. You can. If you steal something, catch yourself," he said, "and then chase yourself, quick, up to me. If you'll do that," he bargained, "I'll stand half the cost of the thing stolen."

A smile appeared on his face, a certain sign that the story was flowing on underground. I sunk a well to it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENED AGAIN

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he responded, "the next time was funny. I meant, of course, that she was to come to me and report on herself if she stole anything, without waiting for him to catch her. But she didn't understand it

"BUT WHY," SAID MRS. PEASE, WHO KNEW THE STORY,

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AND THAT DETECTIVE'S FACE STUCK ITSELF IN."

that way. She waited till she caught him catching her, and then came running, with him after her, and beat him by one elevator."

"So you had the laugh on him," I remarked to jolly him.

But he didn't take it that way. "I did

"WHY ARE YOU SO EAGER TO GET RID OF IT?"

Digitized by Google



Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

not," he said sharply. "She did; she got here first, and she came in slamming my door after her; and she had begun her 'Oh, Mr. Pease,' and I tumbled, but just then the door opened again and that detective's face stuck itself in. 'Oh, I beg pardon, Mr. Pease,' it said, and withdrew."

Pease sat there glaring at me the way he must have glared at the girl, and as silent to me as he was to her. Then he let loose a flood of his characteristic observations upon detectives; upon the law and other institutions, including the home; he passed on to his views upon women, his honest views, and, finally, he gave me some little notion of the reproaches he uttered to that poor little saleslady. When what he had said was fit to print, he was saying:

"I made her understand this time; I really got it into her little wooden head, and the next time she stole she told me without the detective getting a look in. I was satisfied, and split the costs even with her."

"You let her keep what she had stolen," I said, and something in his face made me add, "of course."

"Of course," he echoed; but the way he said it notified me that I hadn't deceived him. He knew I was a bit surprised, and he remarked for my enlightenment that "she wanted it bad enough to steal it, and so we bought it, and paid for it."

"We had a good talk, too," he continued, "a good talk. I made her a proposition. I was afraid she'd take me up. I offered to take her away from the ribbon counter and put her on a job where she wouldn't be tempted. But she wouldn't have it.

"'Nope,' she said, 'I'll stick it out where I am, Mr. Pease, if you will.'"

And he "hollered," he said. He was so glad that he accepted her counter-proposition with a "whoop," told her she was a "bully girl," and that he, being a "bully fellow," would stay with her as long as she would. He implied that they became as "thick as thieves." They agreed that she was not to wait the next time she was tempted till she "fell for it" and committed the theft; she was to come to him first, and report the temptation.

"She didn't do it," said Pease to me, and he hurried his story. He skimped it. "She didn't report for weeks; didn't even come to see me; forgot me, I guess. They're ungrateful, these women, and I had almost forgotten her, when, one day, the detective came in and said——"

Pease interrupted himself to tell me on the side that that detective, among other contemptible traits, was cowardly, because he said:

"Mr. Pease, I don't want to interfere in your affairs, but I think it is my duty to suggest that you'd better put your eye on that thief you're encouraging at the ribbon counter."

Pease didn't ask the detective what he meant. "I knew," he explained, "and you bet it hurt. 'All right,' I said, but I was sore—I was too sore to do a thing that day. But the next day I felt better about it, so I loafed up to her counter."

"Any nice, new ribbons for sale to-day?" he asked.

"Y-y-yes, sir," she said, and she tried to be genial like him, but she blushed.

"Show me the newest, prettiest thing you've got," he said, "for the prettiest little girl I know."

She put both her hands to her throat, and held herself hard. Then she turned, reached for a box, and held out to him a small bolt of lovely blue ribbon, without a word. He asked how much he'd need for his girl, and she told him. He nodded. She measured it, wrapped it up; he took and paid for it. And then he handed it to her.

"Wear it for me," he said, "and wear it in the store. It'll help sales." And he walked away, trading joshes with other girls.

Pease looked at me a moment, and I waited; I don't know just why.

"When I got up-stairs to my office," he said, after a while, "there was the little girl crying on my desk, and I went in quietly and stood at the window, looking out till she could quiet herself a bit. It was a long time. I had to help, some. I reminded her that we were pals; real friends; and that nothing could come between us, nothing. She could tell me anything, and it'd be all right. And so she told me that she had been tempted often, had stolen twice since her last report, and that she hadn't meant to tell me at all till I came along and made her the present, which she held crushed in her hand."

"Did she know you were suspicious?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I asked her that, and she said 'Oh, no,' in such a surprised way that it was enough for me. She seemed to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

have been broken up by my being, as she put it, so sweet to her about that lovely ribbon.

"She certainly did like ribbons," he commented.

He didn't "scold her, no," he said. He talked about ribbons and cheap jewelry and things. She asked him for "one more chance;" her phrase, not his; and he didn't answer right away. When he did, he said he would give her "a lot more chances."

"Only," he bargained, "you must give me a chance, too."

"And she did," he said. It was at least a month after this that she came up to his office, and said, in a very matter-of-fact tone of voice, that there was a remnant which tempted her very much. She wanted it badly, but it was expensive stuff and she couldn't afford to buy it.

They bought it between them, he paying half and she paying half.

He heard no more of ribbons for a year after that. She came to see him once in a while, and he understood that she called to "get strength," as he put it; but nothing was said about what was going on between them till one day, when he hadn't seen her for months, she appeared, flushed and troubled.

"Mr. Pease," she said, "there was a bolt —just one bolt—of the most beautiful stuff down there, and it's sold, all but one bit about a yard long. And I—I'm hiding it."

"I'm on," he said to her. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You keep it hid and watch yourself. On the level, now. I think we have got where we can settle this business. But it's all up to you. You watch yourself, close, and if you find that you must have it, take it and report to me. I'll pay for all of it; no half-and-half business about it. I'll pay the whole price. But if you think you can beat yourself; if you can go without it yourself, sell it. But," he warned her, "don't sell it impulsively, and don't swipe it impulsively. Give yourself and me a fair and square show. Make up your mind deliberately."

Pease waited day by day, without hearing from his pal, and he wondered. Ten days had passed with no report when, one evening, after the store had closed, the detective called on him with a remnant of ribbon in his hand.

"Mr. Pease," he said, "that girl at the ribbon counter has had this piece of stuff hidden for two weeks now, and she's going to steal it. I'm on, and you are not. You think you can save her. You can't. She's a thief, and once a thief always a thief."

"Give me that ribbon," said Pease, and he took it, and clipped a small piece from it. "Now put it back where you found it," he commanded.

The next day Mrs. Pease, who was not known to the girl, called at her counter with the sample, showed it, and said she was looking for more. The girl stared at it, stared and stared.

"Let me see," she said deliberately. "We did have some of that. It went quickly. It's a beautiful thing. But there was a little left, I think."

And she searched deliberately in boxes, one after another, and finally stooped and drew the remnant from under the counter.

"There," she said, almost joyously. "I was sure there was more." She handled it, Mrs. Pease said; she drew it through her fingers and across her cheek, fondly, and she said, anxiously:

"Is it enough to be of any use to you? I wish—I wish you would take it."

"But why," said Mrs. Pease, who knew the story, "why are you so eager to get rid of it?"

"Oh," said the young woman, "it's the last piece of that lot; it's been hanging around here a long time, and I'd like to clear it all out."

Mrs. Pease took it and the next day Mr. Pease sent for the thief.

"You sold that remnant, I see," he said. "You sold it to Mrs. Pease—for me—for you."

And he pulled it out of his desk, and handed it to her, and she noticed that there was what she called "the loveliest little brooch" pinned on it.

"And the silly little idiot cried," said Pease. "It was a piece of cheap jewelry, but she cried. Women are——"

"Cut it, Pop," I said. "Good stories oughtn't to have morals. What's the ribbon-thief doing now?"

"Oh," the brute answered, "she's got a confidential job now, a job that doesn't call for brains, only honesty, and experience, and—and time. She's my chief of women detectives."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU MEANT TO SIT UP FOR ME."

# THE REAL ADVENTURE

by HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE BUTTERFLY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

ON HER way home from college Rose Stanton is challenged by a street-car conductor for a fare already paid. She blazes up at him, and then permits herself to be put off in the midst of an outrageous rain-storm. Rodney Aldrich, who has attempted to defend her, drops off the car with her, and walks with her to the elevated, surrendering at once to the wonderful charm of the girl's vitality and simplicity. The next day he goes to her home to return her rain-soaked note-books, which he has—more or less forgetfully—carried off. Before he leaves he has talked out to her the whole story of his lawyer's life, built on robust ideals and a big personal philosophy. Within a fortnight they are engaged—ready to try out the "real adventure" of marriage, and are breaking the news to Rose's mother—a suffrage leader who had devoted her to the Cause.

After the honeymoon, Rose is transplanted from the rather meager comfort of her home to an establishment filled with wonderful furniture and wonderful servants, with a car at her disposal, and a magic world of dances, dinners, and operas opening before her. Everything goes perfectly till one night when Rodney telephones that he can't go out with her to a dinner because he has to work. Rose, thinking he must be in trouble, runs down to his office—and finds a husband quite tensely absorbed in a law problem which she can not even grasp, and determined not to be disturbed.

She is hurt and bewildered, but above all keenly conscious that she has no real share in her husband's work-and-thought life. Resolved somehow to make herself his companion, she secretly begins studying law and follows the court news in the papers.

Meantime, Rodney has developed the habit of keeping an hour clear just for himself every evening at the office. Unwillingly, he is forced to admit that the pressure of the complicated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

social life they have been leading, is robbing him of the mental freedom he had so dearly prized.

One evening he calls Rose on the telephone from the office to say that he is bringing Barry and Jane Lake—friends of his in the days before he met Rose—out to dinner.

AN OPPORTUNE taxi just passing the entrance to his office-building as he came out, enabled Rodney to better the fifteen minutes he'd allowed for getting home. But in spite of that fact, he found Rose rather splendidly gowned for her expected guests.

"Good gracious!" he cried excitedly. "What did you do that for? I thought I told you over the 'phone the Lakes weren't going to dress."

"I was—dressed like this when you telephoned," Rose said. "And I was afraid there wouldn't be time to change into anything else."

"We weren't going anywhere, were we?" he asked. "There's nothing I've forgotten?"

"No," she said, "we weren't going anywhere."

"And you dressed like that just for a—treat for me!"

She nodded. "Just for you," she said. "Roddy, who are the Lakes?—Oh, I know his articles, I think. But where were they friends of yours, and when?"

"Why, for years, until they moved to New York. They used to live here. I know I must have told you about them. I was always having dinner with them—either out in Rogers Park, where they lived, or at queer, terrible little restaurants downtown. They were always game to try anything, once. He's the longest, leanest, angularest, absent-mindedest chap in the world. And just about the best. And his wife fits all his angles. She writes, too. Oh, you're sure to like them! They're going to be out here for months, he says. He's going to specialize in women and he's come back here where they get the vote, to make headquarters. Lord, but it's great! I haven't had a real talk with anybody since he went away, over a year ago!"

Then, at the sound of the bell, he cried out "There they are!" and dashed down into the hall ahead of the parlor-maid, as eagerly as a schoolboy anticipating a birthday present.

Rose followed more slowly, and by the time she had reached the landing, she found him slapping Barry on the back and shaking both hands with Jane, and trying to help both of them out of their wraps at once.

The last thing she could have thought of just then, was of making, for herself, an effective entrance upon the scene. But it worked out rather that way. The three of them, Rodney and the Lakes, at the foot of the stairs, in the clothes they had been working and traveling in all day, looked up simultaneously and saw Rose, gowned for a treat to Rodney, on the first landing; a wonderful rose-colored Boucher tapestry on the wall behind her for a background, and the carved Gothic newel-post bringing out the whiteness of the hand that rested upon it. The picture would have won a moment's silence from anybody. And Barry and Jane simply gazed at her wide-eyed.

Rodney was the first to speak. "It's really the Lakes, Rose. I couldn't quite believe it till I saw them. And the lady on the landing," he went on, turning to his guests, "is really my wife. It's all a little incredible, isn't it?"

When the greetings were over and they were on the way up-stairs again, he said: "I told Rose we weren't going to dress, but she explained she didn't put on this coronation robe for you, but for a treat for me before I telephoned, and hadn't time to change back."

And when Jane cried out, as they entered the drawing-room, "Good heavens, Rodney, what a house!" he answered: "It isn't ours, thank God! We rented it for a year in some sort of honeymoon delirium, I guess. We don't live up to it, of course. Nobody could but the woman who built it. But we do our damnedest."

The gaiety in his voice clouded a little as he said it, and his grin, for a moment, had a rueful twist. But for a moment only. Then his untempered delight in the possession of his old friends took him again.

They talked—heavens, how they talked! It was like the breaking up of a log-jam. The two men would rush along, side by side, in perfect agreement for a while, catching each other's half-expressed ideas, and hurling them forward, and then suddenly they'd meet, head on, in collision over some fundamental difference of opinion, amid a prismatic spray of epigram. Jane kept up a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sort of obligato to the show, inserting provocative witticisms here and there, sometimes as Rodney's ally, sometimes as her husband's, and luring them, when she could, into the quiet backwater of metaphysics, where she was more than a match for the two of them.

But the main topic of the evening got launched when Rodney seized the advantage of a pause to say:

"A series of articles on women, eh! What are you going to do to them?"

With that the topic of feminism was on the carpet and it was never thereafter

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IT'S PRETTY LATE," HE PROTESTED. "HADN'T WE BETTER PUT OFF OUR POW-WOW?"

abandoned. After half an hour of it Jane turned to Rodney. "But what do *you* think about it?" she demanded. "You've been grinning away there all this time without saying a word. Are you for it?"

"For what?" Rodney wanted to know.

"For what women want," said Jane. "Economic independence—equality, easy divorce—all the new stuff."

"I'm not against it," Rodney said, "any more than I'm against to-morrow being Tuesday. It's going to be Tuesday whether I like it or not. But that conviction keeps me from crusading for it very hard. What

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I'm curious about is how it's going to work. When they get what they want, do you suppose they're going to want what they get?"

"I knew there was something deadly about your grin," said Jane. "What are you so cantankerous about?"

"Why, the thing," said Rodney, "that sours my naturally sweet disposition is this economic independence. I've been hearing it at dinner-tables all winter. When I hear a woman with five hundred dollars' worth of clothes on—well, no, not on her back—and anything you like in jewelry, talking about economic independence as if it were something nice—jam on the pantry shelf that we men were too greedy to let them have a share of, I have to put on the brakes in order to stay on the rails.

"*We* have to fight for economic independence from the time we're twenty, more or less, till the time we die. It's a sentence to hard labor for life; that's what economic independence is. How does that woman think she'd set about it, to make her professional services worth a hundred dollars a day—or fifty, or ten? What's she got that has a market value? What is there that she can capitalize? She's got her physical charm, of course, and there are various professions besides the oldest one, where she can make it pay. Well, and what else?"

"She can bear children," said Jane. "She ought to be paid well for that."

"You're only paid well," Rodney replied, "for something you can do exceptionally well, or for something that few people can do at all. As long as the vast majority of women can bear children, the only women who could get well paid for it, would be those exceptionally qualified, or exceptionally proficient. This is economics, now, we're talking. Other considerations are left out. No, I tell you. Economic independence, if she really got it—the kind of woman I've been talking about—would make her very sick."

"She'd get over being sick, though, wouldn't she," said Rose, "after awhile? And then don't you think she'd be glad?"

Rodney laughed. "The sort of woman I've been talking about," he said, "would feel, when all is said, that she'd got a gold brick."

Rose poured his coffee with a steady hand. They were in the library now.

"If that's so," she said, "then the kind of woman you've been talking about has already got a profession—the one you were just speaking of as—as the oldest. As Dr. Randolph says, she's cashed in on her ankles. But maybe you're mistaken in thinking she wouldn't choose something else if she had a chance. Maybe she wouldn't have done it, except because her husband wanted her to and she was in love with him and tried to please. You can't always tell."

It was almost her first contribution to the talk that evening. She had asked a few questions and said the things a hostess has to say. The other three were manifestly taken by surprise.

But surprise was not the only effect she produced. Her husband had never seen her look just like that before. The flash in her eyes, the splash of bright color in her cheeks, the exciting timbre of her voice, was new to him and very alluring.

Barry saved him the necessity of trying to answer, by taking up the cudgels himself. Rodney didn't feel like answering, nor, for the moment, like listening to Barry. His interest in the discussion was eclipsed, for the moment, by the thrill and wonder of his wife's beauty.

He walked round behind her chair, on the pretext of getting his coffee-cup, and rested his hand, for an instant, on her bare shoulder. He was puzzled at the absence of response to his caress, for there was none, unless you would call it a response that she sat as still as ivory until he took his hand away. And, looking into her face, he thought she had gone pale. Evidently, though, it was nothing. Her color came back in a moment, and for the next half hour she matched wits with Barry Lake very prettily.

When Jane declared that they must go, her husband protested.

"I haven't managed yet to get a word out of Rodney about any of his things. He dodged when I asked him how his Criminal Procedure Reform Society was getting on, and he changed the subject when I wanted to know about his model Expert Testimony Act." He turned on Rodney. "But there's one thing you're not going to get out of. I want to know how far you've come along with your book on Actual Government. It was a great start you had on that, and a bully plan. I sha'n't let you off any details. I want the whole thing. Now."

"I've had my fling," said Rodney, with a sort of embarrassed good-humor. "And I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

don't say I shall never have another. But just now, there are no more intellectual wild-oats for me. What I sow, I sow in a field and in a furrow. And I take good care to be on hand to gather the crop. Model Acts and Reform of Procedure! Have you forgotten you're talking to a married man?"

On learning their determination to walk downtown, he said he'd go with them part of the way. Would Rose go, too? But she thought not.

---

*Rose Tries to Take off Rodney's Blinders*

---

THE gown which Rodney had spoken of apologetically as a coronation robe, was put away; the maid sent to bed. Rose, huddled into a big, quilted bath-robe, and, in spite of the comfortable warmth of the room, feeling cold clear into the bones—cold and tremulous, and sure that when she tried to talk her teeth would chatter—sat waiting for Rodney to come back from seeing the Lakes part way home.

It was over an hour since they had gone, but she was in no hurry for his return. She wanted time for getting things straight—for letting the welter subside and getting the two or three essentials clear in her mind. She hadn't cried a tear.

The old Rose would have cried—the Rose of a month ago, before that devastating, blinding scene with Portia, and what had happened since. She even managed to smile a little satirically, now, over the way that child would have taken it. Here it was their first anniversary of the day—the great day in their two lives—their birthday, as well as his! And he'd forgotten it! He had remained oblivious that morning, in spite of all the little evocative references she had made. She hadn't let herself be hurt about that—not much, anyway; had managed to smile affectionately over his masculine obtuseness. She had impressed him strongly, though—or tried to—with the idea that the evening was to be kept clear just for their two selves. And then she had arranged a feast—a homely little feast that was to culminate in a cake with a hedge of little candles around the edge for his birthday, and a single red one in the center, for theirs.

Well, and that was only part of it. She had planned, when the cake should have come in, all lighted up, and the servants had gone away, and the other lights had been put out—she had planned to tell him her great news. She hadn't told him yet, though it was over a fortnight since her visit to the doctor.

She had no reasoned explanation of her postponement of it. The instinct which led her to keep it wholly to herself, was probably one of the reflexes of that morning with Portia. She was still in a penitential mood when she went to the doctor—a mood that nothing but pain could satisfy. The only relief she could get during that fortnight of packing and leave-taking, came in flogging herself to do hard things—things that made her back ache and cramped her arms.

Conversely, in that mood, the thing she couldn't endure, that made her want to scream, was precisely what, all her life, she had taken for granted—tenderness, concern, the smoothing away of little difficulties for which the people about her had always sacrificed themselves. That mood made it hard to go to the doctor. But after she had fainted dead away twice in one morning, a saving remnant of common-sense dictated the action.

When the doctor told her what had happened, she was a little bewildered. She hadn't in her mind, any prepared background for the news. She and Rodney had decided at the beginning not to have any children for the first year or two—in view of Rose's extreme youth, the postponement seemed sensible—and the decision once made, neither of them had thought much more about it.

And in her penitential mood, and in the absence of a prepared background, it was the processes of her pregnancy rather than the issue of it, that got into the foreground of her mind. She was in for an experience now that no one could call trivial. She had months of misery ahead of her, she assumed, reasoning from the one she had just gone through with, surmounted by hours of agony and peril that even Portia wouldn't deny the authenticity of.

Well, she was glad of it—glad she was going to be hurt. She could get back some of her self-respect, she thought, by enduring it all—first the wretchedness and then the pain, with a Spartan fortitude.

She couldn't do that if Rodney knew. He wouldn't let her. He'd want to care for her—comfort her—pack her in cotton-wool.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And there was a terrible yearning down in her heart, to let him. For just that reason, he mustn't be told.

But, as the sharp edges of this mood wore off, she saw a little more justly. Already he suspected something. She caught, now and again, a puzzled, worried, almost frightened look in his face. It was a poor penance that others had to share. So, at the end of her feast tonight, when the andles were lighted and the servants gone away, she'd tell him. And oh—what a comfort it would be to have him know!

That was the moment she was waiting for when he telephoned that he was bringing the Lakes out for dinner. The old Rose might well have cried.

But now, as she sat trembling in front of her little boudoir fire, the door opened behind her so that she'd surely hear him when he came in, the disappointment and the hurt that had clutched at her throat when she turned from the telephone were wholly forgotten. The situation she was confronted with now was beyond tears. Portia's stinging words went over and over through her mind: "If you let the big thing slip out of your hands because you haven't the pluck to fight . . ." and her own, "I promise I won't do that." It would mean a fight. She must keep her head.

She gave a last panicky shiver when she heard his latch-key, then pulled herself together.

"Come in here, Roddy," she called as he reached the head of the stairs. "I want to talk about something."

He had hoped, evidently, to find her abed and fast asleep. His cautious footfalls on the stairs made clear his intention not to waken her. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said, pausing at the door to her dressing-room, but not coming in. "I didn't know you meant to sit up for me. If I'd known you were waiting, I'd have come back sooner."

"I haven't minded," she told him. "I've been glad of a chance to think. But now . . . —Oh, please come in and shut the door!"

He did come in, but with manifest reluctance, and he stayed near the door in an attitude of arrested departure. "It's pretty late," he protested with a nonchalance that rang a little flat. "You must be awfully tired. Hadn't we better put off our powwow?"

She understood well enough. The look in her face, some uncontrolled inflection in her voice she had meant to keep so even, had given her away. He suspected she was going to be "tragic." If he didn't look out, there'd be a "scene."

"We can't put it off," she said. "I let you have your talk out with the Lakes, but you'll have to talk with me now."

"We spent most of the time talking about you anyway," he said pleasantly. "They're both mad about you. You *were* a perfect miracle to-night, darling, when they were here. But now, like this . . ." He came over to her with his arms out.

But she cried out "Don't!" and sprang away from him. "Please don't, Roddy—not to-night! I can't stand it to have you touch me to-night!"

He stared at her, gave a shrug of exasperation, and then turned away. "You *are* angry about something then," he said. "I thought so when I first came in. But, honestly, I don't know what it's about."

"I'm *not* angry," she said, as steadily as she could. She mustn't let it go on like this. They were getting started all wrong somehow. "You didn't want me to touch you the night when I came to your office, when you were working on that case. But it wasn't because you were angry with me. Well, I'm like that to-night. There's something that's got to be thought out. Only I'm not like you. I can't do it alone. I've got to have help. I don't want to be soothed, and comforted like a child, and I don't want to be made love to. I just want to be treated like a human being."

"I see," he said. Very deliberately, he lighted a cigarette, found himself an ash-tray, and settled down astride a spindling little chair. (It was lucky for Florence McCrea's mind that she didn't see him do it). "All right," he said. "Now, come on with your troubles." He didn't say "little troubles," but his voice did and his smile.

Rose steadied herself as well as she could. "We've made a horrible mistake," she began. "I don't suppose it's either of our faults exactly. It's been mine in a way, of course, because it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been—thoughtless and ignorant. I might have seen it if I'd thought to look. But I didn't—not really, until to-night."

He wanted to know what the mistake was. He was still smiling in good-humored amusement over her seriousness.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THEN HE GOT HIMSELF TOGETHER AND BEGGED HER PARDON.

"It's pretty near everything," she said; "about the way we've lived—renting this house in the first place."

He frowned and flushed. "Good heavens, child!" he said. "Can't you take a joke? I didn't mean anything by what I said about the house—except that—well, it's a precious, soulful, High Church sort of house, and we're not the sort of people, thank God—I'll say it again—who'd have built it and furnished it for ourselves. You *aren't* right, Rose. You're run down and very tired and hypersensitive, or you wouldn't have spent an evening worrying over a thing like that."

"You can make jokes about a thing that's true," she persisted. "And it's true that you've hated the way we've lived—the way this house has made us live. No, please listen and let me talk! I can't help it if my voice chokes up. My mind's just as cool as yours, and you've got to listen. It isn't the first time I've thought of it. It's always made me feel a little unhappy when people have laughed about the 'new leaf' you've turned over; how 'civilized' you've got, learning all the new dances and going out all the time and not doing any of the—wild things you used to do. In a joking sort of way, people have congratulated me about it, as if it were some sort of triumph of mine. I haven't liked it, really. But I never stopped to think out what it meant."

"What it does mean," he said, with a good deal of attention to his cigarette, "is that I've fallen in love with you and married you and that things are desirable to me now, because I am in love with you, that weren't desirable before. And things that were desirable before, are less so. I don't see anything terrible about that."

"There isn't," she said, "when—when you're in love with me."

He shot a frowning look at her and echoed her phrase interrogatively. She nodded.

"Because you aren't in love with me all the time. And when you aren't, you must see what I've done to you. You must—hate me for what I've done to you. I remember the first day we ever talked—when you brought back my note-books. You talked about people who wore blinders and drew a cart and followed a bundle of hay. That's what I've made you do."

His face flushed deep. He sprang to his feet and threw his cigarette into the fire. "That's perfectly outrageous nonsense," he said. "I won't listen to it."

"If it weren't true," she persisted, "you wouldn't be excited like that. If I hadn't known it before, I'd have known it when I saw you with the Lakes. You can give them something you can't give me, not with all the love in the world. I never heard about them till to-night—not in a way I'd remember. And there are other people—you spoke of some of them at dinner—who are living here, that you've never mentioned


Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to me before. You've tried to sweep them all out of your life; to go to dances and the opera and things with me. You did it because you loved me, but it wasn't fair to either of us, Roddy. Because you can't love me all the time. I don't believe a man—a real man—can love a woman all the time. And if she makes him hate her when he doesn't love her, he'll get so he hates loving her."

"You're talking nonsense!" he said again roughly. He was pacing the room by now—"stark, staring nonsense!"

Of course the reason it caught him like that was simply that it echoed so uncannily the things that went through his own head sometimes in his stolen hours of solitude.

"I'd like to know where you get that stuff. Is it from Jimmy Randolph? He's dangerous, that fellow. Oh, he's interesting, and I like him, but he's a cynic. He doesn't want anybody to be happier than he is. But what may be true of him, isn't true of me. I've never stopped loving you since the first day we talked together. And I should think I'd done enough to prove it."

"That's it," she said. "You've done too much. And you're so sorry for me when you don't love me, that it makes you do all the more."

She had found another joint in his armor. She was absolutely clairvoyant to-night, and this time he fairly cried out, "Stop it!" Then he got himself together and begged her pardon. "After all, I don't see what it comes to," he said. "I don't know what we're fighting about to-night. You're saying you think we ought to do more playing around with the Lakes and people like that; not spend all our time with the Casino set, as we've done this winter. Well, that may be good sense. I've no objection, certainly."

"Well then," she said, "that's settled—that's one thing settled. But there's something else. Oh, it all comes to the same thing, really. Roddy"—she had to gulp and draw a long breath and steady herself before this—"Roddy, how much money have you got, and how much are we spending?"

"Oh, good Lord!" he cried. "*Please* don't go into that now, Rose. It's after one o'clock, and you're worn to a frazzle. If we've got to go into it, let's do it some other time, when we can be sensible about it."

"When I am, you mean?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, I'm sensible now. And I've had the nerve to ask—I don't know when I will again—and I know you won't bring the subject up by yourself. I've been trying to for ever so long. But money's always seemed the one thing I couldn't bear to talk about with you.

"You see, when I first told mother and Portia about you—about how you helped me with the conductor that night, I told them your name, and Portia said she didn't think it could be you, because you were a millionaire. I supposed she knew. Anyway, I didn't think very much about it. You yourself—just being with you and hearing you talk—was so much more important. After we got engaged, and you began doing all sorts of lovely things for me, I enjoyed it, of course. But it was just something that went with you. After we were married and took this house. . . . Well, I knew, of course, I hadn't married you for money, but I thought it would sound sort of queer and prying to ask questions about it; because I hadn't anything."

He had looked up two or three times and drawn in his breath for a protest, but apparently he couldn't think of anything effective to say! Now, though, he cried out "Rose! Please!"

But she went steadily on. "You were always so dear about it. You never let me feel like a beggar, and—well, it was the easy way and I took it. But to-night—Oh, Roddy. . . .!" Her silly, ragged voice choked there and stopped, and the tears brimmed up and spilled down her cheeks. But she kept her face steadfastly turned to his.

"That's what I said about being married and not sowing wild oats, I suppose," he said glumly. "It was a joke. Do you suppose I'd have said it if I meant it?"

"It wasn't only that," she managed to go on. "It was the way they looked at the house; the way you apologized for my dress; the way you looked when you tried to get out of answering Barry Lake's questions about what you were doing. Oh, how I despised myself! And how I knew you and they must be despising me!"

"The one thing I felt about you all the evening," he said, with the patience that marks the last stage of exasperation, "was pride. I was rather crazily proud of you."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"As my lover you were proud of me," she said. "But the other man—the man that's more truly you—was ashamed, as I was ashamed. Oh, it doesn't matter! Being ashamed won't accomplish anything. But what we'll *do* is going to accomplish something."

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"I want you to tell me first," she said, "how much money we have, and how much we've been spending."

"I don't know," he said stubbornly. "I don't know exactly."

"You've got enough, haven't you, of your own . . . I mean, there's enough that comes in every year, to live on, if you didn't earn a cent by practising law? Well, what I want to do, is to live on that. I want to live, however and wherever we have to—to live on that—out in the suburbs somewhere, or in a flat, so that you will be free; and I can work—be some sort of help. Barry and the others—your real friends, that you really care about—won't mind. And as long as we want to get rid of the other people anyway, that's the way to do it."

"You can wash the dishes and scrub the floors," he supplemented, "and I can carry my lunch to the office with me in a little tin box." He looked at his watch. "And now that the thing's reduced to an absurdity, let's go to bed. It's getting along toward two o'clock."

"You don't have to get to the office till nine to-morrow morning," said Rose. And I want to talk it out now. And I don't think I said anything that was absurd."

The devil of it was she hadn't. The precise quality about her suggestions which pointed and barbed them, was their fantastic logic. It would be ridiculous—impossible, to uproot their life as she wanted it done. One simply couldn't do such a thing. Serious discussion of it was preposterous. But to explain why . . . !

"I shouldn't have called it absurd," he admitted after a rather long silence. "But it's exaggerated and unnecessary. I don't care to make a public proclamation that I'm not able to support you and run our domestic establishment in a way that we find natural and agreeable; and that I've been a fool to try. The situation doesn't call for it. You've made a mountain out of an ant-hill. When our lease is up, if we think this house is more than we want, we can find something simpler."

"But we'll begin economizing now," she pleaded; "change things as much as we can, even if we have to go on living in this house. It won't hurt me a bit to work, and you could go back to your book. We'd both be happier, if I were something besides just a drag on you."

"Discharge a couple of maids, you mean," he asked, "and sweep and make the beds and that sort of thing yourself?"

"I don't know exactly how we'd do it," she said. "That's why I said I needed your help in figuring it out. Something like that, I suppose. Sweeping and making beds isn't very much, but it's something."

"The most we could save that way," he said, "would be a few hundred dollars a year. It wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. But everything would run at cross purposes. You'd be tired out all the time—you're that pretty much as it is, lately; we'd have to stop entertaining, you'd be bored and I'd be worried. When you start living on a certain scale, everything about your life has to be done on that scale. Next October, as I said, when the lease on this house runs out, we can manage, perhaps, to change the scale a little. There you are! Now do stop worrying about it and let's go to bed."

But she sat there just as she was, staring at the dying fire, her hands lying slack in her lap, all as if she hadn't heard. The long silence irked him. He pulled out his watch, looked at it, and began winding it. He mended the fire so that it would be safe for the night; bolted a window. Every minute or two he stole a look at her, but she was always just the same. Except for the faint rise and fall of her bosom, she might have been a picture, not a woman.

At last he said again, "Come along, Rose dear."

"It'll be too late in October," she said. "That's why I wanted to decide things to-night. Because we must begin right away." Then she looked up into his face. "It will be too late in October," she repeated, "unless we begin now."

The deep, tense seriousness of her voice and her look arrested his full attention.

"Why?" he asked. And then, "Rose, what do you mean?"

"We're going to have a baby in October," she said.

He stared at her for a minute without a word, then drew in a deep breath and pressed his hands against his eyes. All he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

could say at first was just her name. But he dropped down beside her and got her in his arms.

"So that's it," he said raggedly at last. "Oh, Rose darling, it's such a relief! I've been so terrified about you—so afraid something had gone wrong. And you wouldn't let me ask, and you seemed so unhappy. I'd even thought of talking to Randolph. I might have guessed, I suppose. I've been stupid about it. But, you darling, I understand it all now."

She didn't see just what he meant by that, but she didn't care. It was such a wonderful thing to stop fighting and let the tension relax, cuddle close into his embrace, and know nothing in the world but the one fact that he loved her; that their tale of golden hours wasn't spent—was, perhaps, illimitable. She was even too drowsily happy to think what he meant when he said a little later:

"So now you won't let anything trouble you, will you, child? And if queer, worrying ideas get into your head about the way we live, and about being a drag on me and making me hate you, you'll laugh at them? You'll be able to laugh, because you'll know why they're there."

It wasn't until the next day that she recalled that remark of his and analyzed it. It meant, of course, that she was beaten; that her first fight for the big thing had been in vain. There would be no use, for the present, in renewing the struggle. He'd taken the one ground that was impregnable. So long as he could go on honestly interpreting every plea of hers for a share in the hard part of his life as well as in the soft part of it, for a way of life that would make them something more than lovers—as merely the inevitable accompaniment of her physical condition, the plans and the struggles would indeed be wasted. She'd have to wait.

## *Jane Lake Shows Rose Her Job*

SHE would have to wait. Accepted, root and branch, as Rose was forced by her husband's attitude to accept it, a conclusion of that sort can be a wonderful anodyne. And so it proved in her case. Indeed, within a day after her talk with Rodney, though it had ended in total defeat, she felt like a person awakened out of a nightmare. There had taken place, somehow, an enormous letting off of strain—a heavenly relaxation of spiritual muscles. It was so good just to have him know, to have others know, as all her world did, within the next week!

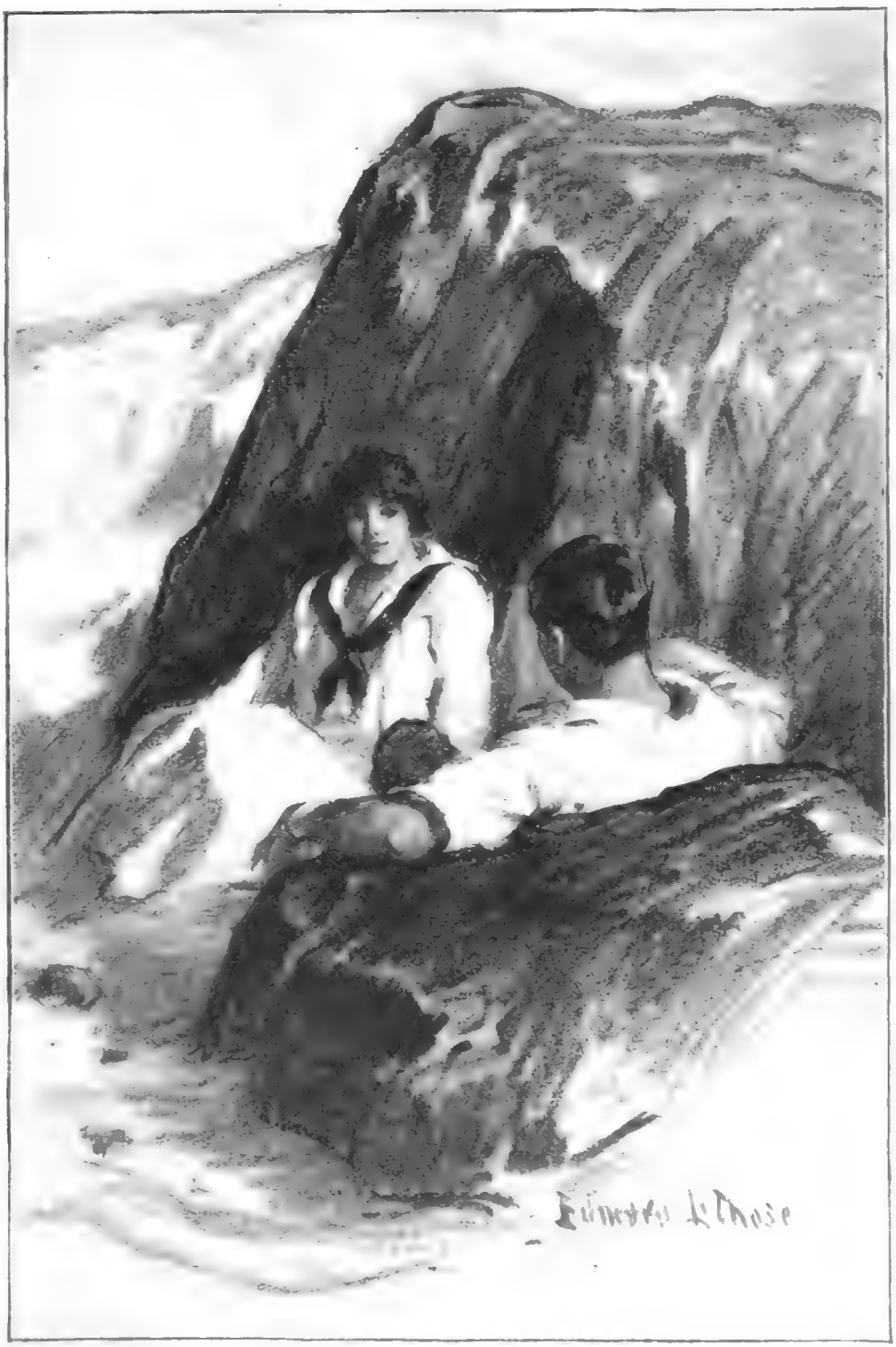
Rodney, it seemed, told the Lakes the very morning after he'd learned the news himself, and Jane—this was perfectly characteristic of her—came straight up to see Rose about it, even before Frederica.

Rose was pleased, though. She had taken a fancy to Jane Lake which, during the summer, deepened into a genuine liking. She was truly—and really humbly—grateful to Jane, in the first place, for liking her; for finding her, in Jane's own phrase, "worth while," and her ideas worth listening to. Because here was something, you see, that she could take at its face value. There was no long-circuited sex attraction to discount everything in Jane's case. And then, this very first morning, she gave Rose another reason for liking and gratitude.

Jane had been talking about her own two children—two husky little boys of five and three, who were at present rejoicing in the care of a grandmother and a highly competent nurse. "One of those terribly infallible people, you know," she explained. "Oh, I don't like it. I get a night-letter every morning, and, of course, if one of them got the sniffles I'd be off home like a shot. I'd like to be a regular domestic mother; not let another soul but me—touch them. [Jane really believed this] But you see we can't well afford it. Barry pays me five dollars a day for working for him. I scout around and dig up material and interview people for him—I used to be a reporter, you know. He'd have to hire somebody, and it might better be me and keep the money in the family. Because the nurse who takes my place doesn't cost near as much as that. All the same, as I say, I don't half like it. You can preach the new stuff till you're black in the face, but there's no job for a woman like taking care of her own children."

Rose listened to all this, as well as to Jane's subsequent remarks, with only so much attention as was required to keep her guest from suspecting that she wasn't really listening at all. Jane didn't stay long, and Rose was presently left alone to dream, actually for the first time, of the wonders that were before her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



IN A PARADISE MADE UP OF BLUE SEA, WHITE SANDS, WARM SUN, AND RODNEY—RODNEY ALWAYS THERE, AND QUEERLY CONTENT TO DROWSE AWAY THE TIME WITH HER.

Digitized by Google



Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What a silly little idiot she'd been not to have seen the thing for herself! She'd been, all the while, beating her head against blind walls when there was a door there waiting to open of itself when the time came. Motherhood! There'd be a doctor and a nurse at first, of course, but presently they'd go away and she'd be left with a baby. Her own baby! She could care for him with her own hands, feed him—her joy reached an ecstasy at this—feed him from her own breast.

That life which Rodney led apart from her, the life into which she had tried with such ludicrous unsuccess to effect an entrance, was nothing to this new life which was to open, in a few short months now, before her. Meanwhile, she not only must wait—she could well afford to.

That was why she could listen with that untroubled smile of hers to the terrible things that Rodney and James Randolph and Barry Lake and Jane got into the way of hurling across her dinner-table—things that sometimes made even Eleanor Randolph wince.

"Jim's pretty weird when he gets going," she said to Frederica, on the next day after they had been dining at the Aldriches', "but that Barry Lake has a sort of surgical way of discussing just *anything*, and his wife's as bad.

"We never got off women all the evening. Barry Lake had their history down from the early Egyptians, and Jim got off a string of pathological freaks. And then Rodney came out strong for economic independence, only with his own queer angle on it, of course. He thought it would be a fine thing, but it wouldn't happen until the men insisted on it. When a girl wasn't regarded as marriageable unless she had been trained to a trade or a profession, then things would begin to happen. I think he meant it, too.

"Well, and all the while there sat Rose, taking it all in with those big eyes of hers, smiling to herself now and then; saying things, too, sometimes, that were pretty good, though nobody but Jimmy seemed to understand, always, just what she meant. They've talked before, those two. But she was no more embarrassed than as if we'd been talking embroidery stitches."

Rose, indeed, was listening with all her might. If there was anything in pre-natal influence, that baby of hers was going to be intelligent!

## *Enter Jimmy Wallace*

SO FAR as externals went, her life, that spring, was immensely simplified. The social demands upon her, which had been so insistent all winter, stopped almost automatically. The only exception was the Junior League show in Easter week, for which she put in quite a lot of work. She was to have danced in it.

(This is an annual entertainment by which Chicago sets great store. All the smartest and best-looking of the younger set take part in it, in costumes that would do credit to Mr. Ziegfeld, and as much of Chicago as is willing and able to pay five dollars a seat for the privilege is welcome to come and look. Delirious weeks are spent in rehearsal, under a first-class professional director; audience and performers have an equally good time, and charity, as residuary legatee, profits by thousands.)

Rose dropped in at a rehearsal one day at the end of a solid two hours of committee work, found it unexpectedly amusing, and made a point, thereafter, of attending when she could. Her nterest was heightened, if not wholly actuated, by some things Jimmy Wallace had been telling her lately about how such things were done on the real stage.

Jimmy was dramatic critic on one of the evening papers as well as a bit of a playwright. He was a slim, cool, smiling, highly sophisticated young man, who renounced all privileges as an interpreter of life in favor of remaining an unbiased observer of it. He never bothered to speculate about what you ought to do—he waited to see what you did.

He had written a musical comedy once, lived through the production of it, and had spent a hard-earned two weeks' vacation trouping with it on the road, so he could speak with authority. It was a wonderful Odyssey when you could get him to tell it, and as Rose made a good audience, she got the whole story.

The thing got a sociological twist eventually, of course, when Jane wanted to know if it were true, as alleged by a prominent woman writer on feminism, that the chorus girls were driven to prostitution by inadequate pay. Jimmy demolished this assertion with more wrath than he often

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

showed. He didn't know any other sort of job that paid a totally untrained girl as well. There were initial requirements, of course. She had to have reasonably presentable arms and legs, and a rudimentary sense of rhythm. But it took a really accomplished stenographer, for instance, to earn as much a week as was paid the average chorus girl. The trouble was that the indispensable assets in the business were not character and intelligence and ambition, but just personal charms.

Rose grinned across at Rodney. "That's like wives, isn't it?" she observed.

"And then," Jimmy went on, "the work isn't really hard enough, except during rehearsals, to keep them out of mischief." Rose smiled again, but didn't press her analogy any further. "But a girl who's serious about it, who doesn't have to be told the same thing more than once, and catches on, sometimes, without being told at all, why, she can always have a job and she can be as independent as anybody. She can get twenty-five dollars a week or even as high as thirty. It's surprising, though," he concluded, "considering what a bunch of morons most of them are, that they work as well as they do; turn up on time for rehearsal and performances, even when they're feeling really seedy, stand the awful bawling out they get every few minutes—because some directors are downright savages—and keep on going over and over a thing till they're simply reeling on their pins, without any fuss at all."

"They can always lose their job," said Barry. "There's great merit in that."

The latter part of this conversation was what she was to remember afterward, but the thing that impressed Rose at the time, and that held her for hours looking on at the League show rehearsals, was what Jimmy had told her about the technical side of the work of production, the labors of the director, and so on.

The League was paying their director three hundred dollars a week, and by the end of the third rehearsal Rose decided that he earned it. The change he could make, even with one afternoon's work, in the effectiveness, the carrying power, of a dance number was astonishing.

It must be wonderfully exhilarating, Rose thought, to know exactly why certain things were wrong and what to do to make them right. And to be able to sell your knowledge for three hundred dollars a week. This was the sort of thing Rodney did, when one came to think of it. That must be the sort of possession Simone Gréville had had in mind when she said that nothing worth having could be bought cheap. Neither Rodney nor the director had found his specialty growing on a bush!

But her specialty, which in her life was to fill the place a knowledge of stage dancing filled in the director's, was to come in a different way. You paid a price, of course, for motherhood, in pain and peril, but it remained a miraculous gift, for all that.

## *Harriet Takes a Hand*

SHE must wait for her miracle. As the weeks and months wore away, and as the season of violent alternations between summer and winter, which the Chicagoan calls spring, gave place to summer itself, Rose was driven to intrench herself more and more deeply behind this great expectation. It was like a dam holding back waters that otherwise would have rushed down upon her and swept her away.

The problems went on mounting up behind the dam, of course. All the minor luxuries of their way of living, which had been so keen a delight to her during the first unthinking months of their married life had changed, now that she knew they had been bought by the abridgment of her husband's freedom—into a cloud of buzzing, stinging distractions.

And they were the harder to bear now that she recognized how hard they were going to be to drive away. It would have to be effected without wounding Rodney's primitive masculine pride—without convicting him of being an inadequate provider.

The baffling thing about him was that he had, quite unconsciously and sincerely, two points of view. His affection for her, his wife, lover, mistress, was a lens through which he sometimes looked out on the world. As she refracted the facts of life for him they presented themselves in the primitive, old-fashioned way.

But there was another window in his soul through which he saw life with no refractions whatever; remorselessly, logically. Looking through that window, as he did

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when he talked to Barry Lake, or James Randolph, he saw life as a mass of unyielding reciprocities. You got what you paid for. You paid for what you got. And he saw both men and women—though chiefly women—tangling and nullifying their lives in futile efforts to evade this principle; looking for panaceas; for the soft without the hard.

He was perfectly capable of seeing and describing an abstract wife like that, in blistering terms that would make an industrious street-walker look almost respectable by comparison. But when he looked at Rose, he saw her through the lens, as some one to be loved and desired—and prevented, if possible, from paying anything.

Somehow or other those two views must be reconciled before a life of real comradeship between them was possible; before the really big thing she had promised Portia to fight for could be anything more than a tormenting dream.

Would the miracle solve this? It must. It was the only thing left to hope for. In the shelter of the great dam she could wait serene.

And then came Harriet, and the pressure behind the dam rose higher.

Rose had tried, rather unsuccessfully, to realize that there was actually in existence another woman who occupied, by blood anyway, the same position toward Rodney and herself that Frederica did. She felt almost like a real sister toward Frederica. But without quite putting the notion into words, she had always felt it was just as well that Harriet was an Italian contessa, four thousand miles away. Rodney and Frederica spoke of her affectionately, to be sure, but their references made a picture of a rather formidably correct, seriously aristocratic sort of person.

She had written, on the occasion of Rodney's marriage, a letter to Rose, professing, with perfect adequacy, to give her a sisterly welcome into the family. But Rose felt pretty sure (a fragment of talk she overheard, an impatient laugh of Rodney's and Frederica's—"Oh, that's Harriet, of course," had perhaps suggested it) that the Contessa regarded Rodney's marriage as a mésalliance.

She'd discovered, along in the winter sometime, that Harriet's affairs were going rather badly. Neither Rodney nor Frederica had gone into details. But it was plain enough that both of them were looking for a smash of some sort.

It was along in May that the cable came to Frederica announcing that Harriet was coming back for a long visit. "That's all she said," Rodney explained to Rose. "But I suppose it means the finish. She said she didn't want any fuss made, but she hinted she'd like to have Freddy meet her in New York, and Freddy's going. Poor old Harriet! We must try to cheer her up."

She didn't seem much in need of cheering up, Rose thought, when they first met. All that showed on the Contessa's highly polished surface was a disposition to talk humorously over old times with her old friends, including her brother and sister, and a sort of dismayed acquiescence in the smoky seriousness, the inadequate civilization, of the city of her birth.

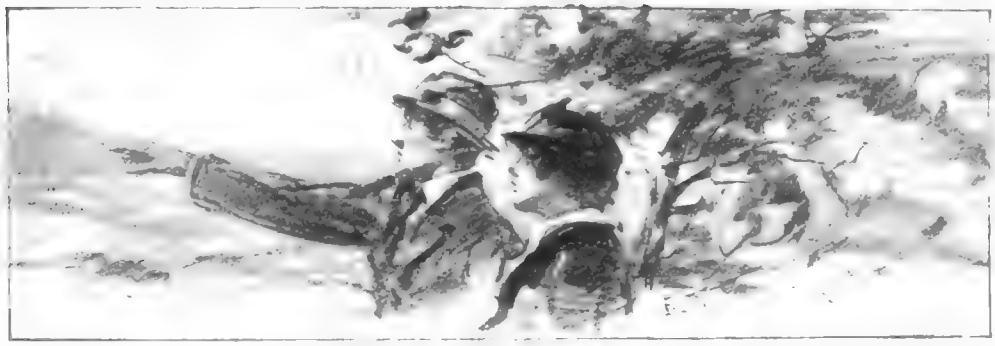
Toward Rose herself, the Contessa was, one might say, studiously affectionate. She avoided being either disagreeable or patronizing. Rose could see, indeed, how carefully she avoided it. She knew, too, that Frederica saw the same thing and tried to compensate for it by a little extra affectionateness. She even thought—though perhaps this was mere self-consciousness—that she detected a trace of the same thing in Rodney.

About this time the question where Rose and Rodney were going to live after their lease on the McCrea house ended, had begun to press for an answer. October first was when the lease expired, and it wasn't far from the date at which they expected the baby. Rose wouldn't be in any condition for house-hunting during the hot summer months. Things would have to be settled somehow before then. A heavy calendar of important cases had kept Rodney from giving as much attention to the problem as he himself felt it needed.

They talked of building at first, but long before they could make up their minds what they wanted, it had become too late for that, and they shifted to the notion of buying an old place somewhere and remodeling it. They spent some very lovely afternoons during the days of the emerging spring, cruising about looking at possible places.

This was the situation when Harriet took a hand in it. It was a situation made to order for Harriet to take a hand in. She'd sized it up at a glance, made up her mind

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THEY SPENT SOME LOVELY AFTERNOONS LOOKING AT POSSIBLE PLACES.

in three minutes what was the sensible thing for them to do, written a note to Florence McCrea in Paris, and then bided her opportunity to put her idea into effect.

In broad strokes, you could describe Harriet by saying she was as different as a beautiful woman could be from Frederica. She wasn't as beautiful as Frederica, to be sure, but together they made a wonderfully contrasted pair—Harriet almost as perfect a brunette type as Frederica was a blonde, and got up with her earrings and her hair and all to look rather exotic. Her speech, too, and the cultivated things she could do with her shoulders, carried out the impression. She had a trick—when she wanted to be disagreeable, an ill-natured observer would have said—of making remarks in Italian and then translating them.

She wasn't disagreeable, though—not malicious anyway—and the very hard finish she carried had been developed probably as a matter of protection. She never wanted any sympathy from anybody. If it came down to that, she'd prefer arsenic. She resisted Rose's rather poignant charm as she resisted any other appeal to her emotions. With the charm left out, Rose was simply a well-meaning, somewhat inadequately civilized young person, the beneficiary, through her marriage with Rodney, of a piece of unmerited good fortune.

When she got Florence McCrea's answer to her letter, she took the first occasion to get Rodney off by himself and talk a little common sense into him.

"What about where to live, Rodney?" she asked. "Made up your mind about it yet? I suppose you know how many months there are between the first of June and the first of October."

"We haven't got much of anywhere," he admitted. "We know we want to live in the country, that's about all."

"Out in the country just as winter's getting started?" she asked. "Settling into a new place—Rose with a new baby—everybody else back in town—simply no *chance* of keeping servants? Roddy, old man, you're entitled to be a babe in the woods, of course. Any man is who does the kind of work you do. But it is time some one with a little common sense straightened you out about this."

Harriet couldn't be sure from the length of time he took seeing that his pipe was properly alight, whether he altogether liked this method of approach or not.

"Common sense always was a sort of specialty of yours, sis," he said at last, "and straightening out. You were always pretty good at it." Then out of a cloud of his own smoke, "Fire away."

"Well, in the first place," she said, "remodeling is the slowest work in the world, and the fussiest. And you can't just tell an architect, with a wave of the hand, to go ahead. You have to do your own fussing, which would drive you crazy. If you had your house to-day you'd be lucky if the paint was dry and the thing was fit to move into by the first of September. And next September, if it's blazing hot, won't be exactly the time for Rose to go ramping around trying to buy furniture for a whole establishment and getting settled in, hiring servants, getting the thing going. And even suppose you manage it. Then where are



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

you? Out in the woods somewhere at the beginning of winter, just when you ought to be settled comfortably somewhere in town."

"But good Lord, Harriet, we've got to get out of here anyway, in October. And that means we've got to have some sort of place to get into. It is an awkward time, I'll admit."

"No, you haven't," she said. "You can stay right here another six months, if you like. I've heard from Florence. I met her in Paris in April, found she wasn't a bit crazy to come back and take this house on. Their securities have gone down again, and they're feeling hard up. Florence has got an old barn of an *atelier*, and she's puttering around in the mud thinking she's making statuary. Well, when I found how things stood here, I wrote and asked her if she'd lease for six months more if she got the chance, and she wrote back and simply grabbed at it. All you've got to do is to send her a five-word cable and you're fixed. Then, next spring, when your troubles are over and you know what you want, you can look out a place up the shore and have the summer there."

Rodney smoked half way through his pipe before he made any comment on this suggestion. "This house isn't just what we want," he said. "In the first place, it's damned expensive."

Harriet shrugged her shoulders, found herself a cigarette, and lighted it; picked up one of Florence's poetry books and eyed the heavily-tooled binding with a satirical smile before she replied.

"I'd an idea there was that in it," she said at last. "Freddy said something. . . Rose had been talking to her." Then, after another little silence and with a sudden access of vehemence: "You don't want to go and do a regular *fool* thing, Roddy. You're getting on perfectly splendidly. You'll be at the head of the bar out here in ten years, if you keep on. Frank Crawford was telling me about you the other day. You've settled down, and we thought you never would. It was a corking move, your taking this house, just because it made you settle down. You can earn forty thousand dollars next year just with your practise, if you want to. But if you pull up and go to live in a barn somewhere and stop seeing anybody—people that count, I mean——"

Rodney grunted. "You're beyond your depth, sis," he said. "Come back where you don't have to swim. The expense isn't a capital consideration, I'll admit that. Now go on from there."

"That's like old times," she observed with a not ill-humored grimace. "I wonder if you talk to Rose like that. Oh, I know the house is rather solemn and absurd. It's Florence herself all over, that's the size of it. But what does that matter for six months more?"

He pocketed his pipe and got up out of his chair.

"There's something in it," he admitted. "I'll think it over."

"Better cable Florence as soon as you can," she advised."

Rose protested when the plan for living six months more in Florence McCrea's house was broached to her. She made the best fight she could. But Harriet's arguments, re-stated now by Rodney with full conviction, were too much for her. When she broke down and cried, as she couldn't help doing, Rodney soothed and comforted her, assured her that this notion of hers about the expensiveness of it all, was just a notion, which she must struggle against as best she could. She'd see things in a truer proportion afterward.

Then it came out that he had made all his plans for a long summer vacation. There was no court work in July and August anyway. He was going to carry her off to a quiet little sea-beach on the Maine coast that he knew about and just luxuriate in her; have her all to himself—not a soul they knew about them. They would lie about in the sands all day, building air-castles. If she got tired of him, any person she wanted to see should be telegraphed for forthwith.

The one thing she had to bear in mind was that she was to be happy and not bother about things.

This plan was carried out, and in a paradise made up of blue sea, white sands, warm sun, and Rodney—Rodney always there, and queerly content to drowse away the time with her—she almost forgot the great dam and the pressure of the waters that had mounted up behind it.

Was it an obsession, just as Rodney said? Would she find when it was all over and she rallied herself for the great endeavor, that there was, after all, no battle to be fought—nothing but a baby at her breast?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

## *A Miracle Gone Awry*

TRAVELING bars flowing along parallel, black and white; the white ones incandescent—and a small, helpless, harried thing struggling to keep in the shadow of the black ones, or to regain it again across the pitiless zone of white that the little helpless thing called pain. Traveling bars flowing along endlessly.

And then a great ball whirling in planetary space, half dark, half incandescent white, having for its sole inhabitant the small, harried thing that struggled to keep in the dark out of the glare of that pitiless white pain. One watched its struggles from a long way off—like God. But the ball whirled drunkenly and it made one sick to look. And then a supervening chaos—no longer a ball, but still whirling, reeling, tottering. Rectangles of light, which, had they kept still, would have been windows.

And then, very fine and small and weak, something that knew it was Rose Stanton—Rose Stanton, lying in a bed with people about her. She let her eyes fall heavily shut again lest they should discover she was there and want her to speak or think.

The bars came back, but the whiteness of them was no longer so white, and slowly they faded out. Then, for a long time, nothing. Then presently, a hand, a firm, powerful hand, that picked up and supported a heavy, limp wrist—Rose Stanton's wrist—and two sensitive finger-tips that rested lightly on the upper surface of it. After that, an even, measured voice—a voice of authority, whose words no doubt made sense, only Rose was too tired to think what the sense was:

"She's out of the ether now, practically. That's a splendid pulse. She's doing the best thing she can, sleeping like that. It's been a thoroughly normal delivery from the beginning. Oh, a long, difficult one, I'll admit. But there's nothing now that you could want better than what you've got."

And then another voice, utterly unlike Rodney's and yet unmistakably his—a ragged voice that tried to talk in a whisper but couldn't manage it—broke queerly.

"That's all right," it said. "But I'll find it easier to believe when——"

She must see him—must know what it meant that he should talk like that. With a strong physical effort, she opened her eyes and tried to speak his name. She couldn't; but some one must have been watching and seen, because a woman's voice said quickly and quietly "Mr. Aldrich."

And the next moment, vast and towering and very blurred in outline, but, like his voice, unmistakable, was Rodney—her own big, strong Rodney. She tried to hold her arms up to him, but of course she couldn't.

And then he shortened suddenly. He had knelt down beside her bed, that was it. And she felt upon her palm the pressure of his lips, and his unshaven cheek, and on her wrist a warm wetness that must be—tears.

Why was he crying? What had happened? She must try to think.

It was very hard. She didn't want to think, but she must. She must begin with something she knew. She knew who she was. She was Rose—Rodney's Rose. Here was his mouth down close to the pillow saying her name over and over and over again. And she was in her own bed. But what had happened? She must try to remember. She remembered something she had said—said to herself over and over again an illimitable while ago. "It's coming. The miracle's beginning." What had she meant by that?

And then she knew. The urgency of a sudden terror gave her her voice.

"Roddy," she said, "there was going to be a—baby. Isn't there?"

Something queerly like a laugh broke his voice when he answered. "Oh, you darling! Yes. It's all right. That isn't why I'm crying. It's just because I'm so happy."

"But the baby!" she persisted. "Why isn't it here?"

Rodney turned and spoke to some one else. "She wants to see," he said. "May she?"

And then a woman's voice (why, it was the nurse, of course! Miss Harris, who had come last night) said in an indulgent, soothing tone: "Why, surely she may. Wait just a minute."

But the wait seemed hours. Why didn't they bring the baby—her baby? There! Miss Harris was coming at last, with a queer, bulky, shapeless bundle. Rodney stepped in between and cut off the view, but only to slide an arm under mattress and pillow and raise her a little so that she could see.

And then, under her eyes, dark red and hairy against the whiteness of the pillow, were two small heads—two small, shapeless

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHY WAS HE CRYING? WHAT HAD HAPPENED? SHE MUST TRY TO THINK.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

masses leading away from them, twitching, squirming. She stared, bewildered.

"There were twins, Rose," she heard Rodney explaining triumphantly, but still with something that wasn't quite a laugh, "a boy and a girl. They're perfectly splendid. One weighs seven pounds and the other six."

Her eyes widened and she looked up into his face so that the pitiful bewilderment in hers was revealed to him.

"But the baby!" she said. Her wide eyes filled with tears and her voice broke weakly. "I wanted a baby."

"You've got a baby," he insisted, and now laughed outright. "There are two of them. Don't you understand, dear?"

Her eyes drooped shut, but the tears came welling out along her lashes. "Please take them away," she begged. And then, with a little sob, she whispered: "I wanted a baby, not those."

Rodney started to speak, but some sort of admonitory signal from the nurse silenced him.

The nurse went away with her bundle, and Rodney stayed stroking Rose's limp hand.

In the dark, ever so much later, she awoke, stirred a little restlessly, and the nurse, from her cot, came quickly and stood beside her bed. She had something in her hands for Rose to drink and Rose drank it dutifully.

"Is there anything else?" the nurse asked.

"I just want to know," Rose said; "have I been dreaming, or is it true? Is there a baby, or are there twins?"

"Twins, to be sure," said the nurse cheerfully. "The loveliest, liveliest little pair you ever saw."

"Thank you," said Rose. "I just wanted to know."

She shut her eyes and pretended to go to sleep. But she didn't. It was true then. Her miracle, it seemed somehow, had gone ludicrously awry.

---

### *Rose Makes a Big Fight—and Loses*

---

SHE began getting her strength back very fast in the next two or three days, but this queer kink in her emotions didn't straighten out. She came to see that it was absurd—monstrous almost, but that didn't help. Instead of a baby, she had given birth to two. They were hers, of course, as much as one would have been. Only, her soul, which had been waiting so ecstatically for its miracle—for the child which, by making her a mother, should supply what her life needed—her soul wouldn't—couldn't accept the substitution. Those two droll, thin-voiced, squirming little mites that were exhibited to her every morning, were as foreign to her, as if they had been brought into the house in a basket.

There was a certain basis of reason back of this. At some time, during those early hours of misty half-consciousness, it had been decided that two children would be too much for her to attempt to nurse. She had a notion that this idea hadn't originated with the doctor, though it was he who had stated it to her with the most plausible firmness. Rodney had backed the doctor up, firmly, too. Rose was only a girl in years—why, just a child herself; hadn't had her twenty-second birthday yet; the labor had been long, she was very weak, the children were big and vigorous, and she couldn't hope to supply them both for more than a very few weeks, anyway. And, at this time of year, as the doctor said, there was no difficulty to be apprehended from bottle feeding. It would be better on all accounts. . .

Still, it didn't sound exactly like Roddy's idea, either.

When Harriet came in for the first time to see her, Rose knew. Harriet was living here now, running the house for Rodney, while Rose was laid up. Doing it beautifully well, too, through all the confusion of nurses and all. Harriet said:

"I think you're in great luck to have had two at once; get your duty to posterity done that much sooner. And, of course, you couldn't possibly be expected to nurse two great creatures like that."

Rose acquiesced. What was the use of struggling against so formidable a unanimity? She would have struggled though, she knew, but for that queer trick Fate had played her. Her heart ached, as did her breasts. But that was for the lips of the baby—the baby she hadn't had.

When she found that struggling with herself, denouncing herself for a brute, didn't serve to bring up the feelings toward the twins that she knew any proper mother ought to have, she buried the dark fact as deep as she could, and pretended. It was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

only before Rodney that the pretense was really necessary. And with him, really, it was hardly a pretense at all. He was such a child himself, in his gleeful delight over the possession of a son and a daughter, that she felt for him, tenderly, mistily, luminously, the very emotion she was trying to capture for them—felt like cradling his head in her weak arms, kissing him, crying over him.

She wouldn't have been allowed to do that to the babies, anyway. They were going to be terribly well brought up, those twins; that was apparent from the beginning. They had two nurses all to themselves, quite apart from Miss Harris, who looked after Rose; one uncannily infallible person, omniscient in baby lore—thoroughgoing, logical, efficient, remorseless as a German staff officer, and a bright-eyed, snub-nosed, smart little maid, for an assistant, who boiled bottles, washed clothes, and, at certain stated hours, over a previously determined route, at a given number of miles per hour, wheeled the twins out, in a duplex perambulator.

Miss Harris was to go away to another case at the end of the month. But Mrs. Ruston (she was the staff officer) and Doris, the maid, were destined, it appeared, to be as permanent as the babies. But Rose had the germ of an idea of her own about that.

They got them named with very little difficulty. The boy was Rodney, of course, after his father and grandfather before him. Rose was a little afraid Rodney would want the girl named after her, and was relieved to find he didn't. There'd never in the world be but one Rose for him, he said. So Rose named the girl Portia.

They kept Rose in bed for three weeks; flat on her back as much as possible, which was terribly irksome to her, since her strength and vitality were coming back so fast. She might have rebelled, had it not been for that germinant idea of hers. It wouldn't do, she saw, in the light of that, to give them any excuse for calling her unreasonable.

One Sunday morning, Rodney carried her up-stairs to the nursery to see her babies bathed. This was a big room at the top of the house which Florence McCrea had always vaguely intended to make into a studio. But, in the paralysis of indecision as to what sort of studio to make it, she had left the thing bare.

Rodney had given Harriet *carte blanche* to go ahead and fit it up before he and Rose came back from the seashore, and the layette was a monument to Harriet's practicality. There had been a wild day of supplementing, of course, when it was discovered that there were two babies instead of one.

The room, when they escorted Rose into it, was a terribly impressive place. The spirit of a barren, sterile efficiency brooded everywhere. And this appearance of bareness obtained despite the presence of an enormous number of articles—a pair of scales, a perfect battery of electric heaters of various sorts; rows of vacuum jars for keeping things cold or hot; a small sterilizing oven; instruments and appliances that Rose couldn't guess the uses or the names of. Mrs. Ruston, of course, was master of them all, and Doris flew about to do her bidding, under a watchful eye.

Rose surveyed this scene, just as she would have surveyed a laboratory, or a factory where they make something complicated, like watches. That's what it was, really. Those two pink little objects, in their two severely sanitary baskets, were factory products. At precise and unalterable intervals, a highly scientific compound of fats and proteids was put into them. They were inspected, weighed, submitted to a routine of other processes. And in all the routine, there was nothing that their mother, now they were fairly born, was wanted for.

Rose kept these ideas to herself and kept her eye on young Doris, listened to the orders she got, and studied alertly what she did in the execution of them.

Rodney had a lovely time watching the twins bathed. He stood about in everybody's way, made what he conceived to be alluring noises, in the perfectly unsuccessful attempt to attract the infants' attention, and finally, when the various processes were complete, on schedule, like a limited train, and the thermometrically correct bottles of food were ready, one for each baby, he turned suddenly to his wife and said: "Don't you want to—hold them, Rose?"

She'd have held a couple of glowing brands in her arms for him, the way he looked and the way he had said it.

A stab of pain went through her and tears came up into her eyes. "Yes, give them to me," she started to say.

But Mrs. Ruston spoke before she could frame the words. It was their feeding hour,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a bad time for them to be excited, and the bottles were heated exactly right.

By that time Rose's idea had flowered into resolution. But she mustn't jeopardize the success of her plan by trying to put it into effect too soon.

She waited patiently, reasonably, for another fortnight. Harriet, by that time, had gone off to Washington on a visit, taking Rodney's heartfelt thanks with her. Rose expressed hers just as warmly, and felt ashamed that they were so unreal. She simply mustn't let herself get to resenting Harriet! At the end of the fortnight, the doctor made his final visit. Rose had especially asked Rodney to be on hand to hear his report when the examination was over.

"He says," Rose told her husband, "that I'm perfectly well." She turned to the doctor for confirmation. "Don't you?"

The doctor smiled. "As far as my diagnostic resources go, Mrs. Aldrich, you are perfectly well."

Rodney was pleased, of course, and expressed this feeling fervently. But he looked across at his glowing, radiant wife, with a touch of misgiving. "What are you trying to put over on me?" he asked.

"Not a thing," said Rose demurely. "I thought you'd be glad to know that I didn't need to be kept in cotton-wool any more, and that you'd feel surer if he told you."

"I feel surer that you've got something up your sleeve," he said. And, to the doctor: "I don't imagine that in saying my wife is perfectly well, you mean to suggest an absence of all reasonable caution."

The doctor took the hint, expatiated largely; it was always well to be careful—one couldn't, in fact, be too careful. He was even a little reproachful about it.

"But there's no more reason, is there," Rose persisted, "why I should be careful than why any other woman should—my nurse-maid, for example?"

It was indiscreet of the doctor to look at her before he answered. Her eyes were sparkling, the color bright in her cheeks; unconsciously, she had flattened her shoulders back and drawn a good deep breath down into her lungs. The doctor smiled a smile of surrender and turned back to Rodney. "I'll confess," he said, "that in my experience, Mrs. Aldrich is almost a *lusus naturæ*—a perfectly sound healthy woman."

Rose smiled widely and contentedly upon them. "That's more like it," she said to the doctor. "Thanks very much."

But after he had gone, she did not spring anything on Rodney, as he fully expected she would. She took him out for a tramp through the park in the dusk of a perfect autumn afternoon, and went to a musical show with him in the evening. She might have been, so far as he could see, the Rose of a year ago. She had the same lithe, boyish swing. And when they had had their evening at the theatre, and a bite of supper, and come home, she let him drop off to sleep without a word that would explain her insistence on getting a clean bill of health.

But the next morning, while Doris was busy in the laundry, she found Mrs. Ruston in the nursery and had a talk with that lady, which was destined to produce seismic upheavals.

"I've decided to make a little change in our arrangements, Mrs. Ruston," she said. "But I don't think it's one that will disturb you very much. I'm going to let Doris go—I'll get her another place, of course—and do her work myself."

Mrs. Ruston compressed her lips, and went on for a minute with what she was doing to one of the twins, as if she hadn't heard. "Doris is quite satisfactory, madam," she said at last. "I'd not advise making a change. She's a dependable young woman, as such go. Of course I watch her very close."

"I think I can promise to be dependable," Rose said. "I don't know much about babies, but I think I can learn as well as Doris. Anyhow, I can wheel them about and wash their clothes and boil their bottles and things as well as she does. And you can tell me what to do just as you tell her."

To this last observation it became evident that Mrs. Ruston meant to make no reply at all. She gave Rose some statistical information about the twins instead, in which Rose showed herself politely interested, and presently withdrew.

It soon appeared, however, that though Mrs. Ruston might be slow and sparing of speech, she was capable of acting with a positively Napoleonic dash. Rodney wore a queer expression all through dinner, and when he got Rose alone in the library afterward, he explained it. Mrs. Ruston had made her two-hour constitutional that afternoon into an opportunity for calling upon him at his office. She had given him notice,



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

contingently. She made it an inviolable rule of conduct, it appeared, never to undertake the care of two infants without the assistance of a nurse-maid. Rose had informed her of her intention to dispense with the services of the nurse-maid, without engaging any one else to take her place. In that case Mrs. Ruston must leave.

It was some sort of absurd misunderstanding, of course, Rodney concluded, and wanted to know what it was all about.

"I did say I meant to let Doris go," Rose explained, "but I told her I meant to take Doris's job myself. I said I thought I could be just as good a nurse-maid as she was. And I meant it."

He was prowling about the room in a worried sort of way, before she got as far as that. "I don't see, child," he exclaimed, "why you couldn't leave well enough alone! If it's that old economy bug of yours again, it's nonsense. You'd save, including board, about ten dollars a week. And it would work out one of two ways: If you didn't do all the maid's work, Mrs. Ruston would have a real grievance. If you did do it, it would mean you'd work yourself sick. You'd have to give up everything for it—all your social duties, all our larks together. Oh, it's absurd! You, to spend all your time doing menial work to save me ten dollars a week!"

"It isn't menial work," Rose insisted. "It's—apprentice work. After I've been at it six months, learning as fast as I can, I'll be able to let Mrs. Ruston go and take *her* job—I'll be really competent to take care of my own children. I don't pretend I am now."

"I don't see why you can't do that as things are now. She'll let you practise bathing them and things like that, and certainly no one would object to your wheeling them out in the pram. But the nurse-maid would be on hand in case——"

"I'm to take it on then," said Rose, and her voice had a new ring in it—the ring of a sort of scornful anger—"I'm to take it on as a sort of polite, sentimental amusement. I'm not to do any real work for them that depends on me to get done. I'm not to be able to feel that, even in a bottle-washing sort of way, I'm doing an indispensable service for them. They're not to need me for anything, the poor little mites. They're to be something for me to have a sort of emotional splurge with, just as—" she laughed raggedly, "just as some of the wives you're so fond of talking about, are to their husbands."

He stared at her in perfectly honest bewilderment. "You're talking rather wild I think, Rose," he said very quietly.

"I'm talking what I've learned from you," she said, but she did get her voice in control again. "You've taught me the difference between real work and the painless imitation of it that a lot of us women spend our lives on—between doing something because it's got to be done and is up to you, and—finding something to do to spend the time. Oh, Rodney, *please* try to forget that I'm your wife and that you're in love with me. Can't you just say: 'here's A, or B, or X, a perfectly healthy woman, twenty-two years old, and a little real work would be good for her?' "

She won, with much pleading, a sort of troubled half-assent from him. The matter could be taken up again with Mrs. Ruston.

But Mrs. Ruston was adamant. There were other nurses, though, to be got, she pointed out. Somewhere one could be found, no doubt, who'd take a broader view.

Given a fair field, Rose might have won a victory here. But, as Portia had said once, the pattern was cut differently. There was a sudden alarm one night, when her little namesake was found strangling with the croup. There were seven terrifying hours — almost unendurable hours, while the young life swung and balanced over the ultimate abyss. The heroine of those hours was Mrs. Ruston. That the child lived was clearly creditable to her.

Rose made another effort even after that, though she knew she was beaten in advance. She waited until the old calm routine was re-established. Then, once more, she asked for her chance.

But Rodney exploded before she got the words fairly out of her mouth. "No," he shouted, "I won't consider it! She's saved that baby's life. You'll have to find some way of satisfying your whims that won't jeopardize those babies' lives. After that night— Good God, Rose, have you *forgotten* that night?—I'm going to play it safe."

Rose paled a little and sat ivory still in her chair. There were no miracles any more. The great dam was swept away.

*The next instalment of* ***"The Real Adventure"*** *will appear in the October number.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# CHAUTAUQUA STARS

## MEN AND WOMEN WHO BRING THE LAUGH AND THE UPLIFT TO THE SUMMER "ASSEMBLIES" IN REAL NATIVE AMERICA.

*"There is probably no other one educational influence in the country so fraught with hope for the future of the nation as the Chautauqua movement."*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"CHAUTAUQUA" is a word—and idea—of a pure unadulterated American ancestry. Most of our other efforts in entertainment and in education must be admitted to be imported goods. This is true of Compulsory Schooling and of University Extension. It is true of Vaudeville and of Grand Opera. But the Chautauqua is home-grown — made in U. S. A. We have given the world apple-pie, ice-cream, corn on the cob, a few other things, and Chautauqua Assemblies.

Naturally the Chautauqua idea grew up in the forests and on the prairies, not in the cities. It grew up, that is, where the native American runs free and true to type, not where he has been infected by the worldly and effete European notion of going out and having a gauzy and gaseous Good Time utterly unbuttressed by Uplift.

Coney Island may do for the New Yorker. Your antique American, in his native haunts, after shooting the chutes, would want the management to turn an Inspirational Lecturer loose on him with a pithy discourse on some such little theme as "Whence, Whither, and Why? Or, Human Fate from the Shell-Fish to Shakespeare," and he would want to go home with his ears full of a lot of new jokes *and* of "Build Thee More Stately Mansions, O My Soul!"

That's America. That's what's made it. And that's what's made the Chautauquas. But they remained virtually unknown to the uppish inhabitants of our larger cities till, on a dismal day, their nerves were racked by the news that a Secretary of State had appeared at a "Chautauqua" in close proximity to some *yodlers*.

Great humiliation and degradation was added to the scene by the yodlers. Shucks! Has the American spirit entirely died out in our cities? Don't the paragraphers of the metropolitan newspapers know that a real American, uncowed by the European notion of putting a Good Time into one compartment of life and Statesmanship into another, can yodle and can attack the problem of the Higher Criticism or of Plutocracy within the same five minutes?

He can. And he is doing it this year at *three thousand* Chautauqua assemblies.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DUNBAR'S SINGING BELL RINGERS.

YOU see before you, ladies and gentlemen, one of the most popular and highest-priced bell-ringing organizations on this continent or any other. These young musicians — and athletes — will pounce on bells and ring them this summer with reckless rollicking agility, resulting in tunes, in scores of towns on the Coit-Alber Circuits in Ohio and thereabouts.

Catch the word "circuits." That's the word that has swamped the Chautauqua *movement* into the Chautauqua *business*.

The Chautauqua *movement*, of course, must be credited to Bishop John H. Vincent, of the Methodist Church. He started it when he established his "Sunday-School Assembly" on the shores of Lake Chautauqua in western New York in 1874.

Similar, though smaller, assemblies followed. But they were local and unconnected. For thirty years.

Then came the circuit idea. A man in Iowa had it first. His name is Vawter. He bought a tent. And he hired "talent." "Talent" is the Chautauqua name for lecturers and bell-ringers and yodlers and visiting statesmen and all other performers. Mr. Vawter took his talent and his tent and presented them in Town A for a certain number of days and then moved both tent and talent on to Town B, and so speeded up the pursuit of happiness considerably.

But the Prohibition Party of Illinois, in the very next year—namely, the year 1905—showed Mr. Vawter that his idea could be enlarged and improved. They bought *seven* tents. And they hired enough talent to talk and sing and otherwise cheer and inspire for seven days. Then they presented their first day's talent in their first tent in Town A and, that night, moved that talent on at once to Town B, where, in their second tent, on the next day, they began their Assembly Number Two. And so on. At the end of the week they had seven assemblies going, and their first tent was getting ready to be moved on to the eighth town.

Thus, with only enough talent to amuse a town for a week, they amused seven towns a week and so schemed out the pattern on which the tremendous Chautauqua business of to-day has been built.

To-day, as the National Lincoln System, these men operate Chautauquas in 337 towns.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SWISS ALPINE YODLERS.

WE PAUSE in our explanation of the business side of Chautauqua Assemblies to introduce, with great pleasure and with some awe, the group of performers which Mr. Bryan made famous. These are the real original Chautauqua-circuit star yodlers. They came to this country for the St. Louis Exposition, but were ensnared by the circuits and have never returned to their native heath or heather. The financial conditions in this country for the yodling voice are superb.

In fact, the popularity and pulling power of the human yodle in the United States is such that these yodlers are reserved for the last day—for the final and ultimate climax—in the Assemblies which they honor with their presence. You will perceive the full magnitude of that fact when you perceive the full mechanism of the circuit system.

There are some twenty "systems" or central offices in the United States to-day, running circuits. Some of these offices run as many as five different circuits at once.

A fair size for a circuit is fifty towns. But there is one circuit which starts in Florida and does not finish till it reaches Michigan, after having given its talent a chance to see 125 American small towns in one summer.

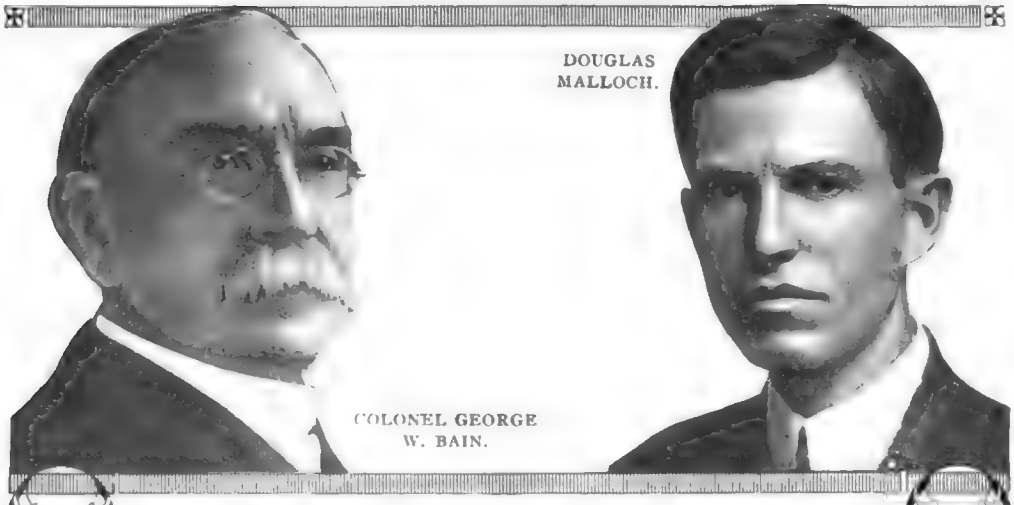
That circuit is owned by the Redpath "System" of Chicago. And one of its talent this year is Alice Nielsen, with a light and heavy opera past. Seeing those 125 towns will be very interesting to her and will repay her to the extent of some $30,000 or $40,000.

But we must bear down hard on the fact that even Alice Nielsen is nothing but gravy for the strong meat which it is the principal business of the American Chautauqua to furnish. The gravy may sometimes cost more. But the strong meat is the supremely characteristic part of the meal. And, of all the many varieties of it served at Chautauquas, the oldest and strongest and most characteristic is The Lecturer. Simply The Lecturer.

You see, in Colonial times we got used to sermons—three-hour sermons—and the desire to listen to Messages is in our blood. Therefore every Chautauqua circuit, besides yodlers or bell-ringers or opera song-birds *or their equivalent*, carries a large number of Message-Bearers and, first among them, the *Inspirational* Lecturer. He stands up and *lifts* up.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

COLONEL GEORGE W. BAIN.

SO OUR speaker of the evening, my friends, will be Colonel George W. Bain, a man than whom— But "than whom" is a very mild and temperate way of introducing Colonel Bain. He is the dean of all inspirational Chautauqua lecturers. You don't see his name much in metropolitan newspapers. But it is thoroughly and gratefully known in millions of American households in small towns and on farms. He will give us to-night his world-famous lecture on "If I Could Live Life Over."

You perceive the beauty and practical desirability of that title. Colonel Bain can talk about anything he wants to. And he will. Your real inspirational lecturer takes firm hold of all Science and of all Art and of all History and of all everything else and concocts from them a blend of profuse information and of homely wisdom and of rugged humor and of dauntless optimism which braces your courage and unlimbers your kindliness and sends your ambitions soaring upward out into the blue night over the white tent to the stars which you look at with a dominating eye as you walk home. Which is good for you.

Colonel Bain is doing the regular Chautauqua season this summer with a company called the Ellison-White. This company shows that the Chautauqua idea has struck its roots pretty fairly deep into the Pacific Slope. The Ellison-White" System" has two circuits on that Slope, with a total of 150 towns.

Well, if we don't get Colonel Bain we may get Mr. Ralph Parlette. Or else Dr. Edward Amherst Ott, who will turn on his ever-popular lecture entitled "Sour Grapes." That lecture is one of the big winners in the Chautauqua business. People have stood for it 2,000 times. And they will stand for it many hundreds of times more, even in the rain.

You may think of Dr. Ott illumining the eastern part of the United States this summer, on the Redpath New York circuit in northern New York and in Vermont and in New Hampshire.

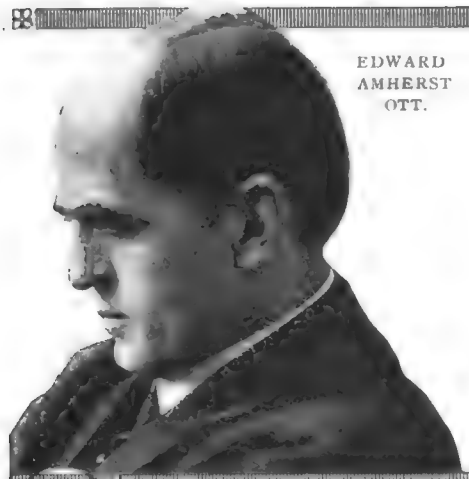
But the man who has delivered a stock lecture the largest number of times is, of course—well, who? Too bad. There are a great many things about this country you don't know. The man who has delivered a stock lecture the largest number of times is Dr. Russell H. Conwell, Pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia.

The title of this lecture is "Acres of Diamonds." He was delivering it long before the Chautauqua circuits were organized. But he is heard at Chautauquas now. And he has delivered that lecture, that same lecture, more than 5,000 times. Mr. George M. Cohan might well regard that as something of a run.

A touch of feeling is added to Dr. Conwell's record by the fact that all his receipts from his lectures for thirty years have been devoted by him to the education of young men. And those young men, many of them no longer so very young, who have been helped toward an education by Dr. Conwell, now number more than 1,600.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



EDWARD AMHERST OTT.

FRANK STOCKDALE.

IN INTRODUCING Mr. Malloch and Mr. Stockdale, (who, by mistake, face you from opposite pages!) we must congratulate ourselves—or else express our deep regret—that times have changed for the better—or worse—since the first old Chautauqua tent was pegged out.

There are new kinds of lecturers now. The old kind, the inspirational kind, always took you 'way out of the day's routine. But this young man Malloch! He's going to plunge you deeper into it than ever.

The cruel fact is that the spirit of do-it-now-and-do-it-with-a-diagram practical reform has invaded those last national emotional preserves, the Chautauqua assemblies. What's Mr. Malloch going to lecture on? "Shredded Thoughts from Great Brains"? Not at all. He's going to lecture on "This Town of Yours." That and nothing more.

Mr. Malloch is a "Community Builder." It seems like a large order. But the kind of work he does is the special offering of a "system" called the Community Chautauquas, which already has three circuits and a couple of hundred of towns in them.

A community builder does *not* loaf on the job. He can't. He gets to a town and, in the afternoon, after a "prelude"—which means any kind of musical performance, such as bell-ringing, to take the curse off the seriousness which is to follow—he stands up in the tent and discourses on civic prob*lums* in general—health, business, government. That's fairly easy, but:

In the morning, before his lecture, and in the afternoon when his lecture is over, he meets the citizens of the town and learns what special problems have been bothering them in that particular town and then, in the evening, after another prelude has taken another curse off, he sails into those special problems and shows that particular town how to sail into them when he has wended his weary way on to the next particular town with special problems all its own.

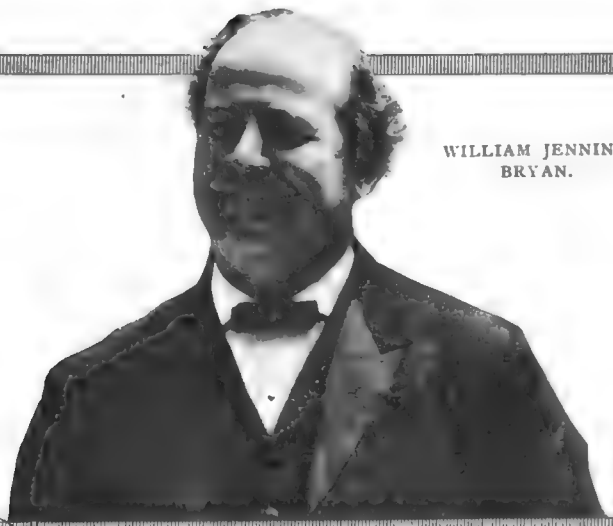
But even in "Community Building" there is coming to be specialization. To prove that point we present to you Mr. Frank Stockdale, who, when the Male Quartette has rocked the cradle of the deep, will address you not on town welfare as a whole, but on just one part of it—on business—just business—*small-town* business. And there aren't many subjects in America more important.

How many small towns are getting smaller? Thousands and thousands of them. They are sick, ailing. They are having to fight for their lives. But aren't the farmers around them prosperous? Decidedly. But the farmers are buying their goods, to the annual total of several hundreds of millions of dollars, from the mail-order houses. And they are even doing their banking by mail, sending money hundreds of miles off to the banks in the big cities. And the small towns, in all the most prosperous states of the Union, for these reasons and for others, are, as a class, languishing.

It is Mr. Stockdale's job to sail into that one special problem and to show the small-town business man the newest devices for keeping small-town business at home.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

From stereograph, copyright, 1908, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THIS gentleman, I need hardly say, needs no introduction from me. While Mr. Stockdale was giving us his lecture on "Keeping Up with Rising Costs" the other night and showing us how to compete successfully with those large retail giants in Chicago, we received a telegram, our local committee did, from the "system" which manages this Chautauqua, saying that Mr. Bryan would be available for us on this evening, and I need hardly say that we accepted, and I think I voice the sentiments of all present here this evening in this immense assemblage in this beautiful tent in saying that I need— Gentlemen—Ladies and Gentlemen—Mr. William JENNINGS Bryan.

That's the way Mr. Bryan goes to the Chautauquas. Let Vice-President Marshall go to work for some one "system." (Mr. Marshall, by the way, is working this summer for the White-Myers "system," which "owns" some 300 towns in five circuits stretching all the way across this country, south to north, from Texas to the Dakotas.) Mr. Bryan is his own "system." He lets it be known that on a certain day he is willing to say a few words. He then opens his mail and reads large numbers of letters from regular "systems" urging him to let those few words fall on some town in their territory.

Mr. Bryan has always treated the Chautauquas and the patrons of Chautauquas with scrupulous fairness in the matter of money. He stipulates that the price of admission to his lecture shall not be higher than the price charged for admission to the best regular attraction at the Chautauqua at which he is appearing. His minimum fee is $250. The next $250 of gate-receipts goes to the Chautauqua. Above that, the money is divided equally.

An average audience for Mr. Bryan is about three thousand people. Since there are season tickets, at a greatly reduced rate, as well as individual admissions, it is difficult and even impossible to calculate Mr. Bryan's average income per lecture. All that one can say safely is that it amounts to many hundreds of dollars and makes him easily the starriest of Chautauqua stars.

Mr. Bryan's subjects on the Chautauqua platform are tinged heavily with the Inspirational. He does not belong to the specialist school at all. His favorite lectures for Chautauqua purposes are "The Making of a Man" and "The Prince of Peace."

Now it may have been just to criticize Mr. Bryan for absenting himself from the State Department in order to give lectures. But the criticism which was visited on him for giving those lectures in the same tent with yodlers was clearly due to a total misunderstanding of the Chautauqua idea and of Chautauqua practise. Mr. Bryan couldn't have chosen a more serious scene for his endeavors. Statisticians have rightly calculated that if all the seriousness generated in American Chautauquas during any one summer were taken down to the city of Washington, it would fill the State Department and the Diplomatic Corps with enough gloom to spoil every dinner-party in Washington for fifteen years.



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NINA LAMKIN.

SO WE come to Miss Nina Lamkin. Enough of lecturers, for a while. But we may remark, before we leave them altogether, that a regular first-magnitude star—not a comet, like Mr. Bryan—but a plain, industrious, on-the-job, shining-every-night star—will pull out from fifty to one hundred dollars per appearance.

It is clear, therefore, that a Chautauqua star who does a hundred dates a year has every right to put an advertisement in the Chautauqua trade papers with a permanent post-office address at some cozy resort in the mountains or on the shore. For more than two-thirds of the year he can live at that resort and repeat his lecture to himself every day for practise, and even—if he is very adventurous—plan a new lecture.

The price for lecturers will indicate that the running expenses of a Chautauqua circuit management are fairly high. And this fact is further indicated when you reflect that the price for a musical organization is from $150 to $400 a week. Brass bands are exceptional among musical organizations, and cost still more. Their price runs from $750 to $1,200 a week. And it is rumored, both by publicity managers and by others, that Creatore's Band, this year doing a Chautauqua circuit, will cost the management almost $3,000 every weekly pay-day.

And yet the competition in the Chautauqua business forces the managements to add new offerings yearly to their already extensive programs—a condition of things which is ably illustrated by Miss Lamkin. It is not enough to inform and entertain and uplift the adults. It is also necessary to divert and recreate and otherwise be father and mother to all the children in the town and in the neighborhood.

Miss Lamkin is a supervisor of physical education in the Young Women's Christian Association at St. Louis. She—and other women in the same line of work—can be regarded as carrying the new message of Organized Play to the boys and girls on the Chautauqua circuits.

The mob of youngsters gathers in front of the big tent on the very first day of the Assembly. The Play Lady organizes it. And thereafter, each day, it learns new games from the Play Lady, or it listens to new stories from her, or it goes out into the woods and fields for a walk with her and discovers that, very strangely, she knows more flowers and trees than anybody else; and especially, it practises at a Pageant, this mob of children does, and, on the grand last day, it performs that Pageant to the grown-ups who, in the meantime, have had a chance to listen to a lecturer without also listening to Johnnie and Maggie; and the grown-ups discover that the children have been changed from a mob into a community organization!

And it's all thrown in with all the other offerings of all the other talent in the Assembly; and you can buy a general admission to the whole proposition from the morning of the first day to the evening of the last for a rate usually of about *two dollars!* Is there a better buy in the amusement business in America?

But hush! A scandal!

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE KAFIR BOYS CHOIR.

AT THE bottom of this page you observe "The Comedy Players." These persons are actors, from behind footlights. There is a change, after all, in the real native America. It began when the Elocutionist was permitted to stand up and "read" the "Curse of Rome" out of "Richelieu." "Richelieu" is undeniably a play. But the management called it a Peep into Great Literature. So the downward slide was soft-soaped. And pretty soon a whole group of elocutionists came and read a whole Peep in costume. To-day there are at least eight companies doing Shakespearean repertory at the Chautauquas.

There was only one more downward step to take. It has been taken. Plays are now presented that are simply plays and not uplifts at all. The light drama, as well as the heavy drama, has been carried into the shrine of American Puritanism. "The Comedy Players" is one of the first organizations to do it.

THE COMEDY PLAYERS.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE only amusement business which can be at all compared with the Chautauquas for mental range and variety is the best vaudeville. But the Chautauquas, generally speaking, leave even the best vaudeville far behind. Now these Kafir boys. They were collected painstakingly in the wooziest wilds of Africa, by Mr. J. H. Balmer, and are now warbling on one of the Redpath-Vawter circuits, out of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Now note the high-brow persons at the bottom of this page. They are colleagues of Vice-President Marshall, under the management of the White-Myers "system." There must be yodlers and Kafir boys. But there must also be choirs, doing the kind of music, classical, ecclesiastical, etc., which increases the distance between eyebrow and forelock even on vice-presidential countenances. As a spreader and leveler of musical taste the Chautauqua is outstripped only by the phonograph.

THE CECILIAN CHOIR.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DR. WILLIAM S. SADLER, MRS. ANNA B. KELLOGG, DR. LENA K. SADLER.

AND now, friends, after permitting ourselves to relax for a while in company with Palestrina and Brahms and Wagner and those fellows, we must return to the real reason why we're here. We mustn't be frivolous very long. And of course we mustn't lap up information too continuously. The Sadlers will see to that. They may be regarded, in a way, as an archtypical Chautauqua "troupe."

We beg Dr. Sadler's pardon for the word "troupe."

Anyway, our ancestors who lived on these prairies didn't know they were unhealthy, but they were. We of this generation spend as much time pursuing health as our ancestors, with hard liquor and fried pork and closed windows, spent in catching up with it and wrecking it. Therefore the Sadlers. Pursuing health isn't only for Palm Beach. It's for the Chautauqua circuit to-day.

We present accordingly Dr. William S. Sadler of Chicago, head of the Department of Therapeutics in the Post-Graduate Medical School. We present also Mrs. Lena K. Sadler, likewise a doctor and a teacher of doctoring. We present, further, Mrs. Sadler's sister, Mrs. Kellogg, a trained nurse.

I must inform you that the Sadlers will accept no patients during their tours—or fees. They will only lecture and advise. They are the equivalents of the columns of medical advice by distinguished doctors in the metropolitan papers. But they are much better, because after Dr. Sadler has lectured on What to do till the Doctor Comes, and after Mrs. Sadler has lectured on Dressing and Feeding Children, and after Mrs. Kellogg has lectured on Home Nursing, they will all meet all of you who want to come at a conference where you may ask them questions. Which you can't do to the doctor who writes the daily column.

But this doesn't show why we call them a "troupe." Learn, then, that they carry with them, as they should, a "reader." Miss Wilmer, Dramatic Reader. And along about the time when your brain aches with how to bandage Uncle Hiram's hand if it gets caught in the mower, Miss Wilmer rises and sends reviving shivers down your spine with her inspired rendition of "The Sign of the Cross." Get it? Up-to-date Medical Science and "The Sign of the Cross" *in one organization*. That's Chautauqua.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE CHICAGO METHODIST PREACHERS QUARTETTE.

WELL, the Information has all gone by for a while. And most of the Inspiration. But there's one thing we've missed. I've felt it. You've felt it. An awful gap. You can't have much of a Chautauqua without a male quartette. Everything else in the world is shallow compared with the bass, and groveling compared with the tenor, of a male quartette. Well, here's the Methodist Preachers' Quartette —all ordained—all members of the Rock River Conference. Every one of them could cut loose and preach to you, but they've promised not to. (Laughter and Cheers.)

But why do we choose this quartette especially? In the first place, because Rev. Holland (the others are Rev. Gage, Rev. Moon, and Rev. Briggs) has a throat-whistle. Nay, more. He has the only throat-whistle on the Chautauqua platform. Which makes it pretty nearly safe to say that he has the only throat-whistle in the world. If there were any other, it would be on some circuit. Ever hear a throat-whistle? Probably not. But it is to an ordinary whistle what a super-dreadnought is to a one-lung motor-boat.

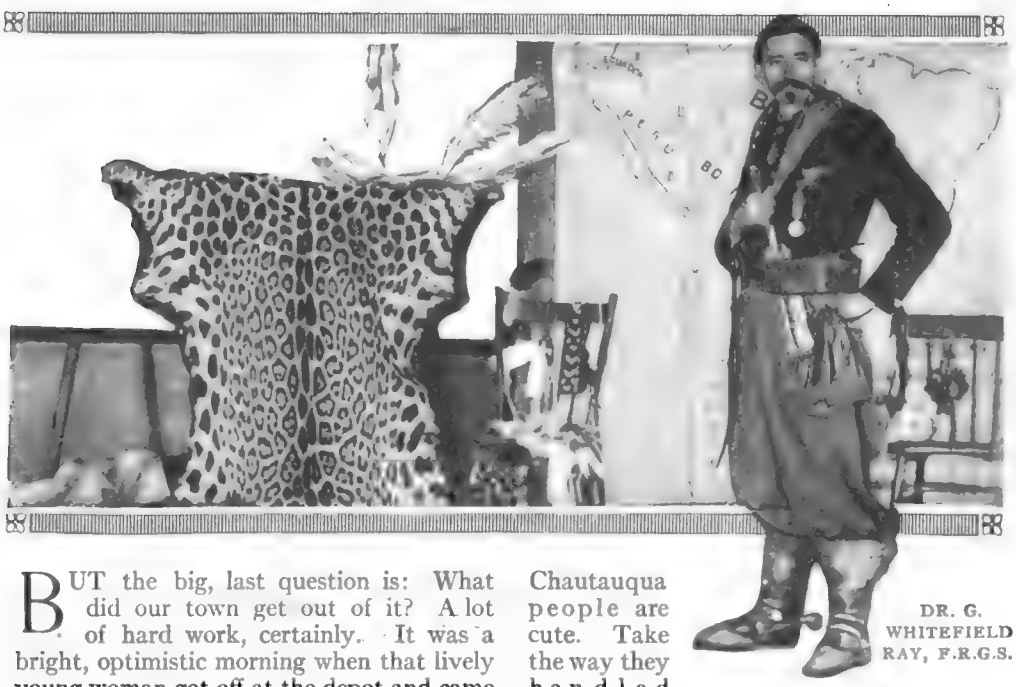
The other reason why we choose this quartette from among all the ground-and-lofty, four-cornered vocal tumbling acts in America, is that they are booked by the Chautauqua Managers' Association—which gives us a chance to say something about the "systems" which do *not* manage circuits. The Chautauqua Managers' Association is among them. These non-circuit "systems" simply deal in talent. They make bookings. That's all. And they are of special value to the "independent" Chautauquas, which take their talent from anywhere they please or can.

Putting the circuit Chautauquas and the independent Chautauquas together, there will be more than 25,000,000 paid admissions at Chautauqua assemblies this summer. And this calculation doesn't include a million or so of children who will be organized and recreated by the circuits which send out Play Ladies.

There are many circuits we haven't mentioned—the Alkahest in the South, and the Jones and the Midland in the Mississippi Valley; and there are circuits outlined under the management of universities—the Universities of Wisconsin and of Minnesota and of North Dakota and of Purdue.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



DR. G. WHITEFIELD RAY, F.R.G.S.

BUT the big, last question is: What did our town get out of it? A lot of hard work, certainly. It was a bright, optimistic morning when that lively young woman got off at the depot and came to see us fellows on Main Street and got us to engage to sell so many season tickets to have the Assembly come here.

But we came mighty near to selling those tickets. There were just a few we didn't sell. And we had to buy them in ourselves. But that was all right. When the tent was pegged out, and when the Circuit took charge, an awful lot of business came to town. They scattered papers on old man Squires's lawn, like he said they would, but he sold ten times as many sodas in his drug-store as he ever sold before—and still he's sore. There are fellows like that in every town. And think what he's seen!

That man Ray, for instance. Nobody could truthfully deny that he was in Bolivia. Not if they sat where they could see his boots. And he surely made good on telling us about trade in South America and all that. He's a traveler. And it's not only Ray but all the rest. I'd just like to ask you, when you think over all the lecturers that have been here this summer, United States Senators and University Professors and Big Authors and everything, how many people in Chicago and New York *see* as many real big men and shake hands with them as we do right here in this little town.

That's what the young lady said, and she's right. Of course, I will admit those Chautauqua people are cute. Take the way they handled those yodlers. They had them for the prelude to the lecturer on the last afternoon. And then, in the evening, they had them for the prelude again. And then, when the evening lecturer was finished, they turned them on once more and they sent us home with yodles in our brains. But that's all right. There was a lot of inspiration in that Chautauqua.

Yes, that word "inspiration," to start with and to end with, is the reason why the Chautauqua business grows.

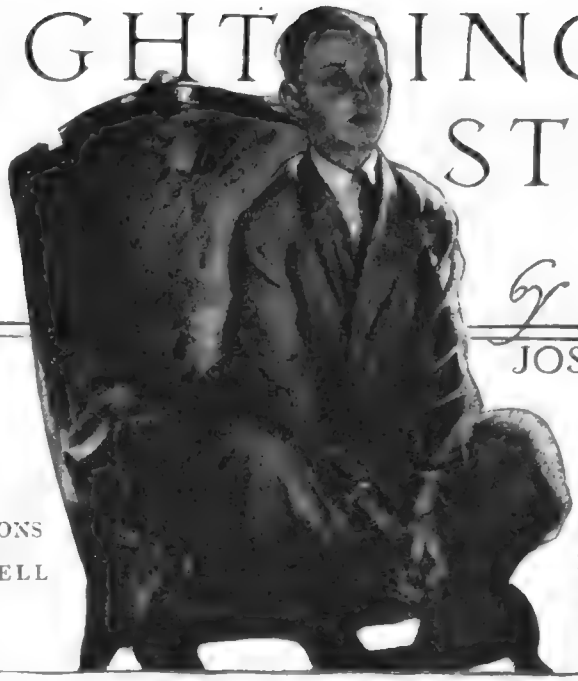
Of course some of the circuits are more idealistic than others, to the extent even of being absolutely non-profit-making organizations, like the Pennsylvania "system"—which was founded by wealthy Quakers to forward their principles without the prospect or possibility of dividends. But many of the "systems" which are conspicuously profitable are just as inspirational in their offerings as the Pennsylvania.

The last touch to the business has been added by certain circuits which share up their final profits with the town itself. So the town has a statue in front of the library. Or some other visible thing, and tangible, to commemorate the visit to our town of the Inspiration which John H. Vincent, Bishop and Educator and American, left in the world.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# FIGHTING STOCK



By JOSEPHINE A MEYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

SUPPOSE WHEN HE GOT BACK HOME HE WERE TO HEAR THAT HE, TOO, MIGHT HAVE A TRY AT ENTERING WEST POINT!

WALTER yawned loudly and closed the book he had been reading. His hero had come to a point where, having killed two lions and imprisoned the cub, he was resting before his camp-fire to make up for four days and nights of sleeplessness. Walter idly wondered how long the adventurer could go without sleeping; and he yawned again. Perhaps the climate of Africa is less enervating, or perhaps the excitement of lion-hunting acts as a tonic. . . .

At his third yawn he began to resent the indefatigability of the hero and let the book slide slowly to the floor. The thump of its landing woke him to his full senses.

He stood up and stretched. As he did so he glanced out of the window and saw the boy next door entering his gateway whistling and swinging a strapful of books. In the middle of a self-satisfied smile at his own freedom from school Walter suddenly became conscious of what was the matter with him: he was lonely and bored; he missed school; he envied the boy next door!

He rose, picked up his book, and placed it carefully on the center-table—his mother had warned him at parting that tidiness was a debt he owed to his aunt's hospitality—and went out on to the front porch.

It was a beautiful day. The yellow October leaves fluttered crisply against a background of bright blue sky. A little burst of sound caught his attention, a clamor of clucking hens and peeping chickens mingled with a boyish voice calling, "*Here* chick, chick, chick! *Here* chick!"

Walter left the porch and sauntered to the fence that divided the two gardens. The boy next door was standing with a bowl of appetizing yellow corn, besieged by noisy fowls.

"Hungry, aren't they?" volunteered Walter.

Though he had been living here for three days, he had not spoken to the boy next door till now, partly through bashfulness, partly because his aunt seemed so bent on making them friends.

"Sure they are," was the cheerful answer. "I went off without feeding them this morning. You'd be hungry, too."

"When did they have their last meal?" Walter was not really interested, but this seemed the only way to follow up the conversation.

"Yesterday morning."

"Great Scott! How could they live?"

"Oh, I've left them for much longer. They eat grass and pick up scraps. The only danger is leaving 'em locked in the chicken-house and *then* forgetting them. I did that once."

"What happened?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Three died."

"Gee! What did your folks say?"

"They said it served me right. They're my chickens, you see. I earn pocket-money selling the eggs. I could earn a lot more if I didn't forget 'em all the time. It isn't so good for them not to be fed regular."

"That's a great stunt, that egg business. How'd you get your chickens?"

"I got some for Christmas and I've hatched out some. Are you going to live here? I'll help you fix up a run and a little henhouse. You've got a slick yard for it."

"I'm not, though. This is my aunt's. I've just come because my father is sick."

"That's too bad." The boy next door looked awkwardly sympathetic. "Anything serious?"

"Pneumonia. I guess it's pretty bad."

"Gee, you bet! I had an uncle who died with it."

Walter felt a queer thrill. "Oh, well, this isn't that bad. Besides, he's a doctor, and he knows how to take care of himself."

"How'd he get it?" The chicken-owner tucked the empty pan under his arm and leaned interestedly on the fence.

"It was raining cats and dogs, and he got wet. He was in the little runabout and didn't stop to put up the rubbers because he was in a hurry to get to a patient. Then he stood round working in his wet things."

"That's just how my uncle got it. At least, he fell overboard while he was rowing, and it was November and he got chilled before he got the chance to change his things. It's an awfully treacherous disease."

Walter felt weak. "Mother looked pretty worried," he admitted. "Say, I wonder——"

"Oh, I guess not. This happened years ago—about ten years, I guess. They know lots more about medicine now," the other hastened to rather late reassurance.

"Sure, and my father's a doctor, and all—" added Walter, anxious to be convinced.

"It'll be all right. What's your name?"

"Walter Latham. What's yours?"

"Kenyon Crane. I was named after my mother's family, the Kenyons. Ever hear of Major Kenyon in the Spanish War?"

"Sure." Walter tried to look as if he had.

"Well, he's my uncle, and my grandfather was a colonel in the Civil War. And the uncle that died—his son's up at West Point."

"Say! That's some record!"

"It looks like boasting to tell about it," apologized Kenyon, "but I sort of feel I have to explain my first name. It sounds fancy if I don't."

"I don't know why they named me Walter. I had a grandfather Walter, but he wasn't anything but just a doctor, like my father. He died before I was born."

"I'm going to try for West Point myself, when I'm old enough," declared Kenyon, following his own line of thought.

"I've always wanted to be a soldier." Walter tried to smother his envy and keep his voice careless and natural. "But my folks have it all fixed up for me. Father wants me to be a surgeon, and I suppose I shall, if he's so set on it."

"I'll call on you when I need a leg amputated," grinned Kenyon. "But say, there are worse things than being a surgeon. I guess you could get into some regiment easy, that way."

"Ye-es." Walter hesitated. "I suppose it helps your country if you're an army surgeon, too."

"You bet it does. Of course you miss all the fighting, back there with the wounded. But it's pretty noble work in its way, too."

"Ye-es."

A little silence fell between them.

"Well"—Kenyon broke the pause—"I've got to beat it in and get to work on my algebra. We have a test to-morrow."

Walter entered the house feeling very much better. He went back to the library and the young lion-hunter, but found the adventures that woke the hero from his refreshing sleep rather dull. He began to wonder what use there was in being courageous merely to kill wild beasts. That was a poor sort of glory. For a long time he sat with his chin in his palm, thinking of nobler matters: Kenyon's grandfather fighting for the Stars and Stripes back in the stirring sixties; Kenyon's uncle in Cuba. . . .

It grew darker and darker.

How calmly Kenyon had spoken of the all but unattainable glory of West Point! He wondered what Kenyon's cousin was like. Suppose when he got back home he were to hear that he, too, might have a try at entering West Point! It swirled, as dreams will, into reality. He would show Kenyon that even without glorious ancestors he bore the blood of dormant heroes. . . .

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I'LL CALL ON YOU WHEN I NEED A LEG AMPUTATED," GRINNED KENYON.

"Are you there, Walter?"

It was his aunt's voice.

"Yes."

"In the dark! Are you asleep?"

"No ma'am!" Walter's face burned hotly. His aunt had interrupted a single-handed charge against an invincible enemy. He had not been sure that he was coming out of it alive. He rose and went to her and she met him half-way in the dark room. She put her arm about his shoulders and he felt something vaguely disquieting in the tenderness of her embrace. He drew from it cautiously, wishing not to hurt her feelings.

"We're going to have supper right away, dear. I thought you might like to go up and wash."

"Sure." He was glad of an excuse to move away. "I didn't hear Uncle Dick come in."

"He—won't be back to-night. He has business out of town."

It is not easy under the best circumstances for a lone nephew to entertain his aunt at table. To-night it was impossible. Walter would have given up several times only that the silences between her "Yes, dear," or "Really, dear?" and his remark next following were somehow less bearable than the sound of his own voice talking against the strain of half attention. In vain he tried to arouse her former enthusiasm in Kenyon Crane.

"Did you know his grandfather was a colonel in the Civil War?"

"Was he?"

"Yes. I don't know whether he was killed in a battle or not. I forgot to ask. Do you know?"

"No, dear."

"His uncle was in the Spanish War, too."

"Really?"

"Yes, and he has a cousin at West Point now."

"That's very nice."

It was hard work. By the time dinner was over Walter felt a bit exhausted.

"Have you any books about soldiers?" he asked his aunt as they went into the library.

She lit a special lamp for him and set him browsing among the old juveniles that had belonged to her husband, and he was relieved to see her seat herself some little distance away. He discovered the heroically colossal folly of "The Drums of the Fore


Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and Aft" and in the middle of it looked up to find his aunt staring through him, her eyes glassy.

"What's the matter?" he asked, startled.

She turned away quickly. "I believe I'm sleepy," she explained. "I'd better go to bed."

"Do you mind if I stay up and finish this?" he asked.

"Not at all, dear."

He bore up under the tenderness of her good night.

The next morning Kenyon stopped and asked Walter to walk to school with him. He brought over a big book. "Look here," he said. "This might interest you. It's a United States history, and they mention my grandfather's name in it."

"Gee whiz!" gasped Walter. "Was he killed in the war?"

"No, he's still alive. He's pretty old now and kind of deaf, but he used to tell us the bulliest stories. It broke him all up when Uncle Roger died. He couldn't see how a little wetting could kill a Kenyon. You ought to hear of the hardships they used to go through! They lived on polluted water and tramped through swamps and were drenched in rain and snow day after day. Lots of them died that way, of course, but most of them stood it like—like—soldiers. Grandpa says they don't make men like that nowadays. But it's really the training, I think. A soldier has to go through it and he gets hardened."

"I wish we had some soldier blood in us," declared Walter. "Maybe—maybe my father wouldn't have caught cold so easily if we had. Gee! Your grandfather must be proud to see his name in a history book!"

"I think he is," admitted Kenyon, "though he won't say much about it. You can bet I am! It makes me feel as if I'd have to get into a history, too, to make good. I'd love to be a President, but I guess that's pretty hard. I'm really aiming to be the chief general of the United States Army. With all this to back me, I *could*."

Walter felt himself grow dizzy and discouraged. Why didn't *he* dare to have these ambitions?

"I guess soldiers feel like that," declared Kenyon, absorbed in his subject. "It's fighting-blood. You want to conquer things."

"I know that feeling," said Walter, suddenly. "I get that too; but there's something different. Gosh, I guess I'm just common stuff—the kind that's satisfied to be a private citizen all his days!" He found himself sneering.

"Don't say that. You might be something else after all," said Kenyon consolingly. "Here we are at school. I'll see you later."

"Good-by."

Walter walked slowly home. He felt as if he were tied hand and foot. He could see Kenyon Crane's name in histories that his children, the sons of the obscure surgeon, Dr. Latham, would read and study.

It surprised him to find his uncle standing on the porch with his aunt. They were looking toward the gateway as if expecting some one; and as he drew near he could see that his aunt held a valise and an overcoat which he recognized as his own. His uncle called the explanation to him.

"You're to go home with me, Walter. We can catch the 9:35 train."

"Home?" repeated Walter. "Is father better?"

"Not exactly, but he wants to see you," answered his uncle. "He asked for you several times and your mother thinks it would be better if you were there——"

"Good-by, dear," his aunt interrupted, kissing Walter. "You haven't much time. Good-by, Dick." She snatched a hasty kiss from her husband and gave him a little push as if to start him on his way. Turning, she entered the house.

"Come," said Walter's uncle. "Your aunt is right. We haven't any too much time."

They went in silence. Walter felt a strange bashfulness descending upon him. His uncle seemed unfamiliar and disinclined to talk; and it was not until they were on the train that Walter made himself ask the question that was throbbing in his heart.

"Is Dad very sick?"

"Yes."

"Is—" something choked him. "Won't—he—get better?" he jerked out at last.

"We can only hope so."

"Was—was it all through getting wet in the rain?"

"Yes."

"But that happens to lots of people and it never hurts them! And soldiers, who used to live in the wet for weeks and weeks—how is it they didn't—get sick—from it?"

"History doesn't tell us about those who did."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE LOOKED UP TO FIND HIS AUNT STARING THROUGH HIM, HER EYES GLASSY. "WHAT'S THE MATTER?" HE ASKED, STARTLED.

This set Walter thinking along a new line, and a pause ensued before he put his next question. "Was my grandfather in the Civil War?"

"No. He was in Germany with his father, studying medicine."

Walter was silent again till he became conscious of his uncle's eyes, which were bent on him with a curious expression.

"Was my other grandfather in the war?"

"No; that was before he came over from England."

"We've never had any soldiers in the family at all, then?"

"Not so far as I know."

"Do you know Kenyon Crane's grandfather?"

"Yes."

"His name's in a history book."

"Yes."

"And we've never been anything!"

His uncle suddenly leaned over and placed his hand on Walter's. "Your great-grandfather died of tuberculosis while he was studying consumption. He was too young to have added anything except the memory of his own martyrdom to the record of those who are fighting the biggest fight in the world. His son, the grandfather after whom you were named, took up the work. He died of blood-poisoning from a very simple accident. He had worn himself out taking care of a scarlet-fever epidemic. Your father—" but his uncle drew away his hand and ceased to speak.

Walter sat with unseeing eyes watching the country flash by the car window. He felt confused, and, in an odd way, frightened. He realized that something tremendous was being imparted to him, but he could not apprehend the lesson. What was Patriotism? What was Ambition? What was Fame? . . . Above all, what was Death?

He could not think clearly. He was puzzled and depressed.

When he left the train with his uncle he discovered that the little railroad station he had known all his life had become suddenly unfamiliar to him. The loungers, the station-agent, the expressmen, and the drivers of the rickety vehicles that came down to meet the train, all seemed to realize that he was no longer one of them, and stared as if he were a newcomer. Jed Halloway, who drove the surrey into which he and his uncle

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

now climbed, was no longer the sour and threatening Jed Halloway he had always viewed as his natural enemy. This new Jed Halloway helped him get in by tipping forward the front seat of the carriage, and then tucked the robe about his feet with a queer mixture of respect and tenderness.

Walter had not seen the exchange of glances between Jed and his uncle, nor the former's soundless formation of the words, "Not yet."

He was prepared to find even his home changed, and so was not greatly shocked. There was a strange carriage in the drive, the front door was open, and he caught a glimpse of a blue-and-white uniformed nurse crossing the hall.

Annie, the cook, was standing at the foot of the stairs when he entered. She held a saucepan which she was wiping absently with her checked apron, and held her head on one side as if listening to sounds from above. Her stern Irish face seemed pinched and her eyes and nose were red. Somehow this rather comic figure thrust home the truth to Walter. He began to tremble violently. His uncle grasped his hands and drew him close against the big overcoat.

"Bear up, sonny. Here comes your mother."

Walter steadied himself and went forward to meet her—a changed mother, too—white-faced and drawn, though tearless.

"Come up, dear," she said quietly. "Your father wants to see you."

She took his cold hand without kissing him and led him up to his father's room. At the door she paused.

"Father is—very, very—ill," she said in a queer hard voice. "Do not be frightened, dear. He has a beard that makes him look—look rather—strange."

It was fortunate that she had warned him. All the changes in the people and places were nothing to the change in the face before him, and the big, vacant eyes that looked through and beyond him.

"This is Walter, dear," said his mother.

"Walter." His father's hand grasped his blindly. "Do — what — I — can't. . . . Fight—death—with them. Don't—don't—be afraid. . . ."

They hurried Walter from the room and somehow he found himself alone in the library near a smoldering grate fire, his hands tightly clinched, his teeth set hard.

He sat this way for a long time listening dazedly to the strange, subdued sounds that passed through the house—the throb of some great happening. His only clear idea was a sense of injury that his mother had not kissed him. He felt that had she done so the world could have swung back into its old orbit. That had been the final touch in the horrible transformation.

A passionate desire to escape from the whole bitter unreality of the present swept over him. He rose as if to seek his peace in flight; but the stupidity of this impulse struck him even as he would have acted upon it. He stood staring miserably before him, numb to all things but the deep pain he could not understand. Suddenly something within him leaped mechanically in recognition of the brown back of one of the volumes on the book-shelves before him.

Kenyon Crane's grandfather's name was in that book.

"And when *we* die, nobody cares!" The hot flame of anger rose up within him. What had Kenyon Crane's grandfather done except lead other men to be killed? And they had died causing others to die, there on the big battle-field with the bright flag and the sound of shots and music—all the noise of glory to keep them brave.

Against this vision rose the dull picture of his father driving a motor-car in the pouring rain. . . .

His uncle's message flashed through his mind: the story of those others, his father's father and *his* father before him; those who had fallen silently in the finer battle.

"Fight death with them. Don't be afraid," echoed the dim, halting voice.

It was as if a blaring band had ceased to play and he were left alone under the searching austerity of the quiet stars. His heavy heart thrilled and responded to the realization of his heritage. He understood at last the meaning of all the changes. He had grown up.

He had stepped out of the playhouse with all its lights and music—the playhouse where he had lived so happily as a boy—and he had left Kenyon and the history-book behind him.

He was ready when his uncle came to the door and beckoned him to go up-stairs to his mother.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE LAW IS ALWAYS PUZZLING TO WOMEN. THE COURTS OF ONE STATE CALL THIS LADY A DIVORCÉE. THE COURTS OF ANOTHER CALL HER A STRICTLY WEDDED WIFE.

# THE UNITED STATES OF MATRIMONY

By H. GERALD CHAPIN

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER POPINI

*"If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife." —Julius Cæsar.*

THE law is a mighty jester, though its mirth occasionally partakes of the "acrid Asiatic" quality mentioned by Mr. Kipling. Here is one of its merriest jests.

Can a man be both married and single, a woman both the wife and the mistress of the same man, children both legitimate and illegitimate—all at the same time?

And the point of the jest is that he, she, and they—can be.

Absurd? Not a bit. It is eminently logical.

Infrequent? A mere academic possibility? Not at all.

It is the condition of thousands of our fellow citizens, who, finding the laws of their own commonwealths not sufficiently favorable, have traveled to Nevada, Washington, and other "easy divorce" states. The awful results are only beginning to be felt, and not even beginning popularly to be realized. When, in a few years, some of the many who have divorced and remarried under the present easy-going régime, die, and their estates are in process of settlement, complications will be endless. Women will learn that they are not widows, men that they are not husbands, children will be forced to bear the bar sinister.

Every man and woman who contemplates a trip to Reno or Seattle should thoroughly understand beforehand that the decree which may be handed down is, in many states, just a worthless paper.

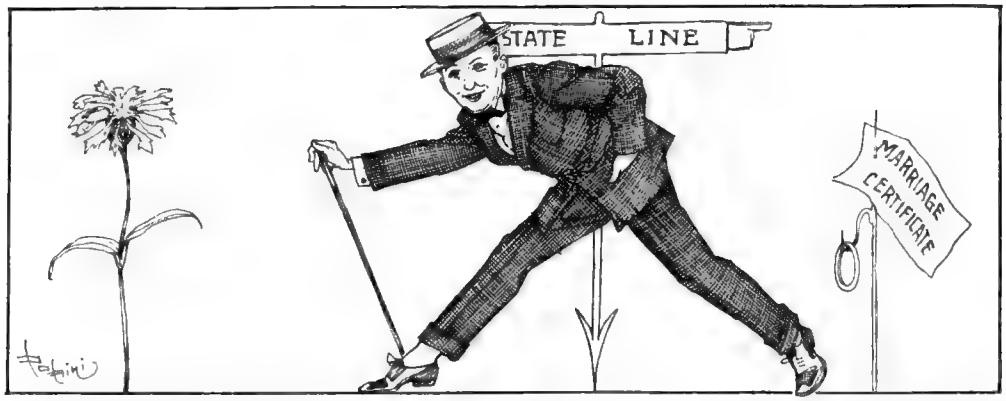
And what of those who have found this out too late?

Take the case of Mrs. Kimball, or rather Mrs. Semon. She married Mr. Semon in the state of New York in 1885. Five years later she went to North Dakota, and after remaining ninety days brought an action for divorce. The papers were handed to Mr. Semon in New York, but he did not appear in the action by an attorney, and the North Dakota court granted Mrs. Semon her divorce. In 1891 she returned to New York, and four years later went through a second ceremony of marriage, with Mr. Kimball (just notice that we did not say she "married" him). A year later Mr. Kimball died, leaving no will.



Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN




QUICK CHANGES IN AMERICAN LIFE. ON ONE SIDE OF THE LINE, HE'S A SOBER BENEDICK. ON THE OTHER, HE'S A GAY BACHELOR.

What then did the law say was the situation of this woman?

The rendition of the North Dakota decree made her a divorced woman in that state, and North Dakota gave her the privilege of remarriage. But in New York she was still the wife of Mr. Semon. Her relations with Mr. Kimball were adulterous. Nor had she a scintilla of claim to his property. His collateral relatives alone could inherit.

So said the New York Court of Appeals in 1908.

Notice that Mr. Semon had refused to set foot within the territorial limits of North Dakota. This is what the recalcitrant spouse usually does. So, to meet the difficulty, practically every commonwealth has placed a law on its books allowing the summons to be served on a non-resident by publishing it in a newspaper and mailing a copy, or it may be by handing it to the other party outside of the state. But suppose the delinquent does not appear in the state in person or by attorney, and allows judgment to be obtained by default. Such a divorce is, of course, good within the limits of the state granting it. But whether other states will recognize this is another question.

*In other words, every state in this country save South Carolina is to-day granting divorces against non-residents on mere service by "publication" or without the state. Yet many of them refuse point-blank to recognize decrees granted in other states.*

The chief participants in this edifying and solemn proceeding—the judge who signs the decree, the attorney who procures it, nay, the very clerk who files it away—know this. Sometimes we may even find a client who likewise knows it.

NOW YOU OWN IT AND NOW YOU DON'T; DEPENDING ON WHERE YOUR HUSBAND LEFT IT AND ALSO ON WHERE HE DIVORCED YOU.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Here is one of the strongest counts in an indictment of the so-called "divorce evil." Pulpit and press may deplore the "increasing tendency." Governors in convention assembled may seek to reconcile the policies of their states, which range all the way from that of South Carolina, where divorce is impossible for any cause after marriage, to that of Washington, where a decree will be rendered "for any other cause deemed by the court sufficient," and Kentucky, where one of the grounds is "living apart" for five consecutive years, it being immaterial that the separation was due to the fault of the party subsequently seeking the divorce. The American Bar Association and lesser bodies may attempt to draft a uniform law. In all this agitation, a vital question still remains untouched, though judicial reports are filled with cases which show that failure to accord recognition to the decrees of other states has brought about a condition only to be described as appalling.

Why is this? To understand the reason we shall be obliged to examine a few of the decisions. Our law is built upon precedent. But don't be alarmed. We'll try not to make this story of a legal jest too much like a lawyer's brief.

To begin with, the Constitution of the United States solemnly declares that "full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state." *But* this presupposes, so the Supreme Court has interpreted, that the state rendering the decree has jurisdiction.

Now note the result of this "*but.*" See how criminally absurd it is to believe that a court can do what it says.

In 1871, Frank M. Baker married Sallie West in the state of Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Baker moved to Rochester, New York. A few years later Mrs. Baker went to Ohio and obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of "gross neglect of duty." Mr. Baker remained in New York, did not personally appear in the Ohio action, and process was served on him by "publication." Believing that he was a divorced man, in 1874 Mr. Baker married again in New York, and the Court of Appeals of that state held that he had committed bigamy.

And the reason why poor Baker was considered to have been guilty of this crime can be formulated in a series of propositions.

First:—The object of a divorce action is to determine the status of the parties, *i. e.*, whether married or unmarried.

Second:—Mr. Baker not being a citizen of Ohio, and not being before the Ohio court, that court had no jurisdiction over his status.

Third:—As Mrs. Baker was a citizen of Ohio, it could determine her status toward Mr. Baker *in Ohio;* but that judgment could not push its effect over the borders of another state.

Fourth:—It is to be concluded that the judgment of the Ohio court was a nullity so far as Mr. Baker was concerned; that he was a married man at the time of his second marriage and was, as aforesaid, duly, legally, and logically guilty of bigamy.

Do you begin to see the point?

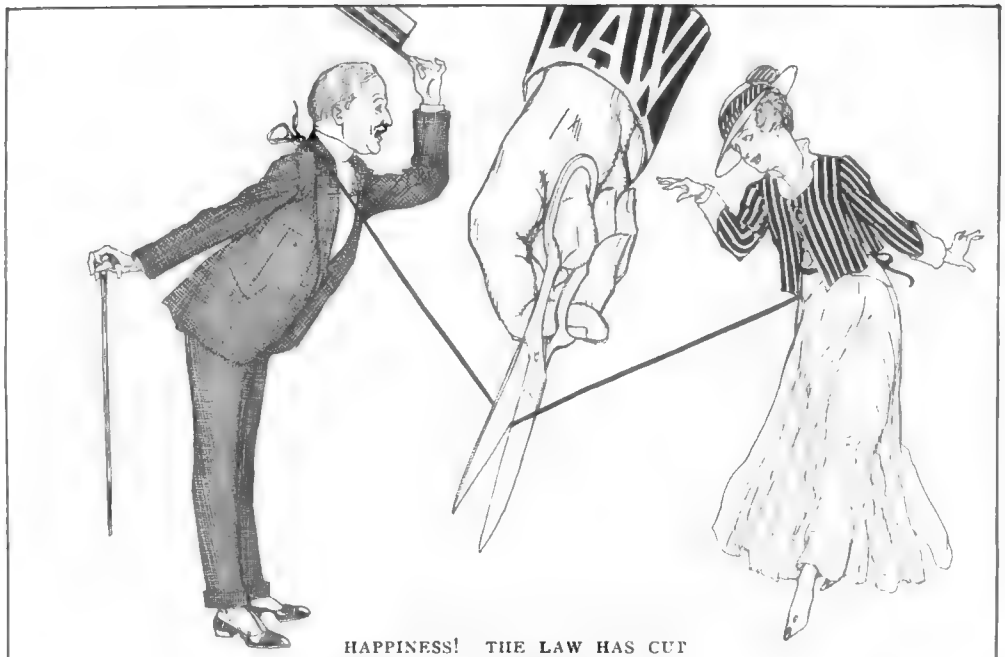
It is only fair to say that some states are more liberal. Take California, for instance. Mr. and Mrs. James married in New York in 1859. In 1871 they separated. Mr. James went to Missouri, and in 1874 obtained a divorce there. Then he went to California, and in 1883 married again. Subsequently he died, and Wife No. 1 began proceedings in California to obtain letters of administration there. But she lost, for the Supreme Court held that the divorce was perfectly good and that it was Wife No. 2 who was entitled to letters.

Here we have an interesting problem. In this case California and Missouri both said that Mrs. James No. 2 was the lawful wife, while New York says that the title belongs solely to Mrs. James No. 1. Pennsylvania had this question before its Supreme Court in 1890, and in line with New York it would consider Mrs. James No. 1 to be the wife; while Massachusetts, on the other hand, would say it was Mrs. James No. 2.

New Jersey and Georgia both say that they are not obliged to recognize the decree granted in another state, but they will do so provided that the ground on which it rests is not against the public policy of these states, respectively. This is really not a bad doctrine. Probably it is the best of the lot, although a trifle indefinite; for, as the New Jersey judge pithily observed:

"A condition of the law which makes the relations of a man or woman either legitimate or adulterous as they happen to be within the limits of one state or another, is not to be tolerated any further than is plainly required by public policy."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN




HAPPINESS! THE LAW HAS CUT THE TIE THAT BOUND THEM. AND HE'S LIVING IN CONNECTICUT.

Now let us see what the Supreme Court of the United States, that august tribunal, said about the question in the celebrated Atherton and Haddock cases.

Mrs. Atherton had been married in 1888 at Clinton, New York. Mr. Atherton lived in Louisville, Kentucky, and after the wedding the couple took up their residence in that city. Three years afterward, Mrs. Atherton left her husband "owing to his cruel and abusive treatment," and returned to New York. A year later Mr. Atherton brought an action against her in Kentucky for an absolute divorce on the ground of abandonment, and obtained a decree in 1893. Then Mrs. Atherton sued in New York for a separation on the ground of cruelty, and the question was whether the Kentucky decree was a bar.

The New York Court of Appeals, on the strength of the Baker and similar cases, said it was not, and that Mrs. Atherton was and always had been a married woman. Hence she was entitled to her separation in New York.

But this, says the Supreme Court of the United States, is wrong. True, the tribunals of one state have no power to pass upon the status of a citizen of another state, but (and here the court gave a new twist to the subject) we will call the last home where the parties lived together as husband and wife their "matrimonial domicile," and the courts of that state have jurisdiction to determine what the status of both may be, even though one of them might not be served with process within its borders.

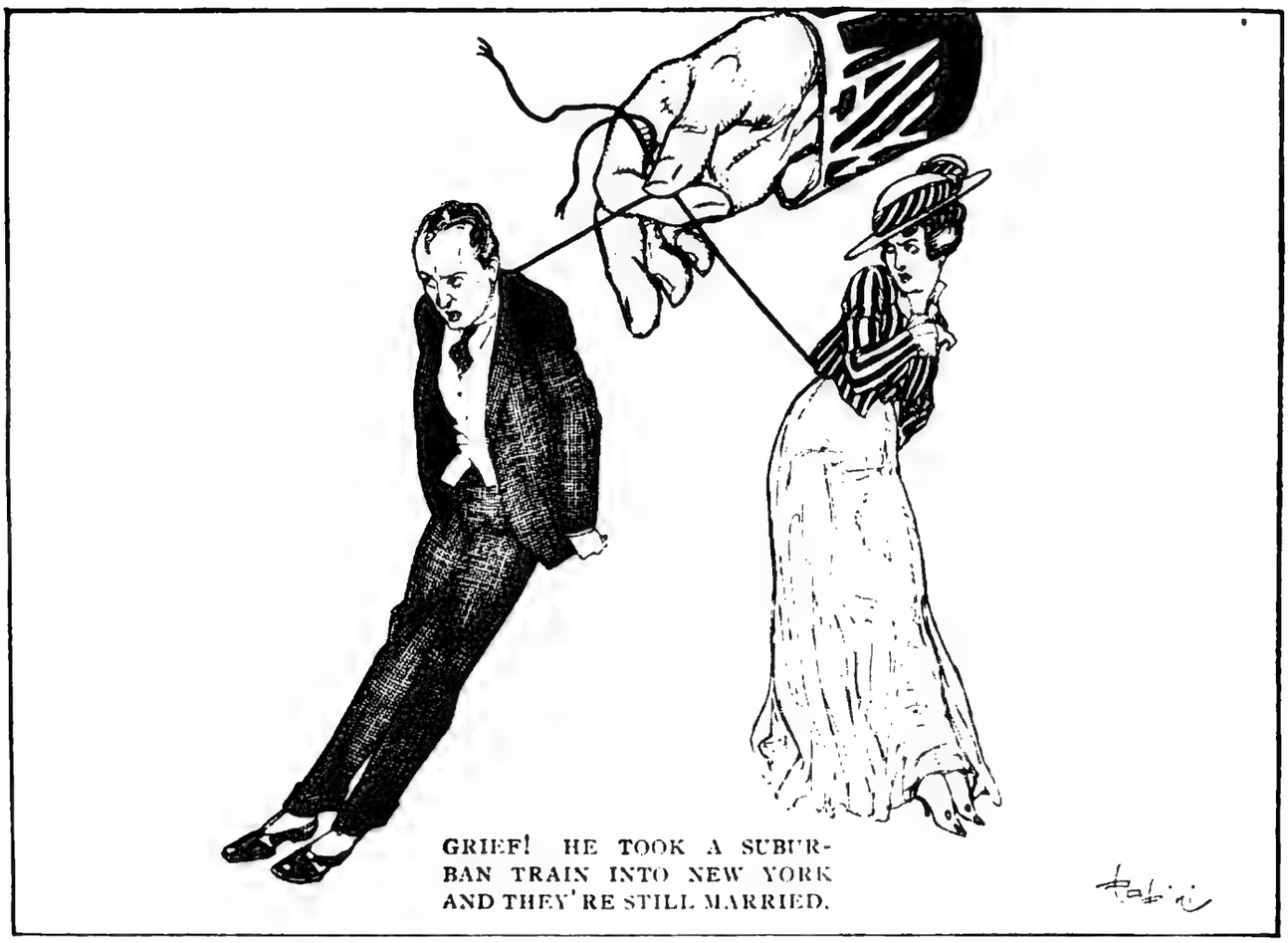
For which reason, as Louisville had been the last joint home of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, the Kentucky courts had jurisdiction to declare Mrs. Atherton an unmarried woman. So she could not bring an action for separation in New York, as she was divorced already.

Just notice the difference between this case and the matrimonial entanglements of the Haddocks. Mr. Haddock was divorced in Connecticut, Mrs. Haddock remaining all the time in New York. Afterward he returned to New York and Mrs. Haddock sued him for a separation.

This was a tough proposition, and the Supreme Court divided over it. Mr. Justice White, who wrote the prevailing opinion, said in effect that this case was not a bit like that of Mr. Atherton. The Haddocks' last home was in New York and their "matrimonial domicile" was there. So the Connecticut court had no authority to say that Mrs. Haddock was not the wife of Mr.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



GRIEF! HE TOOK A SUBURBAN TRAIN INTO NEW YORK AND THEY'RE STILL MARRIED.

Haddock, and New York could do as it pleased about recognizing the decree, so far as she was concerned, which it wouldn't and didn't.

But Justices Holmes, Harlan, Brewer, and Brown said in effect: "Oh, no, we do not see any reason why we should have given effect to the Atherton divorce, when Mrs. Atherton was not a citizen of Kentucky, and refuse to give effect to Mr. Haddock's decree. That divorce, everybody admits, was good in Connecticut, and it ought to be good everywhere," though Justice Holmes thoughtfully added: "I do not suppose that civilization will come to an end whichever way this case is decided."

Of course the state courts are bound to take their law on constitutional questions from the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Atherton and Haddock decisions stirred up a pretty controversy as to just what was meant thereby.

The matrimonial affairs of the Olmsteds came before the New York Court of Appeals in 1908. They had been married in New York. Afterward Olmsted, despite the fact that his wife was living, went to New Jersey and joined in a marriage ceremony with one Sarah Louise Welchman, by whom he had two children. The couple afterward went to Michigan, and re-married after Olmsted had obtained a divorce from his former wife. Then Olmsted's father died, leaving a will by which he gave a share of his property to his son for life, which was after his death to vest in Olmsted's *lawful issue*.

A Michigan statute similar to that of New York provided that the subsequent marriage of the parents would make legitimate the children previously born. But, said the New York Court of Appeals, as the Michigan tribunal had never obtained jurisdiction over Mrs. Olmsted No. 1, the divorce could not be recognized. Mrs. Olmsted No. 2 was not his wife and Mrs. Olmsted No. 1 was—we don't care what Michigan says!

Hence, as Mr. Olmsted already had a wife, the Michigan marriage was polygamous and void. There being no marriage, there could be no legitimization.

Now, although the United States Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the New York Court of Appeals in the Olmsted case, this was upon the ground that the Constitution did not require New York to give effect to Michigan legislation which would operate to control the title to New York lands. It still remains for our highest



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Federal tribunal to tell us more definitely what would have been the status of any woman that Mr. Haddock might have married in Connecticut.

If the court granting the decree has authority to determine whether the individual before it is married or unmarried, *so far as he or she is concerned*—a question still unanswered—then why is not a re-marriage within that state perfectly good, since it is the general rule that a marriage valid where solemnized is valid everywhere? True, the New York court says that this does not mean polygamous marriages; but for a marriage to be polygamous it might well be argued that the party contracting it must already have had a lawful wife *recognized as such by the state where the marriage took place;* and Mr. Haddock, if he had married in Connecticut, would have had no legal wife there at the time of his marriage.

Of course, such an argument leads to this result: If Mrs. Haddock No. 2 is Mr. Haddock's lawful wife, to be recognized as such all over the world, then Mr. Haddock in the state of New York has two lawful wives, since the status of Mrs. Haddock No. 1 has not been affected, and by repeating the process he might acquire an indefinite number. Only Mrs. Haddock No. 1, as we have seen, would be entitled to dower in New York lands.

But a very interesting question might arise with regard to the devolution of personal property which by the general rule is governed by the laws of the domicile of the deceased owner, and also with regard to criminal prosecutions for adultery. The Illinois Supreme Court, criticizing the conviction of Mr. Baker in New York, said that "the effect was that the wife on removing to New York would be a single woman who might lawfully marry, while the husband was a married man, having for his wife a woman who might at the same time become or be the lawful wife of another man." But the New York Court of Appeals in Mrs. Olmsted's case cut the knot by saying that it would not recognize the divorce even so far as a non-resident was concerned.

Now if we take the other horn of the dilemma and say that the New York Court of Appeals was right, *then the monstrous result is reached that a lawful wife is converted into a mistress at the passage of a state line, and children are legitimate in one place and illegitimate in another. From present indications that is what the Supreme Court of the United States will probably hold when the question is squarely presented.*

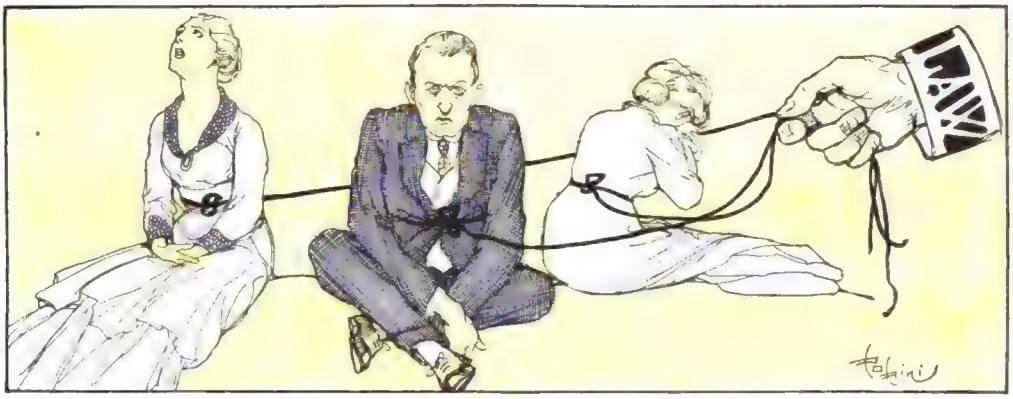
Just look at one more case which came before the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court in 1913. Mr. James P. Berney married in Pennsylvania in 1883. The couple thereafter removed to New York, where they resided until April, 1902, at which time Mr. Berney abandoned his wife and two children, refusing to contribute further to their support. Mrs. Berney went to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where she obtained a divorce, the summons and complaint having been served upon Mr. Berney in New York.

Thereafter she returned to New York, and in July, 1909, went to live in New Jersey, where in March, 1910, she was married to Mr. Benjamin Adriance. This marriage was good in New Jersey. Then Mr. Adriance and she who was Mrs. Adriance in New Jersey and Mrs. Berney in New York, were so ill-advised as to return to the latter state. Then Mr. Berney sued Mr. Adriance in New York for criminal conversation. There must have been a peculiarly intelligent jury, because, after listening to the evidence, the foreman announced: "We find a verdict for the plaintiff in the nominal amount of $2,500."

Then the case went up on appeal. The Appellate Division said that it would pay no attention to the South Dakota decree or the New Jersey marriage. The lady was still the wife of Mr. Berney in New York, although it was conceded that she was the wife of Mr. Adriance in New Jersey. Therefore, Mr. Adriance had been guilty in New York of improper intimacy with Mrs. Berney. So the law was with the plaintiff, but the court thought that the jury had rather strange ideas as to what constituted a nominal verdict, and, in view of Mr. Berney's behavior, they set it aside as excessive, though admitting that he was entitled to something.

The man or woman who flies from New York to Reno fondly imagines, after receiving a decree, that he or she is no longer husband or wife. As a matter of fact, the expense of the trip might as well have been saved. If the person marries again in New York, it would appear that he or she could be sent to jail for bigamy. Certainly the other spouse can, just as Mr. Baker was,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



NO, HE'S NOT A MORMON. THAT IS, NOT A WILLING ONE. HE'S MERELY A VICTIM OF OUR ASSORTED STATE LAWS ON DIVORCE.

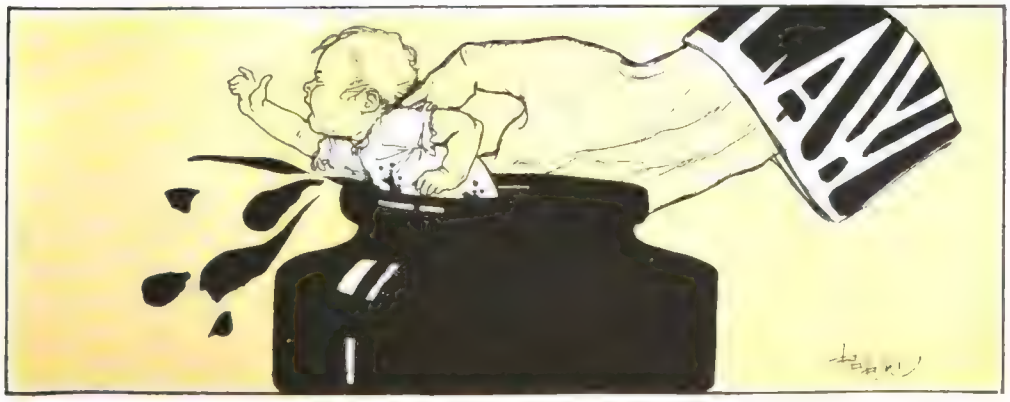
assuming, of course, that both were not before the Reno court. Again, if either marry beyond the state limits and return, there is a risk of criminal prosecution for adultery.

Incidentally, we may pause to remark that there is another fact to be considered in answering the conundrum: When is a divorce not a divorce? It is well-settled law that if a husband or wife seek the jurisdiction of another state for the sole purpose of obtaining a divorce, without any bona-fide intention of acquiring there a real home (or, to borrow the legal expression, "domicile"), goes, in other words, just for divorce purposes, then the decree, having been fraudulently obtained, will not be recognized anywhere.

Usually decrees recite that the plaintiff resides in the state; but this makes no difference, for no court can acquire jurisdiction by merely saying that it has it.

As to the amount of blackmail made possible by the present condition of affairs—nay, the amount which in all probability is actually being levied at the present time—the reader may draw on his imagination, feeling assured that his wildest guess will not prove to be far from the truth.

The pretended marriage, with all its attendant shame and misery, has been a fertile subject for the novelist. American women who contemplate the international alliance have time and again been warned that the laws in many countries of Continental Europe refuse to recognize ceremonies not in accordance with their forms. But the woman who procures a foreign divorce and then remarries may, when her new mate repudiates her, discover for the first time not only that she has no rights which he is bound to respect, but that she herself is a criminal.



HERE'S THE WORST OF IT: THE CHILD'S RIGHT TO A NAME IS AT THE MERCY OF STATE LINES.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"WHY SHOULD I BE MADE TO SUFFER BECAUSE MY GREAT MALAMUTE

# "THIS AIMS TO BE

By JACK HINES

BY COMMON consent the day of the trial was declared a holiday in Nome.

That meant there was *some* excitement. For it was in the fall, at the very height of the season when everything is bustle and hustle.

It was at the time when thousands who come in just for the few months are preparing for their winter outside, and the mercantile companies are rushed to death, and every one, in short, is supremely busy.

But this trial involved a row between the sheep men and the dog men of the North country, and Nome wouldn't miss anything in that line for all the business bustle in the universe. Besides, it was to be a battle royal between the stinging little Ira Orton and Lawyer Fink, a slick legalite from Tennessee with a little Blue Grass on the side—Fink of the silvery throat and the sheet-iron lining. Nome knew what those could do to

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

REPELLED THE BLOODTHIRSTY ATTACK OF THESE SHEEP?"

# A DOG COUNTRY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

each other—they'd done it so very often.

"Funny how that little imp Orton and me are always fighting each other," said Fink to a bunch of the boys a few days before the trial. "Every time I frame a lawsuit against the Pioneer or the Haig and Haigsons or the White and Blacks or any of them outfits that I have been fighting for the last three years, I no sooner get my canvas set and get squared away for a pretty court battle than I always feel something like a cockle-burr in between my pelt and my collar, and that usually means that you can bet an ounce of Ophir dust against a hole in a California sinker that I'm going to have that little tse-tse fly of an Orton lined up against me on the other side."

But this was to be more than the usual encounter. For one thing, Fink himself was the defendant as well as the lawyer for the defense. Action had been brought by the Pacific Cold Storage Company, Charles

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LaFarge manager, and Fink was required to show cause why he should not be made to pay the plaintiff the sum of four hundred and twenty dollars and the costs of the action, this being the market valuation of twenty-eight head of prime sheep owned by the aforesaid company and slain by a white, black-streaked malamute called "Peg," who was the property of the defendant.

There you are! In the last analysis, it was Peg who was the defendant. That was enough for Nome.

On Tuesday, the day of the trial, all the space between the court-house door on Steadman Avenue and the rail that separates litigants, criminals, court attendants, witnesses, lawyers and other miscellany necessary to the process of justice from the spectators and the panel summonses, was jammed as full of interested humanity as fifteen by twenty feet of boards could be.

Outside the door the crowd surged about like a herd of milling cattle, going round and round in a circle which gradually became so strenuous that Jordan's "Haven of Rest" caught quite a little overflow of the exhausted.

Within the rail, against the table before the judge's platform, were squeezed LaFarge and Orton at one end—the end nearest the jury-box—while at the other, in saturnine complacency, sat the sable-maned owner of Peg, slayer of cold-storage sheep. At his right, with his head so close to Fink's that you couldn't have slipped a bill between them, sat Till Price, a copper-tanned youth looking as consciously sweet as a coy Eskimo belle.

Peg had been sort of boarding with Till, at the ditch camp of the Pilgrim River Mining Company, of which he was manager, when the tragedy happened. Peg and he were old friends; so were Peg and his trail dogs, especially the magnificent "Grey Cloud;" and Fink had sent his dog out to live a while at Till's camp, which camp lay very near to the slopes of the Saw-tooth Range, used as a grazing range by the Pacific Cold Storage Company aforesaid.

In the judge's chair sat Tom Reed, judge of the United States Commissioner's Court—in fact, U. S. C. himself. He tilted his chair against the wall, occasionally mangling a good-sized plug and listening passively to Fred Cowdin calling the names of the first twelve to file up and into the jury-box.

The names sounded like concentrates of the blue bloods of Seward peninsula: Bill Bunger, Gabe Price, Chris Tremper, Jack Leedy, Louis Lane, Frederick Hanks, and so on. And the commotion this noisy dozen made in working their way up through the solid jam to the box was like the breaking up of an old building.

Then came the reading of the complaint.

Immediately after, Ira Orton pounced on Bill Bunger, the first man in the box.

"Bill, do you know anything about this case?"

"No." Bill looked bored, as though he smelled something—or had a little bunch of snow piled up on the end of his nose.

"Do you know the defendant, Albert Fink?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the dog Peg—property of Albert Fink?"

"Sure I do."

"Do you owe Albert Fink any money?"

"No."

"Does Albert Fink owe you any money?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that that fact will prejudice you in any way for or against any of the parties interested in this action?"

"No."

"Pass the juror."

"Gabe," followed up Orton quickly, "Till's your brother, isn't he?"

"Yes, Ira."

"Would that in any——"

"Aw *no!*"

"Pass the juror."

"Gabe's satisfactory to us," contributed Fink, with a broad Blue-Grass smirk.

"Chris"—Orton resumed his examination—"do you know of any reason why you couldn't sit on this case as a fair and impartial juror?"

"No."

"Do you know Finky's mutt Peg?"

"Hold on, Chris!" bellowed Fink. "Your Honor, I object to having the grandest old trail dog in all Alaska referred to in this courtroom or anywheres in this whole blooming land as a mutt! Ira, I'll smash your glasses if you say that again, you measly little toy terrier, you!"

The rear of the courtroom burst out into loud haw-haws, relayed out to Steadman Avenue, where a boisterous bunch of the "Haven of Resters" handed it back.

Tom Reed, U. S. C., rapped smartly for order; and when he finally got it Chris

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TAIL WAVING, HE WENT OVER AND SNIFFED IN FRIENDLY FASHION AT THE JUDGE'S ANKLES.

Tremper answered Orton's last question?

"Yes, I know Peg."

"Do you like him?"

Chris shifted his fat, good-natured weight from one foot to the other, and hesitated. "No, not particular like," he drawled, looking the picture of guilt; "I'm not so stuck on old Peg."

Quick as a trap Orton was on his feet. "I challenge the juror." And almost as fast Fink had sprung up to "object."

"Challenge sustained," ruled Judge Tom Reed, U. S. C., without ever stopping his chewing. "Mr. Tremper, you're excused!"

As Chris clumped down from the box, behind his hand he whispered—*he* would have called it a whisper—to the defendant: "I tried my damnedest, Finky."

Judge Tom Reed heard him, of course. "What do you mean, Mr. Tremper?" he demanded.

But the courtroom had heard him too, and let loose again, clear out to the gang in the street. Chris escaped while the judge was rapping order back into the bedlam.

So the quizzing went on, with stout denials of prejudice. Freddie Hanks even claimed that he could be fair-minded despite the fact that Peg had once caught Freddie's deer-skin breeches between his teeth and got a taste of his blood—blood which Freddie lost no chance of explaining he came by through the union of Abraham Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. And at last the twelve were chosen and sardined into the box.

The first witness called to the stand for the plaintiff was the sheep-herder on the Saw-tooth Range at the time of the tragedy to twenty-eight sheep. He was a long-drawn-out, bent-in-the-middle young man, whose towering personality suggested home-spun and long-barreled turkey rifles. After he had taken the oath and folded himself into the witness chair, he peered at the judge, furtive and frightened.

"What's your name, young man?" Ira Orton began smooth and soft, as if to checkmate the attack of stage fright which seemed imminent in his star witness.

"Piney Jackson, suh."

"What's your business, Piney?"

"Tendin' sheep."

"Who for, Piney?"

"Mr. LuhFahge."

"Piney, do you remember what happened to your flock on the morning of the tenth of August of this year?"

"Yes, suh. A dawg came hellbent inta the bunch 'n' kilt a right smart er them."

"What do you mean—'a right smart'?"

"Well, suh, when I could get to count them there was twenty-eight of 'em daid."

"Weren't you armed, Piney?"

"Shuh, suh, I was heeled—I had a rifle."

"Will you please state for the benefit of the jury why it was that you didn't shoot

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

this dog when you saw him attacking the sheep?"

"Well, suh, he was so busy among 'em that I couldn't tell which was sheep and which was dawg. He shuh was a fast workuh. I was 'fraid I'd plug a sheep er two instead of the dawg."

"Do you know who owns that dog?"

"No, suh; but I seen him with Mr. Price a right smart of times, suh."

"Would you know that dog if you saw him here in the courtroom?"

"Yes, suh."

"Your Honor, I ask that the malamute dog Peg be produced to establish this ownership."

Fink was on his feet instantly at this, and said that he admitted the relation of ownership. Peg's appearance at this time would materially have interfered with his plan of defense.

Orton chuckled and sat down satisfied, looking cunningly over his glasses at the jury. Then, turning to Piney, he said: "That's all, young man, unless Mr. Fink wishes to cross-examine you."

"Piney?" questioned Fink, purring like a Persian. "You say you couldn't bring yourself to shoot at Peg for fear of hittin'—remember Tennessee and Blue Grass—a *sheep?*"

"Yes, suh, Mr. Fink."

"Thank you, Piney. I see you know me. What part of the South do you come from, Piney?"

"Kentucky, suh, Mr. Fink."

"Indeed! Not Jefferson County, by any chance?"

"Why, yes, suh—Crescent Hill."

"Here! Here!" (a rude interruption from Ira Orton) "Crescent Hill's a he—" (rap from Judge Reed) "pardon, your Honor—'s a long way from the question at hand."

"Continue, Mr. Fink," ordered the Judge.

"Thank you, your Honor"—suave stuff from Finky.

"Now, Piney, I was *raised* in Crescent Hill."

"Your Honor!" warned Orton.

"Mr. Fink, I admonish you."

"Oh, pardon, Tom—your Honor. It *is* quite unusual, though, you'll admit."

At about this stage of the proceedings the high lights about the visage of Charley LaFarge were taking on the glow of an Italian sunset. But of course Fink never noticed.

"Now, Piney," he resumed, "you say you were afraid to aim at a *dawg* for fear of hitting a *sheep*"—the way he said this made Piney wriggle. "Looks as if they must have been pretty well mixed up, Piney. Now, tell me this: *how could you be sure which was attacking, sheep or dog?*"

Fink shot the question at him, with his jaw thrust out. And Piney simply hung his mouth open, and stared.

Finky took his advantage. "You don't answer me, Piney. I assume that you can not. But tell me this: was Peg, or wasn't he, limping and bleeding after his battle with the wild rams and ramesses?"

"No, suh, Mr. Fink, I didn't see him limpin'," said Piney, almost apologetic, "but he shuh was some bleedin'."

"Thank you, Piney. That's all."

"Jackson," interjected Orton, as Piney was slinking off the stand, "couldn't you see that that was sheep's blood on the blood-thirsty brute?"

"No suh, sheep's blood and dawg blood is all the same to me, suh—Paig shuh was a-bleedin'; I knows that, suh."

"That's all; you're excused. You may go." And in his mind Ira mentioned the place that Piney could go to.

Charley LaFarge then took the stand and merely stated facts—cold ones.

Twenty-eight sheep had been killed. They were an absolute loss to the company of four hundred and twenty dollars, figuring at the market rate of fifteen dollars per head. They were not even mutton. For unless a sheep hangs and drains properly after slaughtering, it is not fit to eat. So the twenty-eight were nothing but pelts. And Mr. Fink's dog Peg had done it.

No questions from Mr. Fink, and the plaintiff rested.

In defense Fink called Mr. Tillman Price to the stand and asked him to state to the jury just what had happened on the Pilgrim ditch-line on the morning of the tenth day of August of that year.

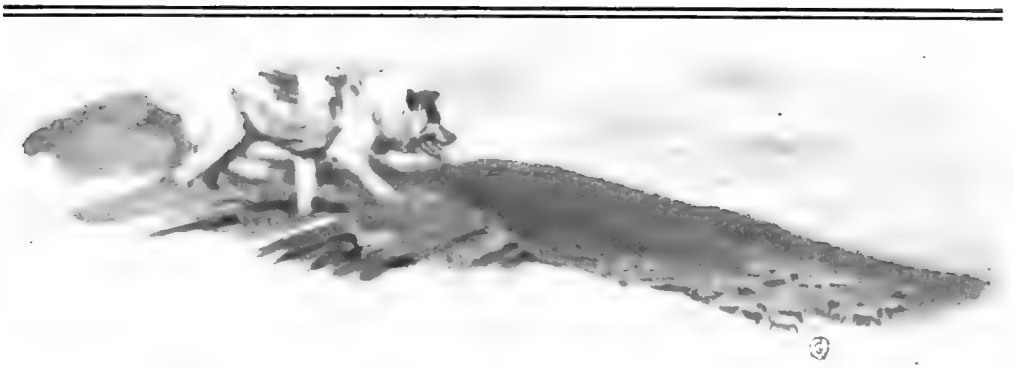
"Do you mean with Peg and the sheep, Albert?" Till's voice was like velvet; soft, limpid, and innocent of guile—oleomargarin wouldn't have melted in his mouth.

"Yes."

"Well, gentlemen," Till began, "Albert Fink here sent Peg out to me 'long in July and asked me to take care of him. Peg and I have always been good friends, and he likes my team dogs too, so I said: 'Sure,



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"I CALLED TO HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T MAKE AS THOUGH HE HEARD ME."

Finky, send the old scout right out.'

"Every morning Peg used to trail at the side of my horse while I made the trip along the ditch-line to see how the boys were doing their work.

"Now there were plenty of dogs out there besides my string, and it seems that almost every one of them had made up his mind to jump Peg at the slightest provocation, or I should say, lack of provocation, because Peg certainly is a peaceful champion. Gentlemen, I never saw a hair ruffled on Peg yet; and though I never saw him fail to lick any dog that jumped him—also by the same sign *Peg never jumped a dog first!*

"He was always on the defensive, never the offensive.

"Now on the morning that the sheep jumped him"—it must be said for Till that he colored a bit as he said this; that is, a sort of deep carmine seemed to surge into the copperish tan which lay thick on his face—"I noticed particularly that he was nosing up in the air all the time; his two ears pointed skyward, and every guard-hair stood on edge like the ridge fur of a lynx. I couldn't imagine what it meant; I sniffed the air myself, but I couldn't catch any strange smells. But, gentlemen, you know malamutes are uncanny, so I says to him, 'Peg, what's up?'

"Well, he just come up to me and he was whimpering like he's scared to death. His tail dropped and his ridge hair fell all of a sudden; and all the time he's crying as though he's expecting to be murdered any minute.

"Then he smells the air again, and he sneaks off over a little hog-back on the Pilgrim. I called to him, but he didn't turn or make as though he heard me at all.

"It wasn't fifteen minutes before I heard a man yelling and crying—just raising the deuce generally, and I struck out in the direction that Peg took when he slunk away from me. Down in the valley on the other side of the hog-back I saw a big bunch of sheep, and right in the middle of it was a terrible commotion. The herder was trying to get in and separate the fighting rams and the infuriated ewes, and they all seemed to be trying to annihilate Peg, who was right there in the thick of it. Before I could get down to rescue him, he managed in some miraculous way to escape, and I hiked back to the ditch.

"When I saw him at camp his right ear—remember, gentlemen, how I'd noticed those two fine, upstanding ears when he was sniffing his enemies before the battle—was now hanging down, badly bitten through and through! He had other marks on his head, too, and he was dripping blood from his mouth where a ram's horn had cruelly lacerated him."

Finky began to sniffle here, and Bill Bunger blew his nose.

"He showed, in short, every sign of having been attacked by overwhelming numbers. And, gentlemen,"—my, but Till was dignified and impressive!—"as I never knew of Peg to start a fight in his life, I knew that he couldn't have started this one."

And Till sat down.

There was a long moment of silence in the courtroom. The crowd was flabbergasted by Till's sublime nerve. Then Tom Reed came down on his front chair-legs with a thud.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Take the witness, Mr. Orton," he said in a dry tone.

"God forbid!" gasped Ira.

Whereupon Fink rose and impressively began:

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, I had it in mind to tell you more about Peg—about his reputation for peace and quiet, and his magnificent record as king of the Alaskan trails, a record undisputed except perhaps by Till Price's Grey Cloud. I was going to ask you if you thought such a dog as that would stoop to kill *sheep!*"—Again the poisonous inflection on the word.—"But, gentlemen, I have changed my mind. I will tell you only what Peg has suffered. Peg, gentlemen, was a dog of absolutely unblemished form until these cowardly—I repeat it, *cowardly*—sheep spoiled his regal splendor—I might say his dog-gone beauty. He had not the slightest scratch or mar until his return from the Pilgrim—he was as sound as an Iron Creek nugget when he went out there. And what do I get back? What do I receive into my kennels?

"Why, a poor old broken-down dog with his weather lug half torn off and lopping over like a torn dish-rag—no more of that perky stand it used to have; a look in his eye that means loss of memory and a general aspect of something loony and God-forsaken that just makes me sick, that's all!

"I might better have kept him here in Nome, where at least he'd be free from the danger of being attacked by a bunch of angry sheep! Yes, gentlemen, you have heard Till Price tell it; you have seen Piney unable to deny it; LaFarge's sheep just charged my Peg and pretty near got him, too. Why should I be made to suffer monetary loss because my great malamute repelled the bloodthirsty attack of these sheep?—because the plaintiff's untamed mutton disfigured my dog? Isn't that enough?

"But, gentlemen, the money is but incidental—not the paramount issue. Vindication for my Peg is what I want! I want his name to stand clear in the records of Alaska. Therefore, gentlemen, I am going to have Peg produced here in the courtroom; and if, after viewing him, you are of a mind to brand him a marauding killer of sheep, I shall gladly pay the amount demanded in this action."

Orton had got his wind again. "Your Honor," he protested, "I object to the dog's appearance in the courtroom at this time. Your Honor will recall that I asked earlier to have the dog brought in——"

"Objection overruled, Mr. Orton. Produce the dog!" yawned Tom Reed.

Peg could be heard scratching upon the door of the adjoining room, where Finky had had him brought to await his entrance cue.

When his master stepped to the door and opened it the malamute high-stepped into the court-room, head and tail erect—a proud, grand patriarch of the Arctic trails.

Majestically Peg surveyed the crowd, one ear cocked up and imperial, the other dropped over and crestfallen, like the languishing comb of a sick rooster. He was indeed battle-scarred, this monarch.

He nuzzled his master affectionately and then stalked over to the jury-box and sniffed a welcome to Bill Bunger. Bill snapped his fingers and Peg mounted with fore-paws to the box rail, then, balancing himself with one paw, he stretched the other out toward Bill in whimsical playfulness. And all the while his tail wagged in brisk delight.

He then stood at absolute immobility, facing the jury as if challenging their honest judgment, and Albert Fink, overcome by joy in the possession of such a monarch, ingenuously rested his case with the dog men on the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said simply, "is Alaska a dog country or a sheep country? Look at my star wheeler—look at Peg—look at that ear mangled by murderous mutton—look at his eyes, his noble head. Gentlemen—choose."

In deep silence Fink sat down, and Tom Reed turned to charge the jury. He attracted Peg's attention, and the dog abandoned the jurors in favor of the judge. Tail waving again, he went over and sniffed in friendly fashion at his ankles, then flung himself thunderously across the judge's feet, looking up with confident expectation of a response.

The Judge's hand started down toward him, then drew back. Apparently he wanted to avoid any demonstration that might be construed as biased.

So, accordingly, he adjusted his glasses a bit nearer the jumping-off place on his nose and informed the jurymen that the case was now entirely in their hands, bidding them repair to the lean-to attached to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE STOOD FACING THE JURY AS IF CHALLENGING THEIR HONEST JUDGMENT.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the court building, which served as the jury room.

Precisely at this moment there came sounds of baa-baa-ing through the open window, only an arm's length from where the U. S. C. sat—and close upon these gutturals the dub-dub-dub of hundreds of little hoofed feet.

LaFarge was the only man present whose face did not show inquisitive concern—"My sheep coming in from the mountains to go into the long chill," he whispered to Ira Orton.

Instantly Peg let out an unearthly wail, putting the fear of Hades into the soul of every one in the courthouse. The passion of all his wolf ancestors—his sheep-hating, sheep-killing ancestors—rung in that cry. Finky and Till both knew what it meant, and Finky made a lunge for him and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Then, before the malamute could let out another wail, he dropped down beside him and threw his arms around Peg's neck, holding the struggling dog with a grip of iron.

"Poor old Peg," he comforted, "don't be afraid. I won't let the old sheep hurt you."

A titter broke out in the front of the courtroom, and spread back to the door, growing into a roar of laughter as it went. The U. S. C. brought his gavel down with a smart thwack, looking stern. Finky glanced up from his wriggling armful of dog, pained and innocent. The foreman of the jury gave a glance at Peg, and fairly hustled the jurors out to their lean-to. "Come on, boys, let's get this job finished."

And when the sheep had baa-baa-ed and dub-dubbed out of hearing, Finky released the quivering Peg, with a last pat of reassurance . . . .

A scant ten minutes later Tom Reed gnawed a chunk out of his tobacco plug and rapped for order and reconvention of the most honorable court. The jurors filed in and sat down—some of them wiping their chops with the backs of their hands and filling the room with the odor of copper-distilled heaven's dew from Kentucky. From the hand of Tapioca Hoggatt fluttered a verdict form duly filled in.

As if he knew he was the real defendant, Peg stood up and wagged a friendly tail at the jury.

The U. S. C. stopped chewing long enough to ask: "Agreed on a verdict, boys?"

"We are," admitted Tapioca, and, rising, he read as follows:

"We, the jury impaneled in the case of the Pacific Cold Storage Company *versus* Albert Fink of the city of Nome, Alaska, find that the twenty-eight sheep, the value of which the plaintiff sought to recover, came to their death at the hands—or teeth—of the defendant's malamute dog Peg, who *acted purely in self-defense.*

"The jury recommends that *this aims to be a dog country.*"


# NAN

## OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN

## A NEW SERIAL

*by*

## FRANK H. SPEARMAN

BEGINS IN OCTOBER

*A Big Rushing Romance of Thief River Valley*


Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"NO! IF I FAIL SHE CAN'T GO ON WITH HER MILLIONS!"

# "MAKING MONEY"

by OWEN JOHNSON

"AUTHOR OF STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN "Bojo" Crocker, fresh from Yale, decides to enter Wall Street, his father gives him $50,000, with the prophecy that he will lose it all in two years.

Bojo enters a brokerage firm and makes rapid advances. He is engaged to Doris Drake, daughter of a money magnate, who undertakes to make his fortune. Through her tip, he makes money for himself and his friends in Indiana Smelters. Later, her father uses him in the manipulation of a pool to buy New Orleans and Pittsburgh, deliberately misleading him as to his purpose. Bojo himself makes $250,000, but friends who have followed his tip lose; and Bojo, discovering how he has been used, makes restitution, so far as possible, and returns to Drake what is left of his own profit. He then definitely gives up Wall Street, and starts to work in a factory.

Within a few months Doris, unable to contemplate poverty, breaks the engagement. Bojo, who has never really loved her, is deeply relieved. He is already in love with her younger sister, Patsie, who has been strongly attracted to him from the first.

Meantime, Drake is threatened with ruin. Bojo goes to him, on Patsie's appeal, and Drake, trusting him, explains in detail his perilous situation, confessing that unless he can raise two millions within two days, he will be ruined. Through the influence of his enemies, credit has been refused him; and his wife, who, out of the fortune he had given her, could easily save him, has refused to come to his aid.

WHEN Bojo returned home after a brief stolen interview with Patsie he could hardly believe what he had himself witnessed. It seemed incredible that all that magnificence and luxury might be dissipated in a night—could depend upon the wavering of an hour in a mad Exchange.

But deeper than the feeling of impending disaster—which he even now could not realize—was his concern over the state of affairs in the Drake household. Without telling Patsie the extent of her father's danger, he had told of Drake's applying to his wife for assistance and her refusal.

Digitized by Google



Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then Patsie had brokenly told her part, how she had pled with her mother and sought in vain to make her see the true gravity of the situation, her father's peril and his instant need. To entreaties and remonstrances Mrs. Drake remained deaf, sheltering herself behind an invariable answer: Why should she throw good money after bad? What was to be gained by it? If he had thrown away the family fortune, all the more reason for her to save what she had.

The worst was that Dolly was abroad and Doris and her husband were cruising off Palm Beach, and the telegram she sent might not reach them in time.

The next morning Bojo waited restlessly for the opening of the Stock Exchange, with the dreaded memories of Haggerdy's prophecies running in his head. It took him back to the days when he himself had been a part of the vast maelstrom of speculation. He breakfasted with one eye on the clock, waiting for the hands to advance to the fatal hour of ten. At five minutes past that hour he went feverishly across the way to the ticker in the neighboring hotel brokerage. He felt as though he were being sucked back into the old life of violent emotions and unreal, theatrical upsets.

Between the Tom Crocker of those breathless days and the ordered self which he had built up during these last months of discipline, worlds seemed to intervene.

He went to the tape with almost the feeling with which a reformed drunkard closes his hand over the glass that had once been his destruction. His mind, excited by the memories of the night before, was prepared for a shock. To his surprise the clicking procession of values—Reading, Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper, Northern Pacific—showed but fractional declines. The break he had come to witness did not develop. He waited a quarter of an hour, an hour. The market continued weak but heavy.

"Nothing much doing," he said, turning to his neighbor, a financial rail-bird of a rather horsy type, grizzled and bald.

"Playing it short?"

"Haven't yet made up my mind. What do you think?" he said, to draw the other on.

"Think?" said the other with the enthusiasm of the gambler's conviction. "Lord, there's only one thing to think! The market's touched bottom—two weeks ago. When it starts to rise, watch things go kiting."

"You think so?" said Bojo, with the instinctive tendency to seek hope in the slightest straws that is the strangest of all the strange phenomena which speculation engenders.

"After all," he said to Patsie, when he met her by appointment in the car, "perhaps we have been rather panicky. Remember one thing, Patsie, your father knows this game, and when he says that the big group does not intend to have a panic, because they themselves have too much to lose, he must know what he is talking about."

"If Doris were only here!" she said, her woman's instinct unconvinced.

"You sent the telegram?"

"Last night. I should have had the answer this morning. That's what worries me. Perhaps it won't reach them in time, and even if it does it will be over two days before they can get back."

"It would help a good deal," he admitted. The prospect of going to Doris for help after what had happened, was one from which he shrank, yet he was resolved to stop at nothing, willing to sacrifice his pride to secure the aid which he knew Boskirk, with his connections, could bring the imperiled financier.

"At least I shall do what I can do," she said with a determined shake of her head.

He looked at her doubtfully. "I am afraid, Patsie, that a few hundred thousands will not help much—but if your mind is made up——"

"It is made up."

"Very well, what address shall I give, then?" He leaned forward and repeated the number.

Twenty minutes later they were in the office of Swift and Carlson, in the inner room, talking to the senior partner.

Thaddeus C. Swift was one of the innumerable agents through whom Daniel Drake operated in placing his more serious enterprises—of the older generation of Wall Street, conservative, seemingly unruffled by the swirling tide of strident young men which churned about him. He had known Patsie since her childhood, and received her as he would his own daughter, with perhaps a quizzical and searching glance at the young man who waited a little uncomfortably in the background.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BOJO SAT STARING, TRYING NOT TO THINK.

Patsie opened the conversation directly without the slightest hesitation. "Mr. Swift," she said imperiously, "you must give me your word that you will keep my confidence." And as this caused the old gentleman to stare at her with a startled look, she added insistently: "You must not say a word of my coming here or whatever I may ask you to do. Promise."

"Sounds quite terrible," said Mr. Swift, smiling indulgently. In his mind he decided that the visit meant a demand for a few hundred dollars for some girlish fancy. "Well, how shall I swear? Cross my heart and all that sort of thing?"

"Mr. Swift, I am serious, awfully serious," she protested. "And please do not treat me as a child."

He saw that the matter was of some importance, and, scenting complications, withdrew into a defensive attitude.

"Suppose you tell me a little of what you want of me," he said carefully, "before I give such a promise."

Patsie hesitated, looked from Mr. Swift to Bojo, and turned away nervously.

"Miss Drake is coming to you as a client," said Bojo, deciding to speak, "to consult you about her interests. So long as it is about her business affairs it seems quite natural, doesn't it, that you should keep her confidence?"

"Eh, what?" said Mr. Swift, frowning. He seemed to repeat the question to himself and answered grudgingly: "Of course, of course; that's all right, that's true. If it is only to consult me about your business affairs——"

"It is absolutely that," said Patsie hastily. She stood beside him, holding out her hand obstinately. "Your promise. No one is to know what I do."

Mr. Swift made a mental reservation and nodded his head. The three sat down.

"How much have I deposited in stocks and bonds to my account?" asked Patsie. "Only in a general way."

"Of course," said Mr. Swift, caging his fingers and looking over their heads to the depths of the ceiling, "of course it depends somewhat on the state of the market. While what you have is in the best of securities, still, as you must know, even the best will not bring to-day what it would a year ago."

"Yes, but in a general way," she insisted.

"In a general way," he said carefully, "I should say that you would represent a capital of $500,000 to $510,000. Possibly under favorable conditions a little more."

Patsie and Bojo looked at him in astonishment.

"You are thinking of Doris," she said, bewildered.

"Not at all. That is approximately the value of your holdings. Your father deposited with me securities to the value of $260,000 on your coming of age last January."

"Yes, yes, I know that, but——"

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"And securities of the par value of $250,000 on the occasion of your sister's marriage."

"He did that?" exclaimed Patsie, her heart in her throat. "He really did that?" Her eyes filled with tears and she turned away hastily with an emotion quite inexplicable to the older man. Bojo himself was much moved at the thought of how the father, in the face of a supreme conflict, had been willing to risk his reserves to provide for the future of his daughters.

Patsie came back, her emotion in a measure controlled. She placed her hand on the shoulder of Mr. Swift, who continued to gaze at her without comprehension. "I know you don't understand. You will later. Mr. Swift, I want you to sell every one of my securities, now, immediately. I want everything in cash."

Mr. Swift looked at her as though he had seen a ghost, and then rapidly at Bojo. In his mind perhaps was working some fantastic idea of an elopement. Possibly Patsie guessed something of this, for she blushed slightly and said:

"My father needs it. I want to give it to him."

Her words cleared the atmosphere, though they left Mr. Swift obstinately determined. "But, Patsie," he said, as a father might to a child, "this is a bombshell. I can't allow you on my own responsibility to do a thing like this on impulse. You should not ask me. How do you know your father is in need? Did he send you here?"

"No, no, never! Don't you know him better than that? If he knew, he never would permit it. That's the difficulty, don't you see? He must never know of it, and you must arrange some way so he will never guess it is coming from me."

Mr. Swift stared at her utterly amazed. At length he turned and, addressing Bojo, said: "You are in the confidence of Miss Drake? If so, perhaps you can help me out. Does she know what she is doing, and is it possible that she has any valid reason for believing that her father can possibly be in need of such heroic assistance as this?"

His face expressed so much consternation at the thought that Daniel Drake could possibly be in difficulties, that Bojo for the first time perceived what he should have foreseen, the direct danger to the financier from the suspicion of his true situation, which must come from the revelation of Patsie's intentions.

"Mr. Swift," he said in great perturbation, "I do not know whether we have done wisely in speaking to you so frankly. You will perhaps understand now why Miss Drake insisted on a promise of secrecy."

"What! Daniel Drake in need of money?" said Mr. Swift, staring at him or rather through him, and already perceiving the tremendous significance of this disclosure upon the distraught times.

"At least Miss Drake believes so," said Bojo carefully. "She may exaggerate the necessity. What she is doing she is doing because she has made up her mind herself to do it, and not because I have advised her or suggested it in the slightest. You are too good a friend of the family, I know, sir, to speak of what has occurred."

"Oh, Mr. Swift," said Patsie, breaking in and seizing his hand impulsively, "you *will* help me, won't you?"

Mr. Swift gazed at her blankly, a hundred thoughts racing through his mind.

Patsie repeated her demand with a quivering lip. He came out of his abstraction and began to think, arranging and rearranging a pile of letters before him, convinced at last that the situation was of the highest seriousness.

"Wait, wait a moment. I must think it over," he said slowly. "This is an unusually serious decision you have put up to me. My dear Patsie, you know nothing about such matters—you're a child."

"I am eighteen, and I have a right to dispose of what belongs to me."

"Yes, yes, you have the right, but I have the right also to advise you and to make you see the situation as it exists." His manner changed immediately, and he said simply and frankly: "Since you have trusted me, you must give me your full confidence. I sha'n't abuse it. Mr. Crocker, I can see by your manner and your attempt at caution that this matter is not a trifle. Do you know from your own knowledge how serious it is? Please do not hide anything from me."

"I won't," said Bojo. "I know of my personal knowledge and I believe it to be as serious as it can possibly be."

The two men exchanged glances, and the look in Bojo's eyes told Swift even more than his words revealed—more, evidently, than Bojo wished Patsie to suspect.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"MR. SWIFT," SHE SAID IMPERIOUSLY, "YOU MUST GIVE ME YOUR WORD THAT YOU WILL KEEP MY CONFIDENCE."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Suppose the very worst were true," said Mr. Swift after a moment's thought—"that your father was in danger of complete failure? I am merely supposing this extreme case to show you the difficulty of my position. Your father has placed these securities to your account with the distinct intention that, whatever happens to him, you shall be provided for as his other daughters are provided for, and as undoubtedly his wife is taken care of. If I should allow you to do this, even as a matter of sentiment, it is possible that in an extreme case everything you have, as well as everything your father possesses, might be wiped out. Do you realize that?"

"And that's just what I am afraid may happen," she exclaimed, worried beyond the thought of caution by her forebodings.

"And you are willing to take the risk of losing everything?" he said slowly. "For after all there is no reason why you should sacrifice what belongs to you rightfully and legally, even if your father should fail completely."

"No reason?" she cried. "Do you think for a moment that money means anything to me when he, my father, the one who has given it to me, needs it?"

"But even if this won't save him?" he persisted, shaking his head.

"What has that got to do with the question?" she said impatiently, almost angrily. "Everything I have I want him to have. That's all there is to it."

He gazed at her fresh and ardent face a moment and then laid his hand over hers, muttering something underneath his breath which Bojo did not catch, although he divined its reverence.

"Then you will do as I wish!" she cried joyfully, guessing his surrender.

He nodded, gave a helpless glance at Bojo, and cleared his throat huskily. "As you wish, my dear," he said very gently.

"And you will sell everything at once?" she cried.

"I can't promise that," he said quietly. "Such a block of securities can't be thrown on the market all at once. But I will do my best."

"But how long will it take?" she said in dismay.

"Four days, possibly five."

"But that will be too late. I must have it all the day after to-morrow."

"That will mean a serious sacrifice," he said.

"What do I care? I must have it by to-morrow night."

"You are determined?"

"Absolutely."

"It will have to be so then."

"And when that is done," she cried joyfully, clasping her hands in delight, "you will help me to send it to him so he will never suspect it?"

He nodded, yielding to every point, more moved than he cared to show.

They left the office after Patsie had signed the formal order.

At the house they found a telegram from Doris:

DEAR PATSIE—Your telegram has thrown us into the greatest anxiety. Jim and I are leaving at once. Will be in New York day after to-morrow. Courage. We will do everything to help. DORIS.

This news and their success of the morning restored their spirits immeasurably. It seemed as though clouds had suddenly cleared away and left everything with a promise of sunshine and fair weather. They lunched almost gaily. Mrs. Drake still kept her room, but Patsie, confident from her first success, declared that she and Doris would go to their mother and shame her, if they could not persuade her, into a realization of the situation.

When Bojo left they had even forgotten for the space of half an hour that such bugbears as Wall Street, loans, and banks could exist. The nearness of disaster had somehow left them simple and devoid of artifice or coquetry before each other. He found again in her the Patsie of earlier days. He comprehended that she loved him, that the slight misunderstanding which had momentarily arisen between them had come from the long summer of renunciation and the passionate jealousy of one sister for the other. He understood all this, but did not take advantage of his knowledge.

On leaving her he held her a moment, his hands on her shoulders, gazing earnestly into her eyes. From the intensity of his look she turned away a little frightened, not quite reconciled—already his, but still hesitating before the final avowal. The knowledge of how indispensable he was to her in these moments of trial, restrained him in the impulsive movement toward

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her. He took her hand and bowed over it a deep bow, a little quixotic perhaps, and hurried away, without trusting himself to speak.

Outside he went rushing along as though the blocks were mere steps, swinging his cane and humming to himself exultingly. He was so happy that the thought that any one else could be unhappy, that any disaster could threaten her or any one who belonged to her, seemed incredible.

He went back to the Court radiant and gay, and dressed for dinner, surprising Granning, who came in preoccupied and anxious, with his flow of spirits. At the sight of his contagious happiness Granning looked at him with a knowing smile.

"Well, things aren't so black after all, then?"

"You bet they're not!"

"Glad to hear it. You had me scared last night. My guess is that something besides stocks and bonds must have cheered you up," he added suspiciously, with a wise nod of his head. "Glad to see it, old fellow. You've been mum and gloomy as a hippopotamus long enough."

"Have I?" said Bojo, laughing, with a little confusion. "Well, I'm not going to be any longer. You're an old hippopotamus yourself." He got him around the knees and flung him with an old-time tackle on the couch, and they were scrambling and laughing thus when the telephone rang. It was Patsie's voice, very faint and pitiful.

"Have you heard? The Clearing House has refused to clear for the Associated Trust. Oh, Bojo, what does it mean?"

---

*Patsie and Bojo keep vigil*

---

BOJO came away from the telephone with a face so grave that Granning gave an involuntary exclamation: "Good heavens, Bojo, what's wrong?"

"The Associated Trust has gone under. The Clearing House refused to clear. You know what that means."

"But I say, you're not affected? You've been out of the market for months. I say, you didn't have anything up?"

"No, no," said Bojo grimly. He went and sat down, his head in his hands. "I'm not thinking of myself. Some one else. I can't tell you—you must guess. It will probably all be out soon enough. By George, this is a cropper!"

"I think I understand," said Granning slowly. He sat down in turn, kicking his toes against the twisted andirons on the hearth. "The Associated Trust—with a billion—who knows, a billion and a half—deposits! What the deuce are we coming to? It will hit us all—bad times!"

Bojo got up wearily and went out. Hardly had he stepped from the leafy isolation of the Court into the strident conflict of Times Square, when he felt the instant alarm that great disasters instantaneously convey to a metropolitan crowd. Newspaper trucks were screaming past, halting to fling out great bunches of the latest extras to fighting, scrambling groups of street urchins, who dispersed screaming their shrill evil in high-pitched, contagion-spreading voices. Every one was devouring the last panic-ridden sheet, some hurrying home, others stopping in their tracks, spellbound, to read to the end.

He bought an extra hastily from a strident newsboy who thrust it in his face. The worst was true. The great Associated Trust had been refused clearance. Darkest suspicions were thrown upon its solvency. The names of other banks, colossal institutions, were linked under the same awful rumors. The morrow would see a run on a dozen banks such as the generation had not witnessed.

He hailed a taxicab and hurried up-town. Drake had told him that everything depended upon the Associated Trust. Now that this had gone under, did this mean his absolute ruin? Patsie was already waiting for him as he drew up before the great gray stone mansion. She flung herself into his arms, trembling and unnerved. He was afraid that she was going to collapse completely, and began solicitously to whisper in her ear deceptive words of hope and comfort.

"It may not be so bad. Your father—have you seen your father? How do you know what he has done? Perhaps he has come to some agreement this afternoon. Perhaps he has saved himself by some bold stroke. I believe him capable of anything."

She stopped the futile flow of words with her fingers across his lips.

"Oh, how happy we were this afternoon," she said, for a moment almost breaking down. But immediately the Spartan courage which was at the bottom of her

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

character, prevailed. She drew herself up, saying so quietly that he was surprised:

"Bojo, we mustn't deceive ourselves. This is the end—I know it. Whatever is to come, we must help immediately."

With her hand still in his she led the way into the great library, which seemed a region of mystery and gloom, lit as it was only by the lights of the desk lamps.

"Have you seen your mother?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It is useless. I have no influence over her. Doris, perhaps, or Doris's husband—she might do something for fear of what others will think of her; but she wouldn't do it for me."

"I can't understand it at all," he said, shaking his head.

"I can," she said quietly. "My mother doesn't love him. She has never loved him. She married him just as Doris and Dolly married—for money, for position."

"But even then——"

"Yes, even then!" she took him up with a laugh that had tears in it. "Wouldn't you think that for the sake of the family name and honor, out of just simple ordinary gratitude for what had been given her, she would part with the half, or at least a third, of her fortune? But you do not know my mother. When she has made up her mind, nothing will ever change it."

"Let us hope you are wrong."

She laughed again, and began walking up and down, her hands clenched, trying to think of some way out.

"Poor Dad! Just when he needs all his courage to go on fighting! This too has broken him up. It's the only sort of a blow he couldn't get over."

The butler came in at this moment announcing dinner.

"No, no, not for me," she said. "I couldn't; but you, perhaps?"

"No, not until your father comes back."

The butler went out. Bojo held out his hand to her, saying: "Come here; sit down by me." Worn out by the strain of emotions she obeyed quietly. She came and took a seat on the sofa beside him, looked a moment into his eyes, saw the depths of tenderness and sympathy there, and with a tired, fleeting smile laid her head gratefully on his shoulder.

It was almost eleven o'clock before Drake came wearily in. The two were exhausted with the long tensity of their vigil, waiting for every sound that would announce his arrival; but at his entrance they stood up, vibrantly alert. One glance at Drake, at the hunted and harassed look across his forehead, told Bojo that the worst had happened. Patsie went to her father bravely, with a steady smile that never wavered, and put her arms around his neck.

"Pretty bad, isn't it, Dad?" she said.

He nodded, incapable for the moment of speech.

"I am so sorry. Never mind; even if we have to begin at the bottom we will win out again."

Bojo had come up and taken his free hand, looking in his eyes anxiously for the answer.

"I guess the game is up," said Drake at last. "There is only one chance, and though I swore I never would do it—" he stopped a moment, running his hand over Patsie's golden curls—"I guess I'll have to swallow my pride," he said.

"You're going to her," said the daughter, shuddering.

"Once more," he said grimly.

Leaving her, he went to the little table by the desk and poured out a stiff drink.

"Whew, what a day! Two hours more and I might have pulled through. I thought I had it all fixed up, but that Clearing House mess ended that! You can't sell men eggs at five cents apiece when they know to-morrow they can get the same at three cents."

He tried to smile, but back of it Bojo was alarmed to see the disorder in the physical and moral man which had gained over him since yesterday. Despite Drake's determination to assume a stoic attitude he felt the biting bitterness and revolt that was gnawing at his soul.

Patsie wanted him to sit down to rest a moment, to have something, if only a morsel, brought in; but he refused absent-mindedly.

"No, no, I must get it over with. I must know where I stand."

He took a final turn before at last making up his mind; then he made a short gesture of his hand toward them, saying: "Wait." The next moment he went out, not with the old accustomed swinging gait, but with a lagging step, as though already convinced of the futility of his errand.

"He is doing it for his daughters," thought Bojo. "Only that would make him so humble."

He felt with a little compunction that he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"DADDY, WE WON'T LET ANY ONE SAY A SINGLE WORD AGAINST YOU."

had judged Drake rather harshly, for in these last interviews it had seemed to him at times that there had been an absence of that gaminess which he would have liked to associate with the romantic figure of the manipulator. Now, with the secrets of the household laid bare to him, he felt strongly the inner vulnerability of such men: able outwardly to defy the great turns of fortune and present a smiling front to adversity, yet unable to resist the mortal blow which strikes at the vital regions in their sentiments and their affections. Bojo had seen him implacable, neither giving nor asking quarter, in his struggles with his own kind. Now, at last, he realized the tenderness and pride, amounting almost to a weakness, with which he idolized his own. The moment was too tense for words, the issue too tremendous.

The two sat side by side, his hand over hers, staring ahead, waiting.

Ten minutes, half an hour elapsed without a sound. He pictured to himself to what arguments and entreaties the desperate father must resort, trying through his inexperience to visualize the drama in one of these domestic scenes which pass unguessed.

Patsie heard him first. She sprang up, with a sharp intaking of her breath. Bojo rose less precipitately, hearing at last the sound of returning footsteps. The next moment Drake came into the room and stood gazing at the two erect figures of the young man and the young girl. Then he tried to smile and couldn't.

Patsie guessed on the instant precisely what had happened. She went to him swiftly and put her arms about his shoulders as though to support him.

"Never mind, Dad," she said bravely. "Don't you care, money isn't everything in this world. Whatever happens, you've got me."

### *The Final Test*

THE next day the deluge broke.

On leaving Patsie and her father, Bojo had gone down the avenue in a vain hope that his own father might be in town, that he might catch him at his hotel. On his way, to his amazement, he perceived a long line of curious shapes stretched along the sidewalk. As he came nearer he saw it was a file of men and women, some

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

standing, some seated, camped out for the night. Then he noticed, above all, the great white columns of the Associated Trust, and he realized that these were the first frightened outposts of the army of despair and panic which would come storming at the doors on the morrow.

He was right. By the morning a dozen banks scattered over the city were besieged by frantic hordes of depositors, while a dozen others were hastily preparing against the impending tide of evil rumor and disaster.

With the opening of the Stock Exchange the havoc began, for with the threatened collapse of gigantic banking systems orders came pouring in from all over the country to sell at any price. In the wild hours that ensued, holdings were thrown on the market in such quantities that the machinery of the Stock Exchange was momentarily paralyzed. Stocks were selling at half a dozen figures simultaneously, until it became a human impossibility for the frantic brokers to fulfill the demands that came pouring in on them to sell at any price. Any rumor was believed and shouted frantically: receivers were to be appointed for a dozen institutions; the State Superintendent's investigation was showing incredible defalcations and misuse of funds; indictments were to be returned against the most prominent men in the financial world.

And at the close of the day, on top of the wildest fabrications of the imagination, came the supreme horror of fact: Majendie, the president of the Associated Trust, was dead, slain by his own hand.

But what happened this day would be nothing to the morrow.

At Patsie's frantic request Bojo went down in the late forenoon to see Mr. Swift. He had to wait almost an hour in the outer offices, watching breathless, frantic men, men of fifty and sixty as panic-stricken as youngsters of twenty-five, breaking under the strain of their first knowledge of overwhelming ruin—an indiscriminate, convulsive mass pouring in and out. Then a door opened and a secretary ushered him in. Mr. Swift received him with an agitated clutch of the hand and, valuing the precious seconds, without waiting for his questions, burst out:

"Mr. Crocker, it's absolutely humanly impossible for me to do what Miss Drake requested. We disposed yesterday of only forty thousand dollars. To sell now would be a financial slaughter to which I simply will not give my permission. Moreover, it's all very well to talk of selling, but who's going to buy?"

"If you can't sell," said Bojo, gloomily, "Miss Drake would like to know what you could raise on her holdings as security."

"She wants to know?" said Mr. Swift, on edge with the anxiety of twenty operations to be safeguarded. "I'll tell you. Not a hundred thousand dollars, nor ten thousand. There isn't an institution that would dare weaken its cash supply to-day on any security offered. Mr. Crocker, say for me that I absolutely and completely refuse to offer a single security." A door opened, and back of the secretary the faces of two new visitors were already to be seen. Mr. Swift with scant ceremony seized Bojo's hand and dismissed him. "It can't be done, that's all; it can't be done."

Bojo went out and telephoned the result. He even tried, though he knew the futility of the attempt, to place a loan at two banks where he was known—one his own and the other the depository for the Crocker mills. At the first he got no farther than a subordinate, who threw up his hands at the first mention of his plan. At the latter he gained a moment's opportunity to state his demand to the vice-president, who had known him from childhood. The refusal was instantaneous. Frightened for their own security, the banks were coming to the aid of no one.

He even attempted to call up his father on long-distance; but after long, tedious waits he was unable to locate him. What he would have asked of him he did not quite know, only that he was seeking frantically some way to come to the assistance of the girl he loved, even though in his heart he knew the futility of her attempt; perhaps, even, despite his admiration for her unselfishness, glad that the sacrifice could not be made.

He went up later in the afternoon to explain to her all he had tried to do, to get her to go for a short ride up the river in order to snatch a little rest and calm; but Patsie refused obstinately. She was afraid that at any moment her father might return and call for her, declaring that she must be ready to go to him. Perhaps she had fears that she did not express even to Bojo, but she remained as she had been all day, waiting feverishly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Drake did not come back until long after midnight. Then there were conferences in his library far into the gray morning. Everything seemed topsy-turvy. The night was like the daytime. At every hour an automobile came rushing up, a hurried ring of the bell followed by a ghostly, flitting passage of strange figures into the library.

Drake was no longer the dejected, resigned man, broken in pride and courage, of the night before. He put the two young people aside hastily with a swift, convulsive hug for his daughter and a welcoming handshake for Bojo. He would say nothing, and they could guess nothing of all the desperate remedies that were being discussed and acted upon in the shifting conference within the library.

It was past four o'clock when Bojo left, after persuading Patsie of the uselessness of further vigil. He felt too tremulously awake for need of sleep. He went down the avenue and, in the convalescing gray of the weak and sickly dawn, passed the growing lines of depositors still obstinately clinging to their posts, feeling as though he were walking in a world of nightmares.

About seven o'clock he went back to the Court for a tub, and a cup of coffee. There he received news of Fred DeLancy, who had come in frantically the night before, begging for loans to back up his disappearing margins. Neither Marsh nor Granning could come to his assistance, and he had left, absolutely unnerved, vowing that he would be wiped out if he could not raise ten thousand dollars before the morrow. Bojo shook his head. He had no desire to help him. The few thousands he still retained seemed to him something miraculously solid and precious now.

There was nothing he could do before the arrival of Doris and her husband, if anything could be done then. He went down again to Wall Street merely as a matter of curiosity, and entered the spectators' gallery in the Stock Exchange. The panic there had become a delirium. He stood leaning over the railing, gazing down into this frenzy which had once been his life; removed from its peril—judging it.

What he saw was ugly to look upon. A few figures stood out, grim, game, and defiant to the last, meeting the crisis as sportsmen facing the last chance. But for the rest, the element of the human seemed to have disappeared in the animal madness of beasts, trapped, awaiting destruction. These shifting, struggling, contending clumps of men, shrieking and hoarse, fighting for the last disappearing rung of financial security, gave him a final distaste for the life he had renounced. He went out, passing another howling group of savages on the curb.

Doris arrived in the late afternoon, and there was a family consultation, at which he was not present. Whatever might have been done the week before, it was too late now: the issue had been decided. Drake's fate was in the hands of Gunther, to whose house he had been summoned that night to learn the terms which would be accorded him by the group of financial leaders who had been hastily organized to save the country from the convulsion which now threatened to overwhelm every industry and every institution.

At midnight Drake returned, a ruined man, stripped of every possession, a bankrupt. Only Patsie and Bojo were there when he came in. A certain calm seemed to have replaced the unnatural feverish activity of the last forty-eight hours—the calm of accepted defeat, the end of hopes, the certainty of failure.

"It's over," he said with a nod of recognition. "They got me. I'm rather hungry—let's have something to eat."

"What do you mean by 'It's over'?" said Patsie, coming toward him. "You lost?"

He nodded.

"How much?"

"Stripped clean."

"You mean that there's nothing left—not a cent?"

For the first time the old hunted look came back to Drake's eyes. "It's worse than that," he said. "It's what's got to be made good. Your daddy is a bankrupt, Patsie, one million and a half to the bad."

"You owe that?"

"Pretty close to it."

"But what will you do? They can't put you in prison?"

"Oh, no," he said grimly; "there's nothing to be ashamed of in it—that is, so far." He stopped a moment and, watching him closely, they both divined that he was thinking of his wife. "If worse comes to worst," he added moodily, "I've got to find some way of paying that over, every cent of it."

"But, Mr. Drake," said Bojo hastily, "surely there is no reason why you should

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

feel that way. Others have met misfortune—been forced into bankruptcy. Every one will know that it could not be helped, that you were forced into it."

"And every one," he said quickly, speaking without reserve for the first time, "will say that Dan Drake knew how to fail at the right time and in the right way." He gave a wave of his hand, as though to indicate the great house of which he was thinking, and added bitterly:

"What will they think of it when *this* goes on? They'll think just one thing—that I worked a crooked, double-crossing game and salted away my fortune behind a petticoat! God, that's what hurts!" He brought down his fist with an outburst of anger such as they had never seen in him before, and sprang up trembling and heavy. "No, by Heaven! if I fail, she can't go on with her millions!"

The rage that possessed him made him seemingly oblivious to their presence. "Oh, what a fool, a blind, contemptible fool! If she is worth a cent she is worth four millions to-day, and every cent I made for her—I gave to her. Talk about business heads!—there is not one of us can touch her! Oh, she's known, all right, what she has been doing all these years. She took no chances. She knew when to work me and how to work me. Clever? Yes, she's clever, and as cold as they make 'em. Despite all her pretense of being weak and sickly, her tears and hysterics, you can't beat her."

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy," said Patsie, laying her hand on his arm to calm him, "she can't, she won't refuse to come to your help now when it's a question of honor, our honor and hers. I know, I promise you, we will pay over every cent of what you owe."

"You think so? Try!"

"Daddy," said Patsie quietly, "I have $500,000 you gave me. Bojo and I tried our best to sell my securities and raise money for you. If you had only let me know sooner perhaps we could have. Every cent of that will go to you. Doris, too, I know, will give her third. We will only ask my mother for what we are giving ourselves. That she will not refuse, she can not, she won't dare. Daddy, there is one thing you must not worry about. We won't let any one say a single word against you. Every cent you owe shall be paid. I'll promise you that."

At the first mention of what she had done Drake had turned and stared at her, deaf to what followed. When she ended, tears were in his eyes. For a moment he could not control his voice.

"You did that?" he said at last. "You would have done that?"

"Why, Dad," she said, smiling, "I couldn't do anything else."

He took her suddenly in his arms, and the touch of kindness broke him down where everything else had failed. Bojo turned hastily away, not to intrude on the sanctity of the scene. When a long moment afterward Patsie called him back from the window where he had been standing, Drake seemed to have grown suddenly old and feeble.

"I want you to wait here, Bojo, dear," she said, determined and firm. "I am going to settle this now. I am going to see my mother. Don't worry."

She went out after bending lightly for a last kiss and a touch of her hand on the bent shoulders.

There was a long silence. Finally Drake rose and began to pace the floor, talking to himself, stopping from time to time with sudden contractions of the arms, clutches of the fists, to take a long breath and shake his head. When Bojo was least expecting it, he came to him abruptly and said:

"Tom, I tell you this and you may believe I mean it—that it's going to be. Not one cent will I take from that child. With all that I provided for the others she's not going to be left a pauper. It's got to be my wife who stands by me in this." In his excitement he seized the young man by the wrist so that the fingers cut into his flesh. "It's got to be her and only her, do you understand, or else—" he stopped with a wild glance, with a disorder that left Bojo cold with apprehension; and suddenly, as though afraid to say too much, Drake dropped the young man's wrist roughly and went and sat down, covering his face with his hands.

"I mean it," he said, and several times he repeated the phrase as though to himself.

They spoke no more. Bojo, on the edge of his chair, sat staring at the older man, turning over what he had heard, not daring to think. At the end of a long wait a maid knocked and came in.

"Mr. Crocker, please. Miss Drake would like you to come to her mother's room."

Bojo, startled, sprang up hastily, saying:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"All right, right away." He turned, striving to find a word of encouragement, hesitated, and went out.

When he came into the little sitting-room which gave on to Mrs. Drake's private apartments, he found the two confronting each other—Patsie erect and scornful, with flashing, angry eyes, and her mother, in a hastily donned wrapper and bedroom cap, clutching a sort of blue-laced quilt, sunk hysterically in the depths of a great arm-chair. At the first glance he guessed the scene of cries and reproaches which had just ended.

At his entrance Mrs. Drake burst out furiously: "I won't have it! I won't be insulted like this! Mr. Crocker, I desire you, I command you, to leave the room. It's enough that my daughter should take advantage of me. I will not be shamed before strangers."

"Lock the door," said Patsie quietly, "and keep the key."

He did so and came back to her side.

"Don't mind what she says," said Patsie scornfully. "She's not ill, she's not hysterical; it's all put on: she knows just what she's doing."

At this Mrs. Drake burst into exaggerated sobs and shrank down into the chair, covering her face with the quilt she clung to, without perception of the grotesqueness of her act.

"Now you're going to listen to me," said Patsie, striving to remain calm through her anger. "You don't fool me the least bit, so you might just as well listen quietly. I know just how much money you have, and every cent of it has been given to you by my father. You are worth over four million dollars, I know that."

"It's not true—that's a lie," said Mrs. Drake with a scream.

"It is true," continued Patsie calmly, "and you know it's true. This house is yours and everything in it. Do you want me to tell you exactly what stocks and bonds you have at the present moment? Shall I have my father come in, too, and tell us in detail just what he has given you all these years? Do you want that?" She waited a moment and added scornfully:

"No, I rather guess that is not what you want. I asked you before to help raise a loan to save him from losing what he had. You could have done it: you refused. Now I am asking you to give exactly what I shall give and what Doris will give—$500,000, so there will be not the slightest reproach against his good name, against the name you bear and I bear. Will you do it or not?"

"You don't know what you are talking about," cried the mother wildly. "It's $500,000 now, it's $500,000 to-morrow, and then it's everything. You want me to ruin myself. You think just because he's gone on risking everything, just because he never could be satisfied, that I should suffer too. You want me to make a pauper of myself. Well, I won't! What right had he to risk money that didn't belong to him? What right have you to abuse me?"

Bojo attempted to burst in on the stream of meaningless and repeated phrases. He, too, saw through the assumption of hysteria.

"My dear Mrs. Drake," he said icily, "you are proud of your position in society. Let me put this to you: Don't you realize that if your husband fails for a million and a half and you continue living as you have lived, it will be a public scandal? Don't you realize what people will say?"

"No, I don't!" she cried. "I don't admit any such ridiculous nonsense. I know that I have a right to my life, to my existence. I know what is mine is mine. If he has lost money, other people have lost money in the same way who gamble just as he has. They should take their losses, too, without coming to people who are not responsible, who don't believe in such things. And then what good will it do? The money's mine. Why throw good money after bad? I tell you that he has never had a thought about his duties and responsibilities to his family. I have. I won't impoverish myself; I won't impoverish my family—I won't—I won't!—and I won't be badgered and browbeaten in this brutal way. You're a bad daughter; you've always been a disobedient, wicked daughter. You've always been this way to me from the first. Now you think you can force me into this; but you sha'n't!"

"Mother," began Patsie stonily; but she was interrupted by a fresh torrent of words.

"No, no, I can't, I won't! I'm ill—I have been ill for days—do you want to kill me? I suppose that's what you do want. Go on. Put me down, make me ill. Oh, my God, my God, I can't stand it, I can't stand it! I *can't!* Ring for the doctor—the doctor—or some one."

"Come away," said Bojo, taking Patsie by the arm as Mrs. Drake went into the



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

paroxysms which they knew were completely assumed. "It's useless trying to say anything more to her. To-morrow, perhaps, Doris and her husband may have more effect."

They went out without even looking back.

Patsie was in such a rage of indignation, shaking from head to foot, that he had to take her in his arms and quiet her.

"What shall we say to Daddy?" she said at last, in despair.

"Lie," he said. "Tell him that it will be done."

But when they came back into the library Drake was gone. He didn't return all that night. Afterward, from what they learned, they concluded he must have spent the night hours in wandering about the city.

The next morning Mrs. Drake locked her doors, and sent word by a doctor that she was too ill to see any one, that seeing any one might produce disastrous effects.

Despite which, they forced an entrance and with Doris and her husband present went over again the shameful and degrading scene of the night before. Nothing could shake Mrs. Drake, neither remonstrances nor scorn nor tears. Drake returned, haggard and wild-eyed, toward noon, to learn the result, which they were unable to conceal from him. He went out immediately.

At five o'clock he was taken to a hospital, having been run over by an auto-bus. Various stories as to how this happened were circulated. The insurance company which carried his life-insurance attempted to prove suicide—in vain. The testimony of witnesses all seemed to point to an accident. He had started across the street, had lost his hat, and in stooping to pick it up had slipped and fallen underneath the wheels.

Death came a few hours later.

### *Patsie Makes a Decision*

WHEN Daniel Drake's affairs were wound up, it was found that with the sums derived from his life insurance there remained a deficit of a little over $400,000. In this crisis the old loyal and generous spirit in Doris expressed itself—for perhaps the last time. She wished to assume, herself, the total indebtedness. But Patsie would not listen to this. In her devotion to the name of her father, she would have taken a certain fierce pride in shouldering all the responsibility. In the end the sum was divided.

The break between mother and daughters was complete and final. Even in the terrible first days after Drake's death, Mrs. Drake never for a moment softened, made no offers to protect her husband's name or spare her daughters. Neither Patsie nor Doris would have asked her, for worlds, relieved at last that the debt could be paid by those who loved him. Mrs. Drake kept closely to her rooms, and beyond necessary meetings for various arrangements, cut herself off from her family. It was given out officially that her health had been wrecked by the successive catastrophes, and she left shortly for the Italian Riviera. Her pronounced aversion to everything American, which she eagerly paraded before old acquaintances who met her there


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"DON'T MIND WHAT SHE SAYS," SAID PATSIE SCORNFULLY. "SHE'S NOT ILL, SHE'S NOT HYSTERICAL; IT'S ALL PUT ON: SHE KNOWS JUST WHAT SHE'S DOING."

by chance, indicated an intention to spend the rest of her life in exile.

As soon as possible—within a few days after her father's death—Patsie left her mother's house and went to live for a while with Doris. And in the tenderness of their common bereavement the sisters were closer together, nearer to understanding and sympathizing with each other, than they had ever before been in their lives.

But this spirit, on Doris's part, did not long outlive her full realization of the feeling between her former lover and Patsie. Naturally, she had never known of that winter night in the Berkshires when they had almost forgotten her claims, overcome by the spell of the snowy silence and their isolation together. She must have known that Bojo was interested in Patsie, fond of her, but without guessing the quality of that interest, never dreaming that almost from his first meeting with Patsie it had been the younger sister that he really loved.

During the dreadful period of shock after Drake's death, Doris—herself bewildered, almost prostrate—did not grasp the full significance of Bojo's constant presence, did not see how utterly dependent on him Patsie was for strength and comfort. Despite their new relationship, Patsie could not speak freely to her sister about Bojo. If she had tried, she would have found it hard not to reproach her for giving a false impression about breaking off the engagement. Besides, mixed with her grateful relief that Bojo had been freed was a certain contempt for Doris because she had let him go. And beneath all was the sense, the fear, that in her heart of hearts all that was best of Doris still loved him.

Bojo made no effort to give Patsie more than comfort and support till she had begun to recover a little from the terrible blow. He could help her most by keeping in the


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

background—some one on whom she could lean, without any demands on his part. Besides, he wanted her to come to him, when at last she surrendered, with full consciousness of what she was doing; and he realized the complexity of her feeling toward Doris.

Meantime, the panic in which Drake had gone down, sweeping over the country, had gradually subsided into a long period of depression, affecting many industries.

Bojo knew that his father's business had been hurt by the depression, knew that other mills had closed or were working at half speed; but he had no suspicion that his father was in grave trouble until Granning brought him word.

It was a Saturday half-holiday; and Granning had heard that morning, quite by accident, that the Crocker Mills were facing a serious crisis, and had been waiting for Bojo all afternoon. When he came in, Granning told him at once, one hand on his shoulder, and his keen, friendly eyes watching the younger man for the response he hoped for.

Bojo stood a long moment, silent, then his eyes met his friend's, and both hands went out. "Well, that's where I belong, Granny, and I'll go. I think I've been licked into shape to be of some use to my father now. Anyway, I'm going to fight the thing out with him. Sorry to leave you, old man."

"I'd been hoping you *would* leave me," answered Granning dryly, with another grip of Bojo's hand.

With an exultant hopefulness such as he had not felt since his first plunge into Wall Street, Bojo called Patsie on the phone and asked her to go on an outing with him the next day—a poor folks' junket, he said.

They refused Doris's offer of a car, and elected to tramp in the northern reaches of the Palisades, crossing by a launch, far up-town which operated as a ferry, slanting across the river and landing them at the foot of the sheer green wall. They took a narrow path that wound along, following the river, leading them close under the high green cliffs, with their tumbled rock slopes. Every turn of the path was a fresh adventure, and Patsie skipped along in the lead with the first sign of normal vivacity that Bojo had seen since her father's death. A dash of color came into her cheeks, and her eyes danced with joy in the sparkle and vividness of the life about her, and perhaps with a realization that here she could be natural with Bojo, without the scrutiny of other eyes.

Warm and a little breathless, she flung herself down on a grassy slope, and waited for Bojo to come up. She took off her hat, and let the wind ruffle the bright masses of her hair; her thin black dress showed the girlish lines of her slight body as she half reclined there, one arm behind her head.

Bojo sat down on a ledge of rock beside her, looking at her with a light in his eyes that Doris had never seen. Patsie started to turn her own eyes away, as she had done a month before when she felt he might ask her for definite surrender; then she turned back again and met the tenderness in his face bravely.

But something of the gravity beneath the tenderness reached her. "What is it, Bojo?" she asked in a low tone.

He leaned over and took the hand that lay at her side, carrying it to his lips. "I want to ask you something, Drina," he said; "but first I must tell you that I have decided to leave New York——"

She sat up, startled. "But Bojo—where?"

"To my father," he said. "He is in trouble—perhaps on the brink of failure. I'm going to him—to live in a little mill town—for years, if he needs me. Drina—will you come with me? Can you live that life with me, dear? Think, Patsie, what it means!"

She looked at him a long moment with something very like indignation in her eyes. "Why, of course I can, Bojo," she said stoutly. And then in a flash her arms went round his neck. "Oh, Bojo, Bojo," she said, "the only way I can't live is—without you!"

As he held her so, a memory passed through Bojo's mind: Doris and he in a sleigh, a grubby, sordid village, and Doris's voice saying: "Ask me anything but to be poor!" And remembering, he held Patsie closer.

Patsie told her great news to Doris that night, alone. She had talked it over with Bojo and had decided that it might be too painful for all of them if Bojo and she should make the announcement together.

Despite her vague feeling that Doris still loved Bojo, Patsie was shocked at the emotion her sister showed. At first Doris was too surprised to grasp the fact; but

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when at last she realized, when by persistent questionings she learned that Bojo had cared for her little sister even when he was engaged to her, a kind of belated jealousy flared up, and for a moment Patsie thought she was actually going to blame her for coming between them.

"Forgive me, Patsie," she said, when at last she got control of herself. "I want you to be happy, of course. I want Bojo to be happy. But I think a little bit of me still loves him—perhaps always will—and your news upset me." There was a hint of melodrama in her sadness—and Patsie remembered Bojo's contention that Doris merely played at emotion, luxuriated in it. "I wish I could have had your courage," Doris sighed. "I wish I hadn't been afraid of poverty. But to live in an awful little mill town"—and she broke off with a shudder. "Not for me!"

Patsie watched her with relief, understanding at last that this flare-up of emotion had come from no genuine depths. At the same time her heart sank at the realization of what her sister was doing to herself. She had deliberately turned her back on the best thing life had ever offered her; and even the sense that it had been the best was already growing dim.

---

*Wherein Bojo Finds Out Where He Belongs*

---

WHILE Patsie was talking with Doris, Bojo was already aboard the night train speeding toward the mills. It had been hard to say good-by to Patsie, but the sooner he went, the sooner he could claim her for always. Besides, he was really eager, not only to help his father, but to fit into the place where, at last, he felt he *belonged*.

The train deposited him at the little mill town in the early morning, about the time the factory wheels began moving. Bojo knew his father's habits well enough to risk going straight to the office. As he passed through the dingy streets, with their rows of ugly little frame houses, he smiled at the thought of how he would have loathed them a year before. Now, his heart did not sink. He was going to his own work—and Patsie was coming!

As he had expected, his father was already at his desk—but not working; only sitting back staring absently at the heaped-up papers. Bojo's pulses pounded at sight of him—older, a little drawn, worried. He stood a moment in the doorway before Crocker saw him.

"Good morning, Father," said Bojo, with an attempt at casualness.

Crocker leaped to his feet and took his son by both shoulders, an eager, questioning light in his eyes.

Bojo nodded to the unspoken question. "Yes, I've come back where I belong. Can you use me?"

"I certainly can," said the father heartily, gripping him hard. "You're a Crocker, Tom—you've got the stuff."

"I've just waked up to what you said two years ago—to the 'value of father and son sticking together, doing something that counts'—you see, I remember your very words. But I'm not broke," he grinned, abandoning the more emotional tone. "I've got $15,000 left, and every cent of it goes into the business."

"So my prophecy wasn't fulfilled, after all," said the father. "But I've got my wish, Tom. Had any breakfast?"

As for Bojo, he got *his* wish six months later. Patsie came. Business had built up to the point where marriage was not too risky, and neither one was willing to wait beyond that point. The idea of a wedding in Doris's house was intolerable. The distance between the sisters was widening steadily; and Patsie felt that Doris was out of sympathy with her even though she was no longer jealous. So Patsie decided to break with the conventions of her old life entirely, and go to Bojo instead of letting him come for her.

She came on a train that stopped at a junction point a few miles from the town, and father and son—Bojo had insisted that Crocker, Sr., go along to welcome her—drove over for her together. It was a sparkling vivid October day—air like wine, the hills a glory of color—and Patsie, when she alighted, fitted into the picture perfectly—dressed in a tailored suit of leaf-brown, with a smart green feather in her small, close-fitting hat. The father surrendered unconditionally. He had known what kind of a girl Doris was, had dreaded her influence over Bojo, and had not been free from qualms about her sister. But no doubt survived his first look into Patsie's honest, loyal eyes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mr. Crocker drove, going back, and Bojo and Patsie sat on the back seat of the car with hands frankly clasped, too tremulously happy for speech. Patsie would not have known the streets were ugly if Bojo hadn't conscientiously pointed it out. And, even so, she found a hundred points to admire. They went past the factory—"our factory," she called it—and then to Crocker's house, a comfortable, unpretentious place, which appealed at once to Patsie's genuine liking for simplicity.

Three or four of Crocker's friends—his general manager at the mills, with his wife and daughter—were waiting for them, and within an hour after her arrival, Patsie, still in her traveling suit, radiant and confident, was standing beside Bojo, white and solemn now, after the manner of bridegrooms, before a clergyman in the Crockers' living-room.

When the final words were said, Patsie, waiting only for Bojo's kiss, turned with both hands out to Crocker. As he bent awkwardly to kiss her cheek, Bojo saw her radiance dimmed for a moment, her lip quivering, and knew it was with a tender thought of her own dearly loved daddy, who would have so rejoiced to see a daughter of his, at last, follow the leadings of her own heart to happiness.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE battle was won. For three years Bojo had worked more arduously than he had believed it was possible for any man to work. And, in large part due to his devotion, the mills were secure; and not only that, but a leader and model among factory communities of the world. Bojo was ready to come back to New York, with a very happy Patsie.

They had telegraphed to Granning to meet them, their first night in New York, at dinner on the Astor roof. It was to be a kind of reunion of the two, out of the Big Yale Four, who had maintained close friendship. Granning—the same big, sincere Granning—found them awaiting him, at the very table where, five years before, the four friends had exchanged confidences—Patsie starry-eyed with excitement and the city's thrill, and Bojo boyishly eager over the return to old ties in a new way. They looked out on the same stimulating, vital, monstrous New York—pointing out to each other the new towers of Babel that had pushed their way in during the Crockers' absence.

At last Granning indicated a roof not far distant, gleaming and winking with colored lights. "That's one of the places where Fred DeLancy gets rich," smiled Granning. "You know, of course?"

Bojo nodded. "Yes, but tell me the details." And Granning repeated the amazing story of how, after Fred had lost every cent in the panic, the dance craze had renewed his fortunes. Fred and Louise DeLancy were a fad. They had their own restaurant, with dancing studios attached, and an after-midnight dancing club. They appeared in the movies, set a dozen fashions, inspired sculptors, illustrators, and caricaturists.

"And Roscoe Marsh?" said Patsie, following the thought she knew was in both men's minds. "He's sold his paper, hasn't he?"

Granning nodded. "Roscoe's dream didn't come true, either," he said, with a smile for Bojo. "He was going to make his paper a wonderful social power," he explained to Patsie. "But he wasn't quite in earnest—and he hadn't his feet on the earth. He had too much money to start with, perhaps," he added thoughtfully.

"As a matter of fact," Bojo took up the strain of reminiscence, "you are the only one of us to carry out the program made that night up here."

Granning had risen to the managership of the Garnett foundries, and left them to become general manager of a subsidiary to the steel corporation at a splendid salary. Already he was known as a student of industrial conditions and was on his way to important positions on boards of arbitration and industrial investigation.

"All but the marrying, Granny," Bojo added. "Where's that wonderful woman?"

Granning flushed slowly, then: "I'll invite you to meet her next week," he grinned.

When the congratulations and excitement had died down, Patsie turned to Bojo: "But, Bojo, what was *your* ambition that night? What did *you* want to do?"

Bojo looked at her with teasing tenderness. "I didn't know all of it then, dear," he answered, "but—I've done it!"

THE END.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

A new regulation in a certain coal-mine required that each man mark with chalk the number on every car of coal mined.

One man named Ole, having filled the eleventh car, marked it with a number one and, after pondering a while, let it go at that.

Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Ole's attention to the fact that he had marked the car number one instead of eleven.

"Yes, I know," said Ole; "but I can't tank which side de odder wan go on."

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming-hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—

And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge:

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

Down in Rochester they had shown him the Mayo Library, the Mayo Hospital, the Mayo Park, and chattered of the Mayo Foundation. Wearily he picked up a stray kit.

"And whose little kitten are you?" he inquired.

"May-ouw!" was the answer.

And he took the next train home.

"Are you sisters?" asked the census-taker of two colored women who sat on the tiny porch of their cabin.

"No, sir," one of the women replied, "us ain' no blood kin. You see"—pointing to a rather pretentious-looking house on the hill—"hit's dis er way. Sanders, up dar in de white house, he married me fu'st; den Sis' Liza heah come 'long, an' he 'vorsted me an' put me out heah in de cabin so he could marry her. But bimeby he fetch her down de hill to de cabin to make room for dat young gal, Cora, he done married. No, sir, us ain' no blood kin—I guess we's wives-in-law."

Squire Perkins bought a calf one day and endeavored to lead it home with a short rope. For greater safety he tied the rope around his own body. The calf got frightened and obstinate, and dragged the worthy squire through a few bramble bushes, a couple of fences, and various other articles of scenery. Finally some interested spectators cornered the pair and started to loosen the rope from the squire's waist. He was so nearly out of breath he



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

couldn't say anything for a moment, but he finally managed to gasp out:

"Untie the calf; never mind me, I'll stand."

At a dinner-and-theatre party recently given in Washington, a beautiful débutante was frightened beyond measure because Senator Blank had been selected for her escort. The poor girl was almost in tears from nervousness.

"But, mother," she protested, "whatever can I talk to him about?"

The mother smiled. "You'll like him, dear; every one does."

It was late that night when the débutante came running into her mother's boudoir, a happy flush on her young cheek. "I've had a perfectly dandy time," she announced, "and I think the Senator's fine. He isn't at all like I expected him to be. Why, we hadn't gone two blocks before we were talking about fleas in Italian hotels!"

A young Irishman, shortly after coming to this country, was stopping with a friend of his boyhood now living in New York. One day the friend took him down to have a look at Washington Market. Passing a fruit-stand, they saw some grape-fruit, which the new arrival's friend said were oranges.

"My, my," said the other, "but they're big fellows! I'll engage you it wouldn't take many of *them* to make a dozen."

At a movie the other day a picture was shown entitled:

"As God Made It."

Immediately following the projection of the title on the screen came the flash:

"Approved by the Ohio Board of Censors."

"Where is your new flat?"

"On Whitney Street."

"But won't the trolley cars bother you?"

"The landlord says they won't bother us after the first few nights, and you know we can spend the first few nights at mother's."

It is a well-known newspaper paragrapher speaking:

"When a year or two ago we inquired what had become of the old-fashioned shortcake, dozens of samples and any number of recipes avalanched into the office; but when, following up that success and bearing in mind that a copy of the paper went to the United States Mint, we asked what had become of the old-fashioned twenty-dollar gold-piece, we never did hear."

A butcher of this town tells of a young woman who came into his shop the other day and addressed him thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the butcher. "There are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well," continued the young woman, "if you're sure they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them."

One evening a little boy entered a grocery-store and handed the clerk a note which read: "I am a poor woman and have no money. My children and I are starving. Won't you give us something to eat?"

The kind-hearted clerk filled a large basket with food and gave it to the boy, who quickly departed.

In a few minutes he again entered the store.

"What's the trouble now?" said the clerk.

"Mama sent me back to get the trading-stamps," the lad replied.

The impromptu efforts of sidewalk and board-fence chalk humorists are usually more sad than funny; but the other day one of them passed through a railroad yard where heavy construction work was going on, and, spying a pile of two-ton iron girders, chalked on them: "Take one."

Among the Japanese, economy is held to be a high virtue. Two old misers of Tokio were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family, we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our *face!*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
GEORGE B. MALLON, *Secretary and Treasurer*
ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President*
SPRING *and* MACDOUGAL STS., NEW YORK CITY

# KEEP POSTED

## *A* BRISK SUMMARY OF BIG EVENTS AND ISSUES

**SAN FRANCISCO PLUNGES DEEPER INTO STATE SOCIALISM—AND MAKES MONEY**

WHILE the nations of Europe are plunging into "State Socialism," our own City of San Francisco is doing considerable plunging of the same sort. It is giving us our most enthusiastic American rendition of public ownership of transportation.

First the people of San Francisco, on a referendum vote, appropriated $2,000,000, in bonds, for this purpose. Then, on another referendum, they appropriated $3,500,000. They took over a certain private street-railway line called the Geary Street line (its franchise having expired), and then they extended this line, and then they took over another private line, and then they went forward with another extension, which took the publicly owned cars to the Panama-Pacific Exposition Grounds.

Three times, therefore, since the people of San Francisco got their original street-car system they have enlarged it, and they now have 37 miles of track and 197 cars which, in the last year of record, carried some 30,000,000 passengers.

The curious thing about the situation is that the privately owned system continues to exist, too, on local lines on which it still has franchises. This privately owned system is the same one that got into so much trouble through the use of its funds in San Francisco politics, especially in the fast and lavish days when Abe Ruef was Boss. Perhaps one reason why the new publicly owned system can make such a good showing is that the City Hall officials who run it can not make contributions out of its surplus to their own campaign funds.

That the showing is a good one can not be denied. In the last year of record the "net profits" were $112,000.

This statement will at once bring a smile of cynicism to the faces of all intelligent persons. The methods by which many publicly owned enterprises calculate their "net profits" are only too well known. Any money that happens to be in the till at the end of the year is likely to be labeled "net profits" and proudly exhibited to an admiring and trusting populace.

But the men who drafted the rules under which the municipal railways of San Francisco are operated were crafty. They laid it


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

down that those railways should keep their accounts in the same way in which privately owned public utilities keep theirs. And they laid it down, further, that the municipal railways should make allowance on their books for certain charges (such as taxes) which the private companies have to meet, but which the municipal railways of course escape.

Therefore the "net profits" of the San Francisco municipal railways are real "net profits." The money left in the till, after all the nickels of all the passengers had been taken in and after all the expenses of operation had been paid out, was more than $500,000. But then the interest on the bonds was paid. And then the lawful (and very generous) allowance for the "depreciation" of the cars and of the rest of the property was made. And then an allowance was made for taxes, equaling the amount which the system would have had to pay if it had been in private hands.

And, after all these and all other proper subtractions had been accomplished, the real "net profits" remaining were more than $200,000.

In consequence, this railway has now proceeded to be an investor. It invests its surplus in various bonds, such as school bonds and garbage bonds, issued by the City of San Francisco.

One unfair advantage, however, this railway does enjoy. A while back the jitneys made their appearance in San Francisco. They began to compete with all the street-car lines. But they soon found that the municipal lines were very popular with the citizens and were possessed of great political power. An ordinance was to be passed regulating the jitneys. This ordinance might well have killed them. The jitney-owners therefore lifted their competition, to a great extent, from the streets on which the municipal street-cars run and transferred it full-force to the streets where the defenseless privately owned street-cars are operating. The ordinance was passed, but it was softened. The jitneys largely survive. But they survive especially on the private-franchise streets.

The final and most astonishing fact about this municipal railway is that it has embarked on an ambition which few great privately owned railway systems have ever even dared to dream of. It actually has started out to pay off all its bonded debt. It intends to get out of debt altogether and to own itself. Each year it is retiring $100,000 of its own bonds. Pretty soon it will be retiring $200,000 of them each year, by law.

It is fitting that such a railway should be operated in a city which is celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal—public enterprise's greatest enterprise.

**TWO "FIRST AIDS" TO PERSONS READING THE NEWS ABOUT OUR DISPUTE WITH ENGLAND**

IN OUR dispute with England, it will greatly help every citizen of the United States in his efforts to understand the matter more clearly—and we say this out of our own experience—if he will first take the phrase "The Freedom of the Seas" and tie a millstone about its neck and cast it into the depths of the briny waters from which it got its name.

That phrase once had a meaning. It has it no longer. It has lost it in the mouths of persons who have talked it into a condition of no meaning whatsoever. That is, they have blown it up into a large and unmanageable balloon full of the heated idea that, somehow, the peaceful neutral should have the same freedom on the seas in times of war that he has when there is no war.

A couple of minutes of calmness will show anybody that he doesn't really believe it. No neutral ship ever had, or ever can have, the freedom to sail the seas through a lawful blockade. No British ship had that freedom when the North was blockading the South during the Civil War. And no American ship has it now.

Further, no neutral ship has the freedom to sail the seas even to a peaceful unblockaded neutral port with contraband (such as cannon) to be there landed and then carried forward again into a country engaged in war. We settled and, in fact, enlarged that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

point, as we all know, during our Civil War in the 'sixties.

We even interfered then with the freedom of the British to sail the seas between one British port and another. We captured British vessels on their way from ports in Great Britain to ports in the British West Indies—and rightfully. They were carrying contraband destined to the South.

Therefore, if the phrase "The Freedom of the Seas," in all the meaninglessness which has been pumped into it, can be dismantled and interned in the alcove of some quiet library till this cruel dispute over the rights of neutrals has been fought out to a finish, the gain to mental health will be great.

The second thing which every American citizen might patriotically endeavor to do, with profit to himself and to the rest of us, is to bear in mind that the real reason why we can not let the behavior of Great Britain at this time pass unchallenged is not that Great Britain is in the absolute wrong, but that we owe an absolute duty to Germany.

Many of the English arguments are not bad. We can imagine them put in conversation by an Englishman, when he is not talking diplomacy but facts, thus:

"You admit that you haven't the freedom to ship *contraband* into Rotterdam to be carried forward into Germany. But these definitions of *contraband* and of *non*-contraband! How absurd most of them are!

"In the Declaration of London, for instance, which was drawn up by delegates from almost all of the great countries of the world and which was drawn up only six years ago, you will see that 'rubber' is put down as non-contraband. But nothing is more essential to this war than motor-cars, and motor-cars can not be made without rubber.

"Yet such illustrations, though there are many of them, do not tell the whole difficulty. They do not tell the heart of the difficulty. That heart lies in the fact that every modern nation is now discovered, for the first time, to be a unit. Every *necessary* that reaches any part of that nation helps every other part of it, including its army and navy.

"In the Declaration of London, a soldier's uniform is contraband. But a rough shirt isn't. And cotton isn't. Yet cotton can be made in a few days, under modern conditions, into a uniform; and the rough shirt, which is to-day on a civilian, may be to-morrow on a soldier, when that civilian reports to the recruiting officer.

"It isn't armies that fight to-day. It is nations. The distinction between contraband and non-contraband was built up in days when the army was a small thing and the bulk of the nation was separate from it. To-day the army and the nation are the same thing. And the only articles of commerce which will not be contraband in future wars are luxuries—pearls, hair-pins, chewing-gum, ostrich feathers. All *necessaries* are, in modern *fact*, contraband."

Well, there's some merit in that. Much merit. And we have to admit that certain *enlargements* of the doctrine of contraband during a war might be permissible. We *enlarged* the doctrine of Continuous Voyage during the Civil War. That was why we were permitted to go so far as to capture those British ships on their way from one British port to another. International Law is subject to enlargements and extensions, moderate ones, during a war. Thus the British might properly, after due argument and proof, transfer certain special articles from the free list to the list of contraband.

But what the British fleet, in its blockade of neutral European ports, has been asking, is not an enlargement or an extension, but a cancelation. International Law clearly allows us to ship non-contraband goods into neutral ports. *And we can not become a party to a total, or even to a radical change in that law during a war; because, during a war, it is the international duty of a neutral to act impartially toward all the belligerents and not to participate in total or radical changes to the advantage of one side and to the disadvantage of the other.*

England herself gave us a lesson in this matter once. When the Civil War broke out, we had not yet signed a certain international agreement called the Declaration of Paris. It came to be to our advantage, and to the disadvantage of the South, to sign it. We offered to sign it. The British Government received our signature politely, but said at once that our adherence to the Declaration of Paris would not go into effect, so far as Great Britain was concerned, *till the Civil War was over.*

Therefore, we say that if the whole distinction between contraband and non-contraband is to be canceled, it must be done after the war by international agreement. We can not do it by, so to speak, private

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

agreement between ourselves and England, now.

And the reason is not in our commercial interests. We could surrender them in order to gain larger ones. What we can not surrender is the international duty which we owe to England's enemies as well as to England.

**COLD, COLDER, COLDEST, ONNES! HE GOES DOWN TO 461° BELOW ZERO**

HE IS the coldest of our distinguished men. He was given the Franklin Medal this year by that very famous learned body, the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. He had already received a Nobel Prize. And he got both of these distinctions for being cold and for trying to be colder—in his laboratory.

It is the business of Heike Kamerlingh Onnes to discover new depths of coldness all the time. He is a cryogenist. It is a new scientific endeavor, comparatively, and it has a new name. Cryogeny, as everybody who remembers his Greek will see, is a word indicating the manufacture of cold. Heike Kamerlingh Onnes is this world's greatest manufacturer of cold, and therefore should be its favorite scientific hero at this time of the year.

Onnes doesn't really feel cold at all till he has gone down to two or three hundred degrees below zero Fahrenheit. He began descending in 1882. He has been going lower and lower ever since. And, truly, his work has been marvelous in its patience and persistence.

He found that it was necessary to make special machines and to train men to operate those machines. His laboratory is at the University of Leyden in Holland. For years he really did nothing but make machines and train men, in order to be ready to begin his real work. Over the entrance to his laboratory Onnes inscribed the words "Door Meten, Tot Weten," which, as everybody who remembers his Dutch will see, means "Knowledge Rests Upon Measurements." In order to get the means by which to make his measurements Onnes gave ten years to the mere construction of his cryogenic laboratory.

He then began in earnest to take certain gases and cool them to the point of turning them into liquids and into solids. The principle used in these experiments, so far as we can make it out, is essentially this:

You compress your gas. Then you run it through a coil. But around this coil you have a receptacle. This receptacle is a vacuum. The coil winds around in it and comes to an end in it. From this end you let the gas escape into the vacuum. As it escapes, it at once expands. In expanding, it produces cold.

This principle, elaborated intricately and endlessly, is at the root of cryogenic experiments.

Onnes had at last got well started and was trying especially to make hydrogen turn into liquid form when Professor Dewar of London cut in ahead of him. Dewar not only turned that subtle gas, hydrogen, in to a liquid, but actually turned it into a solid, in circumstances of great cold. Onnes at once consented to learn from Dewar. He improved his equipment accordingly and was soon able to produce a temperature in his laboratory vessels of 400 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

He now proceeded to try to liquefy helium. And this turned out to be his greatest achievement. He liquefied helium at 452 degrees below zero.

But he wasn't yet satisfied. He took that helium at that temperature and, under reduced pressure, he let it boil. Helium gets hot at that temperature and boils savagely. But, in course of boiling, under reduced pressure, it was compelled, by Onnes's apparatus, to manufacture certain additional degrees of cold, through the regulation of the pressure; and thus Onnes went down to 461 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, which is the lowest point yet reached by any cryogenic explorer.

And nobody can go much lower, sad to say. That point reached by Onnes is within one degree of *absolute* zero. That is, it is within one degree of the point at which there is no heat at all.

Are there any practical commercial results from such experiments? Well, one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

result of Professor Dewar's work was the vacuum flask which, in a commercial form, is now used for keeping cold things cold and hot things hot. And Onnes has shown that metals change their behavior in extreme cold in a manner so extraordinary that practical results seem bound to follow. To-day we subject metals to the changes of extreme heat in order to fit them for certain new modern uses. To-morrow we shall perhaps subject them to the changes of extreme cold in commercial factories to fit them for uses not yet guessed.

**AND STILL THE NEW "SMALL NATIONS" KEEP COMING— SLOVAKIA! LITHUANIA! PALESTINE!**

WE SEE to-day a new crop of "small nations" growing up in the midst of nations which we already regarded as "small." The revival of languages, and so the revival of nations, seems to have no end. The International Congress which meets at the end of this war will consider the claims of all the small nations with which we are familiar and then also the claims of certain new small nations which never before, to our knowledge, were nations at all.

There are the Slovaks, for instance. They live in Hungary. A million of them have come to this country and are fellow citizens of ours. They, it appears, are a nation. And they are oppressed by the Hungarians. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian, came to this country and got us all stirred up many years ago over the oppression of the Hungarians by the Austrians. The Hungarians learned from the Austrians, apparently. For they have proceeded to try to Hungarianize the Slovaks as relentlessly and as ruthlessly as the Austrians ever tried to Austrianize Hungary.

So the cry of a new small nation goes up to the world to say:

We Slovaks number 3,000,000. We have a language of our own and have always had it. But it is excluded now from the courts. We can not even seek justice except through an interpreter. We can not understand the crimes with which we are charged except through an interpreter. And our Slovak institutions of learning have been attacked. Our three colleges were closed. Our literary and scientific academy, the Matica Slovenska, was confiscated. In our whole territory we have no Slovak university or high school or school for industrial and commercial education. And now Slovak is being forbidden even in the primary schools. We hold to our language, to our own language, and:

Note here the inevitable and invariable result of language in Europe.

"We demand," says the manifesto of the Slovak League of America, repeating the demands of Slovak national organizations in Hungary, "we demand for the Slovak nation a self-government and a freedom to work out its own destiny."

Now we have observed in the writings of Bohemians, who want a free Bohemia, certain allusions to Slovak territory intimating that Slovakia should be a part of Bohemia. Bohemians are Slavs. Slovaks are Slavs. Would Bohemians therefore treat Slovaks justly? It is not certain, as can be seen by the case of the Poles and the Lithuanians.

The Poles are Slavs. And the Lithuanians, who dwell in Poland, whatever their origin, are Slavs by history and by institutions. Yet the Lithuanians are now a "nation," too. And they charge against the Poles the same spirit of oppression which the Poles charge against the Russians and the Prussians.

The Lithuanians have a language. It is not Polish. It is Lithuanian. It is spoken by millions of people. One million of them have come to America. They agitate from here as well as in their own land. The Poles can not oppress the Lithuanians through the government. They do not control the government. So they oppress them through, for instance, the church. They control that. And they send Polish priests into Lithuanian parishes to speak Polish and to try to make their parishioners, and especially the children, speak Polish.

These priests—according to the Lithuanians—turn the pulpit and the confessional into schools for teaching the Polish language. Hence riots in churches, with candelabra hurtling through the air. And

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hence a violent outburst of indignation from Lithuanians when the Grand Duke Nicholas said that the Poles should have home rule in all of old Poland. Old Poland may be considered to include Lithuania. The Lithuanians object. They want a Lithuania of their own, because otherwise they do not seem likely to be able to use and develop that language of their own.

But the most remarkable new small nation is Palestine. We have known that Jews were returning there, in small numbers. One hundred thousand of them are there now. They have fifty prosperous agricultural colonies. They have learned once more to work on the land.

But they have once more learned a thing even more important. The Jews that went to Palestine from Spain spoke Spanish. The Jews that went there from the eastern part of Europe spoke the languages of the countries from which they came—or Yiddish. But now the Jews in Palestine speak the oldest language in which any great literature was written: a language which, unlike Slovakian or Lithuanian, had actually perished out of common daily speech—their own language once more—Hebrew.

And the Jews and the Slovakians and the Lithuanians, as well as the Bohemians and the Poles and the Finns and the rest, will be looking to the International Congress and knocking at its gates when this war is over.

**IT TAKES A GOOD ADVENTURE STORY TO LIVEN UP "MONOTONY" IN THE TRENCHES**

As a companion-piece to Miss Jane Addams's picture of war, we herewith present a picture of it, the most remarkable we have ever seen, drawn by an American in the French trenches.

Miss Addams found that war was so horrible that whole regiments of soldiers—so she reported—apparently refused to face it unless hypnotized by alcohol. Our American soldier, however, interrupts himself, in the midst of throwing hand-grenades at the enemy and in the midst of expecting similar attentions from them, to say that the curse of war is its monotony, and that he welcomes the real thrill that comes with the quick-action stories in a good magazine.

He addresses his communication to his friend Mr. Arthur S. Hoffman, the editor of ADVENTURE. After saying that "our greatest hardship is the deadly monotony," he complains further that "it is almost impossible to find books or periodicals" and then remarks:

"So you can imagine with what joy I seized on the copy of ADVENTURE which I captured in a German advanced post."

It appears that the Germans were also relieving the tedium of war searching for excitement in the only place where it can really be found—literature.

Mr. Hoffman's correspondent then goes on to explain why this war is so monotonous. The reason seems to be that it consists too much of the mere repetition of the simple act of throwing hand-grenades into the enemy's trenches and of then running at a high rate of speed back to your own. He says:

"The king of infantry-encounters is the hand-grenade. The high-power rifle is a joke. I have seen for the last ten months continual firing from one trench to another, sometimes at distances of fifty to seventy-five metres. I have seen uncalled-for panics on both sides on a dark night when each trench would be a continual line of fire, hundreds of men firing hundreds of cartridges each; and I have never seen a man killed by a rifle-ball.

"But if you want to see a shambles, visit a trench just after a few hand-grenades have been thrown into it. The great occupation here is hand-grenading the other fellow. How is it done?

"Well, you leave your trench on a dark night with three or four grenades—nothing else. Then you pull yourself along on the ground toward the opposite trench. No crawling on hands and knees goes. Too dangerous.

"Now I hope, Mr. Hoffman, I am not boring you with this description, but it is all we have to tell about. Well, it is slow business. I have taken over three hours to cover a hundred yards. Arrived at the other

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

trench, you must be still until you hear the relief coming, generally between eleven and twelve or one and two. When the relief is in the trench opposite you, you jump up, throw your grenades, and then run as if the Monster of Sleepy Hollow was after you. If you are a good runner and if the surprise has been complete, and if you know when to drop, you should get out of it alive.

"As I said before, if you want to see a shambles, visit a trench after one of these visits. I have seen a whole half-section, thirty-two men, put out of business in our trenches with four grenades; and the Germans, if we can believe the prisoners we take, have had the same experience.

"Also, in mass charges on trenches or in defending them the grenade is king. Nothing like it for cleaning out a trench or for stopping a massed charge. We all consider that the failure of the German attacks on this part of the front during the last few months should be attributed to our greater ability in the use of grenades.

"I am afraid again I am boring you, Mr. Hoffman, with these details about grenades, but you should see the first lines of a French force when we start after a German trench. Head, face, neck, arms, and hands covered with vaseline, against the streams of vitriol; a mask covering face and nose, and automobile goggles on the eyes, against the asphyxiating gases; a basket attached around the waist containing ten or fifteen grenades—and one is off to lead an assault. Funny game, this modern war.

"I know I am tiring you awfully with this chatter, but it is such a relief to have some mental relaxation that you will forgive me. And I thank you for the stories in ADVENTURE. I must tell you again with what joy I read that copy of it."

This letter we commend to the Author's League, to be framed in their headquarters. It confirms us in the belief we have always entertained—that no maker of ammunition that ever lived can provide the world with as much thrill as the maker of a good impossible fiction-plot.

We commend this letter also to the persons who gave Miss Addams her information about alcohol. If alcohol were being widely used in the French trenches in preparation for charges, there would certainly have been some mention of it in this singularly full and frank account of trench life.

**THESE CHILDREN HAVE NO SUMMER VACATION—THEY PREFER TO GO TO SCHOOL!**

IN THE large and energetic city of Newark, in the state of New Jersey, the educational authorities are permitting several thousand boys and girls to go to school all the year round. These children have no "summer vacation." From the time when they enter grade one to the time when they leave grade eight, they may go to school through all four seasons of the year without any of the "long loaf" which is brought to boyhood and girlhood at large by the good old summertime—a time which has been regarded as good and old principally because of its do-nothing days.

It is a violent experiment; but it is highly commended by many educators, and it is likely to be imitated in many other cities. Its history, therefore, and its results are important to the whole country.

It began in 1912. Two schools were selected in the spring of that year for all-summer work. One of these schools was in a district populated largely by Italians. The other was in a district populated largely by Jews. In each case the families concerned were likely to want their children to get as much schooling as possible before having to do real work in shop and factory and office.

The school year in these schools was divided up in a new way. It was made to contain four vacations of one week each and four working-periods of twelve weeks each. This gave a total of forty-eight working-weeks in the year. The regular schools had only forty. It will be seen accordingly that the "long loaf" was totally destroyed and that eight weeks were added to the children's annual toil at their desks.

And what were the results?

In the first place, the new scheme seems to be liked by the children themselves. Attendance is not compulsory. Yet last

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

summer there were some 3,000 children enrolled in the summer sessions of the two all-year schools.

But were the children being injured, without knowing it, in their health? On this point the testimony of their school physician seems to be very encouraging. He says:

"The general health of the pupils has actually been better than if they had not attended school. They have been kept much cleaner, and the school buildings have been considerably cooler than the streets. I think that, from the standpoint of health, attendance at school has been a distinct advantage to them."

In these findings the school physician agrees with the general conclusions which Dr. C. L. Dana of New York has been advancing. Dr. Dana is a nerve specialist. Maintaining that moderate *regular* mental work is beneficial, he deplores "the growth of the very harmful superstition common among parents, and by them fostered among agreeable physicians, that children's brains are of such a nature as to call for the pamperings of long periods of idleness."

Passing from the question of health to the question of mental development, do these all-year pupils do good work when they get to high school? They get there sooner than the pupils from the other grammar schools. Do they acquit themselves as well? It seems that they do. An inquiry has been made about it; and the official report says that in high school the graduates of the all-year schools, though younger than the graduates of the other schools, have no trouble in keeping up with them in their studies.

This is in harmony with the report of President Lowell of Harvard, in which he stated that the younger students at Harvard are just as successful in their college work as the older ones.

Which brings us to one of the biggest and one of the most dismal facts in ordinary American education. Our regular grammar schools do not do for our children what the regular grammar schools of certain other countries seem to be able to do for theirs. Of late our educators have been saying openly and emphatically that "our children at fourteen are two full years behind children of the same age in England and in France and in Germany in knowledge and in understanding and in power of application."

Being behind at fourteen, they continue to remain behind to the end of their education; and we see young men still at their books, in our professional schools, at the age of twenty-four and twenty-five. It is a great life-loss and a great money-loss.

The two years that can be saved are in the grammar grades. The all-year schools in Newark save them. The all-year schools in Newark do in six years what the regular schools do in eight.

And it is rather curious that they should be able to do this. The total number of working-weeks in their six years is only 288. The total number of working-weeks in the eight years of the regular schools is 320. That is a difference of 32. The boy who goes to the all-year school does 32 weeks less of studying during his grammar-school life than the boy who goes to the regular school. Yet the two boys accomplish the same amount of work.

The explanation is found in the fact that the work in the all-year school is so continuous that much less time has to be given to "reviews" and to "reorganizations" and to putting back into children's minds the things they have forgotten during vacations.

And what does this plan mean to the taxpayer? Does it add to his burdens? Quite to the contrary. The school-plant is there. The faster you put the children through it, the more room will you have in it for more children. The day of enlarging your plant is postponed. And there are other savings, too, all based on the business proposition that if you work your plant continuously you can turn out your product at a lower cost per unit than if you work it only part-time.

In the three years of 1912 and 1913 and 1914 the savings to the taxpayers of Newark through the new method at their two all-year schools was $17,000.

We have reported the facts. We are not educational experts, and we have no professional opinion about them. We note, however, that the all-year-school idea has the support of the United States Commissioner of Education, Mr. Philander P. Claxton. And we note the fact that this summer Newark has opened two additional all-year schools and that it now has a total of 4,615 children submitting voluntarily to this crime against the good old summertime.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN